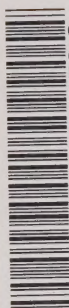


CAI

IF

-40L22



3 1761 11973553 8

Canada. Office of Public
Information

Let's face the facts

CHI

IF

GOVT PUBNS

-40L2



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/31761119735538>

A1
F
10222

Canada. Public Information, Office of

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

Nos. 1 - 24,

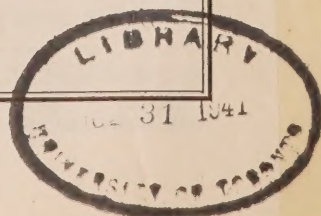
(including No. 4A + 4B).

Brief biographies of all those
who spoke over the national
network of the Canadian Broad-
casting Corporation at the
invitation of the Director of
Public Information of Canada
from July 21, 1940 to December
29, 1940.

Preface: -

25 nos. in 1 vol.

The following two radio programmes are called to your attention: "CARRY ON CANADA" and "THEATRE OF FREEDOM." Both can be heard on the National Network of the C.B.C. each Sunday night. "Theatre of Freedom" begins early in February. Newspapers should be consulted for hours and stations.



The following are brief biographical sketches of the speakers in the radio series "Let's Face The Facts":

No. 1—July 21, 1940:

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON in private life wife of Sinclair Lewis, Nobel prize winning novelist, is the most famous newspaper columnist in the world. Since the outbreak of hostilities, her forceful pen has waged ceaseless warfare against Hitler by whom she was expelled from Germany and by whom a price has been placed on her head, because of her candid comments on Nazi methods and aims. "On The Record", Miss Thompson's column in The New York Herald-Tribune, is one of the most widely-read and most widely-syndicated columns in the United States.

Miss Thompson spoke from Montreal.

No. 2—July 28, 1940:

FREDERICK BIRCHALL was born in Lancashire and although he spent most of his life in the United States, he never relinquished his British citizenship. In 1931, at an age when most men are willing to retire, he gave up his post as Managing Editor of The New York Times to become Chief European Correspondent of that paper. He saw the beginning and rise of Nazism and was present at every momentous conference in Europe from 1931 to the outbreak of war. His story of his experiences he recorded in his book "The Storm Breaks". For his brilliant reporting of European events, Mr. Birchall was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. When he spoke in this series Mr. Birchall was Canadian Correspondent of The New York Times but he has since returned to New York.

Mr. Birchall spoke from Ottawa.

No. 3—August 4, 1940.

GREGORY CLARK is known to hundreds of thousands of Canadians as an outstanding feature writer for The Toronto Star Weekly and as one of the best radio commentators in the Dominion. Mr. Clark's early days in journalism with The Toronto Star were interrupted by the World War in which he served overseas with the Canadian forces. Returning to his native Toronto, he quickly made a name for himself and he has been sent to many parts of the world to report events for his newspaper. He was in the theatre of war when the Nazis invaded Holland and Belgium.

Mr. Clark spoke from Toronto.

No. 4a—August 11, 1940:

MISS FLORENCE REED is well known to many thousands of

theatre-goers on this continent and in the British Isles. Among the many productions in which she has appeared are: "Macbeth"; "Mourning Becomes Electra"; "Outward Bound"; and "The Shanghai Gesture". American-born, Miss Reed has always been a firm friend and admirer of Great Britain.

Miss Reed spoke from Portland, Maine.

No. 4b—August 11, 1940:

FREDERICK GRIFFIN is among the best known and most popular reporters and feature writers in Canada. A native of Ireland whose brogue he has not lost despite many years of residence in the Dominion, Mr. Griffin has spent almost the whole of his newspaper life with The Toronto Star and Toronto Star Weekly. He has covered many important assignments for his newspaper, among them the Canadian tour of the Prince of Wales and the Royal Visit. He was in Spain during the Civil War; he has travelled extensively in Russia and he was in England preparing to cover the Norwegian campaign when it was abandoned.

Mr. Griffin spoke from Ottawa.

No. 5—August 18, 1940:

COLONEL HENRY BRECKINRIDGE is one of the leading public figures in the United States. He was born in Kentucky and he resigned his post of Assistant Secretary of War in the Wilson Administration in order to go overseas with the American Expeditionary Force. A brilliant lawyer and forceful speaker, Colonel Breckinridge has been a staunch champion of the cause of the Allies since the outbreak of war.

Colonel Breckinridge spoke from Montreal.

No. 6—August 25, 1940:

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD is an American who served overseas as a private with the Canadian forces in the World War and returned to New York to become the most eminent playwright of our generation. The Canadian unit in which Mr. Sherwood enlisted was the 42nd Highlanders of Montreal.

Many thousands of Canadians have enjoyed Mr. Sherwood's plays either on the stage or screen. Some of his successes are: "Reunion In Vienna", "The Petrified Forest", "Road to Rome", "Waterloo Bridge", "Idiot's Delight", "Abe Lincoln In Illinois" and "There Shall Be No Night".

Mr. Sherwood as a leader of the "Committee to Defend America By Aiding The Allies" has done much to promote help to Great Britain by the United States, has given to Canadian charity or other

war causes, all of his earnings from those plays of his which have been seen in Canada since the outbreak of war.

Mr. Sherwood spoke from New York.

No. 7—September 1, 1940:

THE RT. HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING, Prime Minister of Canada, was born, in 1874, in the small Ontario town of Berlin (subsequently re-labelled Kitchener.) In the years of his life he has become a unique figure on the stage of Canadian public life. Bred, reared and trained for the role of statesman, he has played his part with an unsurpassed degree of success; and at the normal completion of his present term of office he will have served longer than any other man as Prime Minister of Canada. His career has been a story of unchecked development from a minor civil servant's post to a position of ranking statesman in the Anglo-Saxon world. Before he entered political life, Mackenzie King devoted himself to a painstaking study of government and public affairs. As a young man he was an acknowledged authority on labor problems, and his published views on industrial relations received world-wide acceptance. He was first elected to the House of Commons in 1908. He is a deeply religious, sincerely democratic, earnestly industrious man; passionately devoted to Canada and to the conception of peace and goodwill in international affairs.

No. 8—September 8, 1940:

MISS CLARE BOOTHE is one of the most beautiful and gifted women in the United States. As a playwright she has written three outstanding stage successes: "The Women"; "Kiss The Boys Good-bye" and the bitter anti-Nazi play "Margin For Error". She narrowly escaped death last spring when the hotel in which she was living in Brussels was bombed by the Germans during their invasion of Belgium. Miss Boothe's experiences on that occasion and her account of her European journeyings during the winter months of 1940 are recorded in her book "Europe In The Spring". In private life, Miss Boothe is the wife of Henry Luce, editor of Life, Time and Fortune.

Miss Boothe spoke from New York.

No. 9—September 15, 1940:

JAMES HILTON will be long remembered as the creator of that lovable character "Chips" of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips". But this is not his only claim to fame for he is also the author of another great novel and screen play, "Lost Horizon". Mr. Hilton was born in Leigh, near Manchester,

England, and he was educated at Cambridge. He has been in Hollywood for many months assisting in the production of such propaganda screen successes as "Foreign Correspondent".

Mr. Hilton spoke from New York.

No. 10—September 22, 1940:

MATTHEW H. HALTON, now correspondent of The Toronto Star in Washington, was born in Alberta. By teaching school for three years he learned enough to graduate from the University of Alberta and to win an I.O.D.E. scholarship to the University of London. He returned to Canada, joined The Toronto Star and soon proved to have such exceptional ability that his paper appointed him its correspondent in Europe. He was among the first to recognize and to warn of the Nazi menace. He saw the Spanish Civil War and the Russo-Finnish War. He is regarded today as one of the outstanding young men of Canadian journalism and a brilliant future is predicted for him.

Mr. Halton spoke from New York.

No. 11—September 29, 1940:

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT". This was a copyrighted play and no printed copies could be made available to the public. The play was by Robert E. Sherwood who was speaker number six in the series. The following is a biography of the two stars in the production.

ALFRED LUNT, who was born in Wisconsin, left Harvard University to join a theatrical stock company. His rise in his chosen art was rapid, especially after he and Miss Lynn Fontanne formed a stage team. Among their innumerable successes are: "Tambling of the Shrew"; "Elizabeth the Queen"; "Idiot's Delight"; "Reunion in Vienna"; "Amphytrion 38"; and "There Shall Be No Night", in which they are currently touring the country.

MISS LYNN FONTANNE was born in London of an English mother and a French father. She was a stage success in England before Miss Laurette Taylor persuaded her to come to the United States. Among the plays in which she starred before she met and married Mr. Lunt were: "In Love With Love" and "Dulcy".

Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt are devoted to their art and to each other. They are incomparably the greatest team on the English-speaking stage today.

Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne contributed their salaries from their stage appearances in Canada in "There Shall Be No Night" to the Canadian war effort.

The radio version of "There Shall Be No Night"—a radio world premiere heard exclusively over the facilities of the Cana-

ian Broadcasting Corporation—was played in New York and carried by leased wire to the C.B.C. network in Canada.

No. 12—October 6, 1940:

LAWRENCE HUNT is a distinguished member of the New York Bar and the author of several important books and articles on public finance. He was co-author with N. E. Griffin of "The Farther Shore". When Americans were calling this a "phoney war", Mr. Hunt, in January, wrote a letter to The New York Times entitled "Propaganda Against Propaganda Seen as the Current Menace". It has been one of the most widely circulated letters of the war. It has appeared in the British Isles, in all of the British Dominions and was distributed in pamphlet form by the British Ministry of Information.

Mr. Hunt spoke from Toronto.

No. 13—October 13, 1940:

DR. JOHN W. DAFOE, Editor-in-Chief of the Winnipeg Free Press, is one of Canada's most distinguished citizens. He is a true pioneer for he was born of United Empire Loyalist parents in a log cabin midway between the Ottawa Valley and the Bay of Quinte in South-eastern Ontario. When he was ten, the little neighborhood school had no more it could teach him. At 15 he was teaching school himself in a backwoods settlement. Today he is one of the best informed men in Canada and our outstanding journalist. He was in the Parliamentary Press Gallery in 1884 and he has seen every Parliament in session since then. He went to Winnipeg to edit the Free Press in 1902 and in a large measure he has been responsible for molding the opinion and shaping the destiny of the Canadian West.

With succeeding years Dr. Dafoe has had an increasingly important influence upon Canadian and world affairs, his latest contribution being as a member of the Sirois Royal Commission.

Dr. Dafoe spoke from Winnipeg.

No. 14—October 20, 1940:

COLONEL OLIVER MOWAT BIGGAR, K.C., represents a family whose tree is rooted deep in Canadian soil. His ancestors came to this country from Scotland in 1792 and his grandfather was Sir Oliver Mowat who was Premier of Ontario for 23 years. Colonel Biggar was born and educated in Toronto and he has given much of his time and talents to public service. In the World War he was Judge Advocate General of Canada and later he was an adviser to Sir Robert Borden at the Versailles Peace Conference. His experience as a military man and as a great constitutional lawyer

are abilities which he brings to his latest public task, Chairman of the Canadian Section of the Permanent Joint Board of Defence of Canada and the United States.

Colonel Biggar spoke from Ottawa.

No. 15—October 27, 1940:

SIR GERALD CAMPBELL, K.C.M.G., is one of the most capable and popular men to occupy the important post in Canada of High Commissioner for the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. In a lifetime of consular and diplomatic duty which began in 1906, Sir Gerald has served in many countries including Brazil, Belgian Congo, Italy, Ethiopia and the United States and everywhere he has won hosts of friends. Sir Gerald has been decorated by His Majesty the King several times; a number of Universities have conferred honorary degrees upon him and he is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Sir Gerald came to Canada from New York in 1938.

Sir Gerald spoke from Ottawa.

No. 16—November 3, 1940:

RICHARD O. BOYER is one of the youngest and most promising of the new group of foreign correspondents. He is only 37 but he has already won the American Mercury award for the best essay on American Journalism and has had the collection of his newspaper stories "Headlining America" selected by 30 schools of journalism in the United States as the best book of its kind. During 1940, Mr. Boyer spent a number of months in Germany as correspondent for New York's newest and most unique daily newspaper "P.M." It is a paper which carries no advertising and allows its writers to express their honest opinions freely. The series of articles which Mr. Boyer wrote for "P.M." after his return from Germany attracted wide attention and angered the Nazis.

Mr. Boyer spoke from New York.

No. 17—November 10, 1940:

(The printed copies by error show this as No. 18)

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON is one of the most gifted men of our times. Born in Holland, educated at Cornell, Harvard and Munich, he has been a war correspondent, lecturer, professor, artist, author and radio commentator and in all fields of endeavor he has risen to the top. Canadians know him mostly through his books which include "Story of Mankind"; "Tolerance"; "Van Loon's Geography" and many others. Van Loon once

asked for the substitution of the word "Liberty" for "Democracy" because, he said, "Liberty means the integrity of the individual, the freedom of the mind and, above all things, humanity of the heart". The music played during Mr. Van Loon's broadcast in "Let's Face The Facts" was "Hymn of Thanksgiving" from "Songs America Sings" (Simon & Schuster) in the writing of which he collaborated with Miss Grace Castagnetta. It was she who played the piano.

Mr. Van Loon spoke from New York.

No. 18—November 17, 1940:

(The printed copies by error show this as No. 17)

HON. JAMES G. GARDINER is a Canadian of Scottish parentage. Born in Ontario, he received his primary education in Canadian and United States public schools and graduated from the University of Manitoba with honors in history and economics. He was engaged as schoolmaster at Lemberg, Saskatchewan, and subsequently settled down to farming in that district. Since 1914, when he was first elected to the Saskatchewan Legislature, he has been a familiar and colorful figure in Canadian public life. In Saskatchewan he served, at various times, as Premier, Leader of the Opposition, Provincial Treasurer, Minister of Highways and Minister of Labour. Mackenzie King called him to the federal scene in 1935, when he was appointed Dominion Minister of Agriculture. In September, 1940, he assumed the additional portfolio of Minister of National War Services. Informal biographers refer to Mr. Gardiner as pugnacious, dynamic, tenacious, independent and fearless; and observers marvel at his capacity for hard work and at his refusal to be dismayed by any turn of events.

No. 19—November 24, 1940:

HON. ADELARD GOUBOUT, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, was born in the historic village of St. Elai, in Temiscouata County, Quebec. In a wholesome, homespun atmosphere of French Canadian farm life he felt the beginnings of a passionate love of Canada, and received the groundwork of his notable career as a professional agriculturist. Following undergraduate training at the noted agricultural school at Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, Mr. Goubout pursued post-graduate studies at Massachusetts, Laval, Montreal and McGill Universities. He became a distinguished leader in scientific agricultural circles, and operated an outstandingly successful mixed farming project

of his own. The political bug bit him in 1929, and he found himself a member of the Quebec Legislative Assembly. He sponsored and directed an agriculture program which proved a great boon to the farmers of his native province. In 1939 he became Prime Minister of Quebec, following a wartime election campaign in which he won distinction as the provincial leader of a powerful Canadian unity movement. Mr. Goubout is a talented bi-lingual speaker, and a man of great personal charm and persuasiveness.

No. 20—December 1, 1940:

LEWIS MUMFORD has one of the most cultivated minds in America. Editor, educator, lecturer and author he holds a high position as a leader in thought and culture on this continent. His most recent book "Faith For Living" is regarded as one of the most important books of our generation. Mr. Mumford has a world-wide reputation as an authority on city planning and in the field of education. Besides the book mentioned, other of his works include, "The Story of Utopia"; "Technics and Civilization" and "Men Must Act".

Mr. Mumford spoke from New York.

No. 21—December 8, 1940:

PERCY J. PHILIP, son of the manse was born in Scotland and entered journalism in 1910. He was a war correspondent in France for a British newspaper during the World War but joined the Paris staff of the New York Times in 1920. In 1928 he became head of the Paris Bureau for that paper. He saw and reported the kaleidoscopic political changes of the last twenty years and he was all through the debacle of the spring of 1940. After narrowly escaping being shot as a parachutist by French peasants who failed to recognize his war correspondent's uniform, he accompanied the French Government to Tours, Bordeaux and Vichy where, although a British subject, he remained until September. When Frederick Birchall (No. 2 on "Let's Face The Facts") was recalled to New York, Mr. Philip succeeded him as Canadian correspondent of the New York Times.

Mr. Philip spoke from Ottawa.

No. 22—December 15, 1940:

MADAME PIERRE CASGRAIN has earned a high place for herself as a leader of the French-speaking women of Canada. A gifted speaker and talented organizer, she has crusaded valiantly against inequalities and injustices. It is to her courage and

determination that the women of all races of the Province of Quebec owe their right to vote in provincial elections because she led the fight for that right for many years in the face of stern opposition. Madame Casgrain is the daughter of Sir Rodolphe Forget and the wife of the Hon. Pierre Casgrain, Secretary of State of Canada. Despite onerous public and family responsibilities, Madame Casgrain is an energetic leader in the Canadian Red Cross Society, the Federated Charities and on the Advisory Committee for Refugee Children.

Madame Casgrain spoke from Montreal.

No. 23—December 22, 1940:

EDWIN S. JOHNSON, known to his intimates as Eddie, has been one of that gallant band who without honor to themselves but with great honor to the Fourth Estate are risking their lives daily to bring us the news—news that too many of us read so casually. Since 1936, Mr. Johnson has been Superintendent of the Canadian Press in London. He covered part of the Spanish Civil War in Madrid and he has seen most of this one in both France and the British Isles. Being bombed and shelled is no new experience to him for he left school in his native Winnipeg at the age of 16 to serve overseas in the World War. Mr. Johnson has returned to Canada to undertake special duties for the Canadian Press in Ottawa.

Mr. Johnson spoke from Toronto.

No. 24—December 29, 1940:

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT is probably the most versatile man alive on this planet today. He is a Doctor of Philosophy; an author, an actor and, as in all other things, an individualist on the radio. In between times he has been a reporter, a dramatic critic and a soldier. To millions of radio listeners he is best known as The Town Crier who, as he puts it, rings his bell at the cross-roads of the world. As an author, Canadians will remember him best for "While Rome Burns"; "The Woolcott Reader" and "The Woolcott Second Reader". As an actor he has appeared as Harold Sigrist in "Brief Moment"; as Dinkie in "Wine of Choice" and currently as Sheridan Whiteside in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" which, by the way is a play satirizing Alexander Woolcott. Mr. Woolcott who occasionally finds a few leisure moments spends them, winter or summer, on an island anchored half a mile out in a lake near Bomoseen, Vermont.

Mr. Woolcott spoke from Montreal.

Doc.
an
a

Canada, Public Information, Office of

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

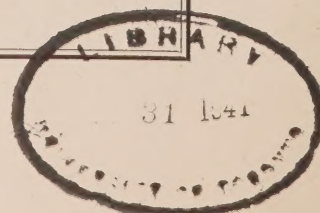
No. 1

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON

**over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
July 21, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada**



Text of Dorothy Thompson's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Men and women of Canada:

In speaking to you this evening over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, I am exercising the prerogative that is still enjoyed by the citizens of free nations: the right to have an opinion of one's own, a view of affairs of one's own, and express it, I am in the happy position of holding no public office, of speaking for nobody but myself. Yet what I think and feel is not unique. It is shared, as I well know, by many thousands of citizens of the United States.

This week we read of a peace offer that has been made by Hitler to Great Britain—made in his usual way of an open speech broadcast on the radios of the world, couched in now familiar terms, launched for purposes of international propaganda, and vague except for one thing.

It seems that Germany has no quarrel with Great Britain. Hitler's quarrel is exclusively with this particular British Government, and especially with its head, Mr. Churchill. If Mr. Churchill will only resign and a Government come in which is acceptable to Mr. Hitler, he will be glad to make peace immediately. He has no desire to destroy the British Empire. The man standing in the way of peace is Churchill, and the so-called fifth columnists are "only honest men, seeking peace." That is Hitler's argument.

Now, of course, we have all become familiar with this. Mr. Hitler had no quarrel with Austria, only with Mr. Schuschnigg. So the moment Schuschnigg resigned he made peace with Austria by annexing it. He had no quarrel with Czecho-Slovakia, only with Mr. Benes. So when Mr. Benes resigned he made peace with Czecho-Slovakia by turning it into a Nazi Protectorate. He had no quarrel with any of the countries he has absorbed—only with those leaders who opposed the absorption. Mr. Hitler has no quarrel with traitors in any country on earth. They are his agents, and, as his agents, are honest men seeking peace. His quarrel is only with patriots.

I think we may expect that the whole force of the German propaganda in the immediate future will be concentrated on trying to break down Britain by removing her leadership. But in this strug-

gle, as in all great struggles, nations do become embodied in the persons of the men who lead them.

CHURCHILL IS BRITAIN.

In a poetic sense, I might say in a Shakespearean sense, it really is Hitler who faces Churchill. For if Hitler has made himself the incorporation of Germany, Churchill really is the incorporation of Britain.

These two men are the very symbols of the struggle going on in the world.

If we can detach ourselves for a moment from all the pain of this struggle, and look at these two men, we see one of those heroic dramas which literature can never approximate. On the one side is the furious, unhappy, frustrated, and fanatic figure who has climbed to unprecedented power on the piled up bodies of millions of men, carried and pushed upward by revolutionary forces, supported by vast hordes of youth crying destruction to the whole past of civilized man. Their upward surge in Germany was accompanied by the wailing and the groans of those "honest men of peace" who once lived in Germany, but were seized in their homes or on the streets and hurled into concentration camps or the barracks of the gangs, there to be beaten insensible with steel rods, or forced upon their knees to kiss a hated hooked cross. That is what Germany did to pacifists long before the war began. Out of Germany poured hordes of refugees, "scattered like leaves from an enchanter fleeing pestilence stricken multitudes." The followers of Hitler laid their hands upon British and American money loaned to Germany to help her rebuild after the last war and with it began grinding out guns and cannons and ships and tanks and airplanes, crying war, crying revenge, crying dominion. Only when others reluctantly turned their hands to the making of hated cannon, did they yell: peace, peace. They stood in armor plate from their heads to their feet, their belts full of hand grenades, their pockets full of bombs, crying across their borders to those who, seeing, took a rifle from the wall: warmonger, warmonger!

He who stood atop this pyramid of steel-clothed men, stretched out his right hand and grabbed a province, and his left, and snatched another. The pyramid grew higher and higher. It made a mountain of blood and steel

from the top of which the furious and fanatic one could see all the kingdoms of the earth. How small is the world, he thought. How easy to conquer. Look down upon these rich democracies. They possess most of the earth. Their youth play cricket and baseball and go to movies. Their life is a dull round of buying and selling, of endless discussion in silly parliaments and congresses. They have lost the will to power and domination. They have been scrapping their battle-ships and arguing against budgets for armaments. And for a quarter of a century in all their schools and colleges they have been preaching to their youth peace, fellowship, reconciliation. And he laughed, a wild laugh of thirsty joy, crying down to the serried rows on rows of uniformed fanatic youth: strike, and the world will be yours!

He looked across at Britain, and was satisfied. Britain was ruled by business men and bureaucrats. They were cautious men. The business men thought in terms of good bargains; the bureaucrats thought in terms of conferences and negotiations. They were decorous and they were old. They were very sure of Britain. Nobody has ever beaten Britain, not for hundreds of years. Britain was safe. The Germans were annoying again. The Germans were perennially annoying. But Britain was not a tight little island. Britain was a world, a good world, a free world. As it had been, so it would remain—world without end, amen. And so they closed their briefcases and went fishing or shooting on week-ends. Nobody wanted war. War was unthinkable, really.

Yes, but in England there was a man.

Winston Churchill was no longer young. He was in his sixties. Yet, there was something perennially youthful about him, as there is always something youthful about those who have done what they wanted to do, and have been happy. He had had a good life, the best life any man can have: a life of action and a life of intellect. His father was the son of the Duke of Marlborough. His ancestors had served England and fought her wars and led her peace for as far back as one could remember. But he was the younger son of a younger son and therefore and fortunately, poor. What does a young man of spirit do, with quick blood in his veins, no money and a great tradition behind him? He goes to

his country's wars. Young Winston was a soldier of fortune, a fighter on two Continents, a war correspondent, his heart mettlesome, his eye keen, living in his times, living in them up to the hilt, preserving every impression on paper, and seeing everything against the colored tapestry of the great history of Britain. O, yes, he was in love with life. He had no complexes and no neuroses. Shakespeare has described his kind. He called them "this happy breed of men!"

CHURCHILL TOLERANT

And what did he stand for in the history of England? Light and generosity; Home Rule for Ireland; tolerance and equality for the defeated Boers, generosity to the defeated Germans—he was no lover of the Treaty of Versailles; social reform and the rights of labor, as President of the Board of Trade; Imperial preference for the Dominions, for Canada.

He was no ascetic. He loved good food, good wine, pretty and witty women, gifted men, action and pleasure, color and sound. He was the great life-affirmer. Life was not buying and selling; life was not this margin of profit here or that margin of loss there; life was not the accumulation of riches; life itself was riches—the lovely sight of ships—nothing more beautiful than a ship, nothing more English than a ship, the ships of explorers, of traders, of fighters. To be First Lord of the Admiralty was a job for a man who loves ships, and because he loves ships, loves both their harbors and the oceans of the world.

The lovely forms of landscapes! Home from war and out of responsible office, he took himself a palette and colors and began to paint—like you, Mr. Hitler—to paint the world he loved. He loved this world with the catholic appetite of the artist of life. For he was, and is, a soldier, a sailor, an artist and a poet. Is not a man rich if he is born with the English language in his mouth? What a language! A glorious and imperial mongrel, this great synthesis of the Teutonic and the French, the Latin and the Greek, this most hospitable of tongues, this raider of the world's ideas, full of words from the Arabic desert and the Roman forum and the lists of the Crusades. The English language fell from his tongue with that candid simplicity which is its genius, and with that grandeur

which is its glory. But people said, "the trouble with Winston is he is too brilliant."

When a man is sixty, and has lived life to the fullest, when he has loved life and treated it gallantly, he has the right to retire, and be quiet, and cultivate his garden among his old friends. That is what civilized men have always done and always will do: "leave action and responsibility now to the young ones." That's what he thought.

PASSION AROUSED.

Ah, but what was wrong with the young ones? The trained eye cannot be closed. The quick mind moves and thinks even if the body lies upon its back watching the clouds move lazily across an English sky. The poet sees what the commercial trader and the common politician does not. And suddenly the soldier-poet leaps to his feet. Something is about to happen! That which he loves more than food and wine and color and sound and action and rest and his garden; something that he loves more than life—that which is his life: his blood, his soul—that which is ancestry and friendship, family and friends, that which is the future—all the great past, all the stumbling present, all the future, the great future, of a language, of a race, is threatened. There is a cloud creeping over the landscape, the shadow of the growing pyramid grows higher. And the old passion for his greatest love wells up in the man's heart—the passion of his childhood, of his adolescence, of his youth, of his maturity, to which never for an instant was he fickle. For England! For Britain! For the Britain of the English soil and the far-flung Navy! For the Britain of the world language and the world commonwealth. For the Britain with her deathless attachment to law and to freedom.

What is this world, he thinks, if Britain falls? What will become of the ever-expanding Commonwealth of Nations and the commonwealth of man?

It is too early to retire and cultivate one's garden. "If I forget thee, oh, Britain," he must have cried to himself, "let my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

So he puffed his way back to where the politicians were holding their conferences. Yes, he puffed his way. He was quite portly now, and not so young as

he had been. But the tongue in his head was the old, great English tongue, and it had something to say.

ENGLAND AWAKE.

Do you know what he said, Mr. Hitler? What Winston Churchill said? You once said something like that, too. You said, "Deutschland Erwache!" Germany Awaken! Churchill said, "England, Awaken!" You don't like Mr. Churchill, Herr Hitler. But you would have liked him. I think, if he had been a German.

But it was very hard to wake up England. Still, everybody listened to him—listened interestedly, admiringly, politely. You can't help listening to that tongue. Month in and month out he said, "Britain Awaken!" Month in and month out, with nothing but one seat in Parliament, and with words, he rediscovered for Britain what Britain in her greatest moments is: the parent of the world citizen; the home of the chivalrous; the defender of the faith. The defender of what faith? Of faith in God and in man, in his common destiny, in his common right to citizenship on this planet.

Not in generations have such words of passionate love and measured indignation fallen from English lips as Churchill uttered in the series of speeches called "While England Slept."

And while he spoke to them, while he spoke mostly to unheeding ears, the shadow was lengthening and finally loomed so tall and menacing that all the world could see. And then, when it was over them with all the full darkness of its horror and destruction, the people of England, the common people of England, lifted Churchill on their hands, crying, "Speak and fight for us!"

INHERITED "HOLY MESS."

It was very, very late, when Churchill took up his last fight for Britain. He inherited an unholy mess. Let us tell the truth. He inherited all that the men of little faith, the money-grubbers, the windy pacifists, the ten-to-five o'clock bureaucrats had left undone. But he said no word against them. He did not do what you, Hitler, have done to your predecessors—hold them up to ridicule and contempt. No word of complaint crossed his lips. He is half a generation older than Hitler, but he took up the fight for the sceptered isle, that precious stone, set in a silver sea, he

took up the fight for the world-wide commonwealth of men, held together by the most slender thread of common language and a common way of life—and he fights his last fight, for the ways and the speech of men who have never known a master.

Why don't you take your hat off to Churchill, Mr. Hitler, you who claim to love the leadership principle? Why don't you take your hat off to a member of that race you profess to serve, the race of fair and brave and gallant northern men? By what irony of history have those who oppose you become those very men of the north, the Dutch and the Norwegians, Frenchmen, and those half-German, half-Norman folk who call themselves Britons?

Who is the friend of the white race? You, who have ganged up with Japan to drive the white race out of Asia, or Churchill who believes in the right of white men to live and work wherever they can hold their own on this planet?

You, who have waged war upon the white race, and attempted to divide it into superior white folks and inferior white folks masters and slaves, or Churchill, who stands for the idea of commonwealth and equality?

Who is the prototype of the white man of the future, the world citizen, Churchill, or the world enemy? What do you hate in Churchill that you would not love in a German man? Do you despise him because he is a soldier, and a writer, and an artist? What has become of your charges of English money grubbers in the face of this rosy old warrior-artist?

And who today is the plutocrat, who is the have nation, and who is the have-not nation?

The greatest have-not nation in the world today is the British Isles. Forty-two million people on an island, assailed from the coasts of violated Norway, from the coasts of violated Holland, from the coasts of violated Belgium, and from defeated France, without resources of food or raw ma-

terials except as she can buy them or obtain them from her Allies across the oceans of the world. Does not the heroism of this embattled and impoverished Isle impress you, Hitler, you who praise heroism? Would you have more respect for some lickspittle or some cheap pocket imitation of yourself? Who is the plutocratic nation—Britain, in whose great houses live today the children of the London slums, or Nazi Germany, the great nouveau riche kidnapper of provinces, collector of ransoms, stuffed with the delicatessen of the Danes and the Czechs and the Dutch, heavy hands spread out upon huge knees, with a gun like a gangster's diamond on every finger!

The plutocratic England you attack is today a socialist state—a socialist state created without class war, created out of love and led by an aristocrat for whom England builds no eagle's nests or palaces out of the taxes of her people, a man who cares nothing for money, or ever has, but only for Britain, and for the coming world that a free and socialist British society will surely help to build if ever it is built.

In your speech this week, Mr. Hitler, you said that it caused you pain to think that you should be chosen by destiny to deal the death blow to the British Empire. It may well cause you pain. This ancient structure, cemented with blood, is an incredibly delicate and exquisite mechanism, held together lightly now, by considerable elements of credit and prestige, experience and skill, written and unwritten law, codes and habits. This remarkable and artistic thing, the British Empire, part Empire and part Commonwealth, is the only world-wide organization in existence, the world equalizer and equilibrator, the only world-wide stabilizing force for law and order on the planet, and if you bring it down the planet will rock with an earthquake such as it has never known. We in the United States will shake with that earthquake

and so will Germany. And the Britons, the Canadian—the New Zealanders, the Australians, the South Africans, are hurling their bodies into the breach to dam the dykes against world chaos.

SLEEPLESS HITLER.

I think that often in your sleepless nights you realize this, Mr. Hitler, and sweat breaks over you, thinking for a moment, not of a Nazi defeat, but of a Nazi victory.

And the master of the dyke against world chaos is you, Churchill, you gallant, portly little warrior. I do not know what spirits surround Hitler. I do not hear the great harmonics of Beethoven, but only the music of Wagner, the music of chaos. I do not see the ghost of Goethe nor the ghost of Bismarck, the last great German who knew when to stop.

But around you, Winston Churchill, is a gallant company of ghosts. Elizabeth is there, and sweetest Shakespeare, the man who made the English Renaissance the world's renaissance. Drake is there, and Raleigh, and Wellington. Burke is there, and Walpole, and Pitt. Byron is there, and Wordsworth and Shelley. Yes, and I think Washington is there, and Hamilton, two men of English blood, whom gallant Englishmen defended in your Parliament. And Jefferson is there, who died again, the other day, in France. All the makers of a world of freedom and of law are there, and among them is the Shropshire lad, to whom his ghostly author calls again: Get ye the men your fathers got, and God will save the Queen."

And when you speak, Churchill, brave men's hearts everywhere rush out to you. There are no neutral hearts, Winston Churchill, except those that have stopped beating. There are no neutral prayers. Our hearts and our prayers say, "God give you strength God bless you." May you live to cultivate your garden, in a free world, liberated from terror, and persecution, war, and fear."

Doc.
m
r

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 2

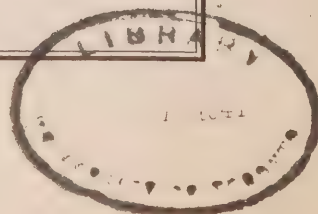
1

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MR. FREDERICK BIRCHALL

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
July 28, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Frederick Birchall's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation National Network Sunday night, July 28, follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I come to you tonight as a new voice. I know a great deal about you, because for long years it has been my business to study men and nations. But you probably don't know very much about me, and since I am to talk to you about matters of grave importance to us all, it may be as well that you should know something about me.

I hold, perhaps, a unique place in the nationality classification. I am in effect a citizen of three nations. I am British born and I am still a British subject. But I have lived and worked for almost 40 years in the United States, and spiritually I am also part of that great nation. While I lived there I also came frequently to Canada, usually at times of transition in your economic and political development. Now, after nearly 10 years spent in watching the rising tide of European peril on the spot, I am again in Canada, observing your own efforts to meet that peril as it becomes world wide. I have learned to know you, to understand your way of thinking and to have great admiration for your courage, your steadfastness, your devotion to the great principles of human rights and human freedom, and your willingness to make sacrifices to maintain those principles.

I am a new voice to you. But, to a man across the Atlantic Ocean, I am an old voice. For almost 10 years I have been sending news of his growing power, of the sinister implications inherent in that power and of its menace to all that we freedom-loving people hold dear. That man is Adolf Hitler. I have met him, talked with him, and he knows me and my work. I know him better than he knows me, for after all I am only one of many writers. I know him better—better perhaps than he thinks I do—because it has been my job to study him and the evil things he represents.

He won't be listening to me to-night, but what I say will probably reach him. His sneaks and spies everywhere tell him what people are saying about him and the war which for his own ends he has forced on this peaceful world. So because I am spiritually a citizen of three countries, Great Britain, the United States and Canada, while still actually a subject of the King, I am going to

address him as well as yourselves, believing that I carry to him the reply of our plain people to his peace offer and that reply is the challenge and the defiance of decent people everywhere.

Herr Hitler, surrounded by the strongest array of mechanized slaughter machines ever gathered together for murder, you in the bombastic fashion common to your every utterance, have graciously offered to give us peace—on your terms—if we will ask for it. You have done this with a horde of trained Reichstag seals flapping their flippers in applause and shouting their directed cheers into the microphone because you think that will impress the world. It doesn't impress us. We know how easily your obedient servitors can frame such demonstrations to order. Nor will we accept your invitation to sue for the peace you are afraid to offer to our statesmen face to face across the table. That is how the world has always made peace, but you shout the invitation into a microphone from behind a safe barrier of bayonets, tanks and bombs.

We will not accept your invitation to beg you to make peace with us, because you are a liar and your word and your promises are worthless. You have proved yourself a liar. I will tell you how.

LIED TO CHAMBERLAIN.

Do you remember Munich and the evening in the Fuehrerhaus when you and Mussolini, Chamberlain and Daladier sat around the table in your private office carving up Czechoslovakia under your pretext of liberating the Sudeten Germans from a democratic rule? It was a pretext, because under that rule they enjoyed far more freedom than they have ever experienced under yours. I was there watching the pale-faced Czech delegates pacing the corridor as they waited for the decision. They knew, although the two allied statesmen you had brought there didn't, that this decision would end their existence as an independent nation. It did.

At that conference you said, and you repeated it publicly later, that the acquisition of the Sudetenland would end all your territorial aspirations in Central Europe. It was a lie. Within six months your troops had marched into Prague and you had taken over the whole of Czechoslovakia as a German protectorate. By that time the Czechs had given up to you their country's natural

hills of defence and the line of fortifications they had constructed at great sacrifice. They were powerless to resist. And their friends, having surrendered that last bastion of democracy in Central Europe, were powerless to help. Our statesmen had believed you but you had lied to them.

And do you remember the next morning, after the conference, when Mr. Chamberlain, trusting soul that he was, went to visit you in your apartment to express his thanks for your co-operation—co-operation, Adolf! He asked you then whether, having done so well, that co-operation couldn't be carried a step farther, so as to avert the horrors of wholesale war. Do you remember the piece of paper you both signed and which Mr. Chamberlain proudly displayed to us correspondents when he returned, telling us that it was a pledge of 'peace in our time'? Let me recall to you what was on that paper. The minute after you signed it, you probably dismissed it from your own mind. Here it is:

"We, the German Fuehrer and Chancellor and the British Prime Minister regard the agreement signed last night and the Anglo-German Naval Agreement as symbolic of the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again.

"We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be the method adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove all possible sources of difference and thus to contribute to assure the peace of Europe."

The signatures are your's, Adolf Hitler, and Neville Chamberlain's. You may choose to forget that scrap of paper, but we don't. It was the bright hope of a simple British statesman, for which Czechoslovakia paid the price. But it is valuable only as fixing the worth of a German signature. And you set that value on it.

Do you remember, Hitler, also how a few hours after that paper was signed when Mr. Chamberlain drove away from his hotel to take his airplane, the people of Munich—your people—crowded around his car, in the rain, pelting him with flowers? The women were weeping and trying to touch even the hem of his overcoat. For he had brought peace—or they thought he had—and peace was what they wanted. It would have been peace had

you kept your word. How angry that scene made you: you were angry that he, Chamberlain, not you, Hitler, should be the hero of that German victory. Mr. Chamberlain had scarcely got home before you were making speeches sneering at him and your servile press, under orders, was attacking and belittling him? The old fool with an umbrella, who came hopping to stop Hitler. You began then to threaten England. This was to be only the beginning. They would have to give up much more to German might.

Do you begin to perceive why we can't make peace with you and won't even try? It is because, with you, promises are empty wind and treaties are things to be used only as the basis of fresh aggression.

LIED TO SCHUSCHNIGG.

Do you remember Schuschnigg, whom, before that, you lured to Berchtesgaden under promise of a friendly talk. Your handy man, the devious Von Papen, told him, on your instructions, "Go, Herr Bundeskanzler, go and you will talk with our Fuehrer as brother to brother." And how brotherly were you? After abusing him like a pickpocket when he got there, you induced him to sign an agreement admitting Nazis into his Cabinet. You, on your side promised him that you would endorse publicly the guarantee of Austrian independence you had given him privately in the previous July. He kept his promise and the Nazis let you into Austria, but you never kept and you never intended to keep yours!

Where is Schuschnigg now? Is he still in the Gestapo prison in the old Hotel Metropol, with the loudspeaker that Goebbels had installed beyond reach in his cell wall blaring Nazi triumphs in his ear day and night to break him down? A brave man Schuschnigg! He could have escaped by airplane when you seized Austria. One was waiting for him. But what did Schuschnigg say? "I don't run away," said Schuschnigg, "my place is here in Austria." And to his chauffeur, "Home, Franzl, please."

Within an hour you had him under arrest and on his way to the cell in the Metropol. They say he will never come out alive. Do you ever think of him, Hitler—another man who hoped, despite misgivings, that you could be trusted?

MURDERED DOLLFUSS.

We can't make peace with you and won't try because you are

an assassin as well as a liar. Do you remember Dollfuss who came before Schuschnigg? A decent, upright, honorable little man was Chancellor Dollfuss. Working day and night, he was pulling Austria out of her economic troubles and gradually freeing her from your net. Dollfuss was too clever to be the fly that would walk into your spider chamber, so you got him another way. You sent thugs who shot him down in his chancellery. But when your plot to seize Austria in the succeeding confusion failed, you repudiated them. Here are the words of your official statement issued the day after his murder, when the world's indignation had frightened you:

"The assassination of the Austrian Federal Chancellor, which has still further increased the already extreme tension in Central Europe without our fault is most strongly condemned and regretted by the Government of the German Reich."

The Government of the German Reich at that time was you. How sincere was your condemnation and regret? Three years later when you had seized Austria, you sent Rudolf Hess to lay wreaths on the assassins' graves. You pulled down Dollfuss's statues and put up memorial tablets to his murderers instead. You had ceased to care about world opinion then.

Dollfuss was my friend. I saw him laid out in the great bed in the Ballhausplatz, a peasant's son amid the portraits of great nobles who had been chancellors in their day. I stood beside the brocaded couch stained with his life blood. Only a few weeks before we had sat on that couch laughing together, at his bad English and my worse German. I was interviewing him about his plans for his country.

In my ears still rings the voice of the oldest of his friends who, when they lowered Dollfuss into his grave on the hillside above Vienna, called to him this final message:

"Farewell, old friend. I call to you one last word, the name that was ever on your lips and in your heart—Austria."

The blood of that old friend of mine, the Austrian Chancellor Dollfuss, still stains your hands, Hitler.

ASSOCIATES ARE GANGSTERS

We cannot accept peace with you because you are a gangster and the men around you are also gangsters. Look at them. There is

the buccaneer Goering (I wonder if he has added to his decorations a Legion of Honor looted from Versailles); there is Goebbels, poisonous as a scorpion and looking like it; there is the saturnine Himmler, head of the Gestapo, who invents the tortures under which men pray for death to relieve them from their sufferings. There is the roaring drunkard Ley, who dupes labor into accepting long hours at starvation wages in the name of patriotism while he lives in luxury. There is Dr. Funk, who juggles economics he does not understand but keeps the Reichsbank going on the loot stolen from invaded countries. Then you have, Hess, your ventriloquist's dummy, who says for you the things you dare not say yourself. Gangsters to a man all of them and the bond between them all is loot.

Yet even they do not trust you. You have a habit of killing off old associates who helped to make you. Do you ever think back on your "blood bath" of June 30, 1934, and the men who died in it? Do you remember Roehm, your chief of staff, the man who built up the storm troops that put you in power? He was the man you seized in bed at Bad Weissee on his holiday, pretending that he was about to lead a rebellion against you. You sent him next day to his death, although he had been the only man allowed to address you with the familiar "Du" of old comrades. He wouldn't use the revolver you had put in his cell, and give you the excuse that he had committed suicide. "Let Hitler do it himself," said Roehm; so you had to send him before a firing squad.

And Karl Ernst, your loyal Berlin troop leader, the blond ex-bellboy who was becoming too popular for your liking. You had him taken off the ship on which he was to sail on his honeymoon (you, yourself, had been at his wedding). You pretended that he was about to lead that fictitious Berlin revolt. He was so puzzled about the whole business that facing the firing squad in the barrack yard he died crying "Heil Hitler," not knowing he was your victim.

And von Schleicher who was shot down that same day in his study, his wife dying beside him under the same volley. He had helped to persuade Hindenburg to appoint you Chancellor. There was old General von Kahr, who had carried out the order to suppress your putsch in Munich, 11 years before. And Willi

Schmidt, the music critic, who was killed by mistake, because he had the same name as another man you disliked. The mistake was a little disturbing, so you sent an aide to his widow to express your regret. You gave her your picture.

You lied about that Blood Bath. I was in the gallery of the Reichstag when you solemnly declared that the total of the executed was only 77. You classified the victims but not by name. We correspondents looked at each other in amazement; we had in our offices lists totalling hundreds who had died, with their names. It was not usual for a German Chancellor to lie so brazenly in open Reichstag. Actually the total of the dead exceeded 1,200. When we reached 1,200 we stopped counting.

No, Herr Hitler, we cannot afford to make peace with a liar, gangster and assassin. He is not fit company in the comity of nations.

LONG PLANNED WAR.

We are well aware that Germany is strong, as the result of five years of intensive preparations while we were refusing to believe that you would really loose the dread spectre of war upon your own people and on the world. In fact for more than five years you have been getting ready. I remember that Berlin had its first blackout in March, 1935. That was long before any of the rest of us thought of blackouts. About the same time I saw decontamination squads in asbestos clothes, with all the necessary apparatus practising freeing the streets of poison gas. We had never thought of using gas on civilian populations. It was in your mind.

I know that the German army is more completely equipped mechanically than ours can hope to be for some time. I saw your army in action, not in war but all ready for it, when I went with the German troops into the Sudetenland after Munich. I saw obstacles of solid concrete, barbed wire, hidden mines and piles of fallen trees vanish almost like magic before the tools your troops brought out to deal with these things. They seemed to have every kind of an implement

there could be. Some I never imagined as existing.

I know, too, that the slim German food and raw material reserves there were when the war started have been substantially augmented by supplies looted from the invaded countries since. The people in those countries will be hungry this winter, for lack of the food that you, Hitler, have stolen from them. You will probably make these countries cry to the world for help, in the name of humanity. If the world answers you will probably also steal what the world sends them.

The military situation, at the moment, favors your arms, but there are some factors on our side. Have you considered that? Britain still holds the seas and reinforcements are streaming to her over them. She has made of herself a fortress. Her sons, young and old, man the battlements. They toil day and night in the factories within, to produce the airplanes, tanks and guns to beat you. Her daughters replace the men who have gone to war. The Empire is awake. The whole Anglo-Saxon race is more closely unified than ever before. Best of all, the scales of illusion, bred of our hope and our faith in all our fellowmen, have fallen from our eyes. No more appeasement, Herr Hitler. No more compromise enabling evil to make a mock of us. On to victory!

EMPIRE IS RALLYING.

For the forces of Empire are gathering. We grow stronger every day. I sat in my Ottawa home the other morning putting down on paper a few of these thoughts. As I wrote, there came through the open window a sound of rushing wheels and voices raised in song, and there sped past an open army truck bound on some errand. It was jammed to overflowing with sturdy brown-faced Canadian lads in khaki. After the first truck came another and still others, the boys in them singing in chorus that old ditty of joyful occasions "Hail, hail, the Gang's All Here!"

It carried my memory back to something long ago, the general strike in England after the last war. In those days we on my newspaper were collecting stories of experiences in the strike and

among the manuscripts that came to my desk was the story of a youngster one of thousands who volunteered to set the wheels of supply and distribution moving again. It was a simple tale of his own experiences.

He had been registered and sent along to an assembly room to await a call for something he could do. He sat there knowing nobody and waiting. From time to time an official voice would shout a name and a volunteer would respond, "Ready, Sir," and go out to duty. But the call for this boy was long in coming. As he waited, another lad said to him, "I say, what about a cup of tea? There must be a canteen here somewhere."

So they searched and found it. It was filled with a crowd of similar youths awaiting call.

"And looking them over," the boy said in his manuscript, "I knew I had found the gang—the old gang like our lot overseas. We were all on the job and that strike was busted, right there."

As indeed it was. It was all over two days later.

COME ON, HITLER.

Herr Hitler, when those khaki-filled trucks rolled past my window the other morning, I realized that the gang is assembling again—the old gang, and their sons who are like unto them. They are all there, with the same old spirit, the same hard determination that modestly camouflages itself under a veil of song and nonchalance. All there, Herr Hitler, and answering "Ready!"

We may need more airplanes; we will get them. We will lose men; there are others coming up to take their places. From the four corners of the earth "the gang" is streaming in. They come from many far places to which Anglo-Saxons have carried their love of freedom, their spirit of tolerance, their devotion to peace—as long as honorable peace is obtainable—and their hatred of tyranny. But love of peace has not impaired their ability or their will to fight for it, Herr Hitler.

We are on the defensive now and waiting attack. But we are not afraid of the outcome. When you are ready, Hitler, come on.

Doc.
m
c

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

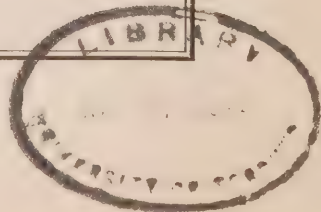
No. 3

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MR. GREGORY CLARK

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Aug. 4, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Gregory Clark's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network, Sunday night, August 4, follows:

Men and women of Canada:

In the addresses of Dorothy Thompson and Frederick Birchall, who preceded me in this series, you had an incomparable account of that slow shaping of the heavens, that gathering of the clouds for this greatest storm in human history. My task tonight is to give an account of the storm itself which, as one of twenty-nine newspapermen attached to British GHQ during the Blitzkrieg on Flanders, I was so fortunate as to see and to survive.

The point I wish to make tonight is merely to confirm from what I witnessed myself the malevolence of those forces which the two previous speakers in the series have impressed upon you. They spent years amidst the gathering storm. My experience was a mere matter of weeks. They saw and knew the personalities and the characters who have enthroned themselves in the heart of this malevolence. Like a hunted animal, amidst that frenzied stampede of millions of refugees, I watched for days and weeks the full force of that malevolence let loose.

I am a witness to the bombing and machine gunning of helpless civilian multitudes. Out of the welter of experiences of that retreat from Brussels and Louvain via Lille, Arras, Amiens, Abbeville and Boulogne, I am selecting only two to make my point. The destruction of the little Belgian town of Enghien by Stuka dive bombers and the random bombing by a fleet of Heinkels and heavy bombers of the beautiful Belgian city of Tournai, so filled with helpless refugees, mostly women and children and old men, that all I can compare Tournai to, at that hour of terror and slaughter, is a town on a fair day, or a Canadian town jammed as they were a year ago for the royal visit.

CALCULATED BOMBING

What I wish to leave with you is a clear cut conviction which I

hope you will share with me regarding the monstrosity of this mercilessly calculated bombing of civilians. The mere force of the statement that the Germans bombed civilians is somehow dulled and numbed by the fact that war is always frightful. Many people who stop to consider this fact of the bombing of civilians are apt to mollify their own thoughts with the impression that, in any army, in any air force, there might be elements capable of being carried away by the fury and the passion of their profession. I have even heard people say, not in any attempt to justify the Germans, but more in despair to try and justify human nature, that possibly the German fliers were drunk or perhaps they were very young and heartless

The fact we have to face is that this supremest of all brutalities was not, by any stretch of the imagination, an incident, an accident, a local and ill-advised course, but a part of the strategy of the German high command; a fully considered and carefully calculated section of a program plotted months and possibly years in advance. The civilian populace of Belgium, Holland and Flanders was used by the German military genius precisely as women and children are used by savage tribes, to be driven ahead of the advancing troops.

MASS MURDER

With a complete and contemptuous understanding of the humane spirit of the French and British, the Germans so bombed certain towns—and only certain towns—that the highways most needed by the Allies were suddenly thronged with a one way traffic so dense, so panic stricken, so beyond any human control that the movement of the Allied armies was rendered hopeless. Beyond human control, yes. But not beyond inhuman control. For those roads the Germans wished to use they simply cleared with machine guns. And those roads which were panic stricken, they swept methodically with bombing and machine gunning planes, and the army traffic which followed simply rode over the dead who

had not had sense enough to get out into the fields and stay there.

It is terrible enough to say that the Germans, with absolute brutality and heartlessness, bombed civilians. In the bombing of military objectives, it might be said a certain risk of killing civilians in the vicinity is inevitable. But what do you think of the bombing of women, children and old men as a military objective? What do you think of the quality and breed of a race of men who, first travelling the skies in reconnaissance planes to observe to what degree the enemy's roads are rendered useless by hordes of pitiable women and children and old men, return and send forth fleets of bombing planes to bomb deliberately those towns which, as the instant result, will thicken up the traffic on those roads not sufficiently crowded. In short, coldly, scientifically, technically and with no more mercy than we feel for the coal we feed to the fire, the German high command bombed women and children for the purpose of converting those helpless, gentle souls into implements of war. This is more than mere brutality. This lets you see the German mind as it is. No hope remains to us that the brutal in them may subside. Those tens of thousands who are dead, those millions who are homeless, ragged, lost and broken in spirit and soul are so, not because of mere brutality, but because of a scientific and technical program. THAT is the fact we have to face.

MAY IN FLANDERS

On a beautiful shining May day, we twenty-nine war correspondents, including artists, cameramen and radio men, got into our army cars in Lille and scattered to various sections of the front up around Brussels and Tournai. In the car with me was Captain Bryan de Grineau, the artist who draws sketches for the Illustrated London News. In the front seat was Captain Hughes, our conducting officer beside the army driver, because no correspondent could travel the battle zone without a conducting army officer whose job was not so much our safety as to see we did not intrude too far or get into mischief. On our way for-

ward, by taking back roads, we made good time against the endless stream of refugees, most of them Belgian and Dutch, in cars, trucks, wagons and afoot. But we had to pass through Tournai, an important Belgian town, old and turretted and full of the past, because in the low country, all roads converge on the big towns. Here our progress was stemmed to a snail's pace, and we made way in stops and starts. It took nearly half an hour to get through this small city. The reason was that Tournai had been adopted as a resting place by tens of thousands of Belgians and Dutch who had been on the road two and three days.

It was so lovely a day, so sunny and bright and safe looking, and Tournai was made for rest. It is full of old churches, convents and a castle or two, and its grand place or town square, a great spacious park of soft turf to lie on. Here thousands had come to rest. Tens of thousands, of course, pressed straight on, but thousands halted, too exhausted to go farther; and here in Tournai were shops and kindly townsfolk to provide hot water and bread to be bought, and horses rested and fed. Tournai was like a Fair Day, jammed to the limit. On the far side, on the war side of the town, the oncoming hordes had slowed and backed, making a traffic jam for two or three miles due to the congestion of Tournai.

And as we struggled free and got going out on a dirt road, not so congested, beyond the town, Capt. Hughes, our conducting officer, his eyes eternally scanning the skies through the slide top of our little English car, said—"I don't like this much. The reconnaissance boys will see that traffic jam. And there is a reconnaissance plane over now."

DEATH RIDES ALOFT

And sure enough, high in the sky, surrounded by the puffs of the anti-aircraft, a plane zig-zagged over Tournai, and the spectated scientists aloft peered down through their binoculars and made their telephoto pictures of the situation to take back home to the super-minds.

We went up to Enghien, a lit-

tle thronged town where many roads meet, and there the confusion was immense—so immense, that traffic was slowed again, and the roads beyond it too were congested. We went around Enghien because it might take us an hour to pass through. The only military activity in Enghien were traffic police trying to unscramble the mess.

We went to a village called Lessines. Our purpose was to see there a church built in the fourteenth century, thirteen hundred and something, and venerated throughout Belgium for its antiquity and beauty. It was one of the shrines of the Belgians. Away off the main highways, in a little old village with no more military importance than any town you pass through on your holiday journey this week-end, the German fliers had expertly sought out this one little village, containing this one shrine. And to make it appear a military attack, they dropped explosive bombs on a railway crossing far down at the outer edge of the village, but on the church itself, far at the other end of the straggling village, they had dropped, on two crossings, forward and back, a whole load of small incendiary bombs. Not on anything else. Just on the church that dates to thirteen hundred and something. A shrine. And only a cinder remained.

THE HUN HAS NO PITY

We saw it, de Grineau drew it. Then we started south, where the distant crunch of bombs and the mutter of gunfire drew us. We got about 800 yards from Enghien again, approaching by a back road, when Capt. Hughes suddenly ordered the driver to pull under the shade of some trees. Over Enghien appeared a fleet of Stuka bombers. We got out of the car and for an hour and twenty minutes watched the Stukas, at a distance of three or four city blocks, blow Enghien off the map.

We stood there thinking of all that bewildered and check-mated horde of women and children trying to get through the bottle neck of Enghien and on to the road to the south. We watched the Stukas, three by three, advance as in some

devilish polka, poise, and dive, follow the leader, one, two, three, saw the four huge black pigs of bombs topple out of each one at the bottom of its dive, and heard the crunch of their bursts.

When we passed Enghien, there was no town left, only ruin and what still stood up was brightly flaming. The dead lay in the ruins,—stranger dead,—women and children who had never even seen this place before, dead and flung all about this little ruin of Enghien. And the rest—who had dared delay, dared slacken the congestion on the roads to the south,—were hastening on, madly, frantically.

We were still looking at Enghien when Capt. Hughes suddenly spotted higher and mightier, a fleet of bigger bombers. Not the small two-man Stukas but the big freighters of the sky, Heinkels and heavy bombers, 29 of them in a great formation, while high above them moved the specks of the fighters escorting them. Where were our fighters? Where they belonged, I suppose, forward yonder, where the soldiers were.

THE DEATH OF TOURNAI

"There goes Tournai," groaned Capt. Hughes. We had to make a swift decision. To go left and forward as far as we might be permitted towards Louvain to see what stand the Guards were making against the armored divisions of the Germans. But Tournai drew us. Down back roads and country dirt roads, by such furious dashes and heartbreaking delays, we went to Tournai. We were, of course, too late. As we travelled, we saw the "brave" bombers, no longer in proud formation but each on its own, engine full out, tail up, racing furiously for home, the fighter escorts dashing about, for the fell job was done. We got to Tournai thirty minutes after these twenty-nine had, at random, not seeking military objectives, but only flying over as low as they dared and loosing at random two hundred big bombs into that sunlit frenzy of women, children and old men; not destroying roads or junctions or stations or military positions; but just in pandemonium loosing two hundred high intensity bombs into that insanity fair day. When we

drove in, except for the many fires raging and the small stunned crews of Belgian civic firemen helplessly moving about them, Tournai was deserted. In thirty minutes, those thousands, as planned by the spectacled experts, had got out on the roads. The roads south and west of Tournai were the way the Germans wanted them—filled with wild creatures in the shape of old men, women and children.

Dazed, lawless, beyond any human control.

HITLER KILLS A CHILD

The streets of Tournai razed, half a block at a time, blown out into the road. The dead everywhere, flung in doorways, crouched in their cars, the big Belgian farmhorses grotesquely sprawled, still in harness. And on the wall of a white rough cast cottage in the town, the shape of a child, just its shape, imprinted like a shadow, only against the white, its arms upflung, its head high, just an imprint of a child . . .

But they did not hit the railway station, nor did they hit the main streets and intersections, nor did they hit the citadel, which was more of a police station, but might come under the German heading of military objectives. They hit the park, the side streets full of kindly townsmen handing

out hot water endlessly, they hit two convents, churches in whose shadows the refugees lay resting from the dead march of their lives. Tournai was not aimed at, Tournai was just plastered to convert other tens of thousands of children and women into instruments of war.

Of my own witness and out of literally hundreds of conversations with Dutch, Belgian and Flanders refugees of every class and degree, I could keep on detailing the evidence of this superbrutality, of machine gunning and bombing the roads as well as the towns. One of the heavy bombers in that fleet that attacked Tournai was hastening home low and came along the road where de Grineau and I were in the ditch, watching the last of the tragedy, de Grineau sketching furiously, and as the plane swung by, the gunner in the tail amused himself by loosing off bursts down into the thickest of the traffic of innocent humanity. "Get a wiggle on, there," you could imagine him saying, as he crooked his finger for each burst. But babies and children and women died.

WE MUST AWAKEN

There is no more I need say. There are in France alone six million refugees, each one a wit-

ness to what I have told you. The day will come, as divine justice requires, when all this story will be told in detail. But I, like you, have been one of those millions in our country and all the British countries and France and America, who, despite all that Dorothy Thompson and Frederick Birchall have written, and the Douglas Reades and the Matthew Haltons, not for months, but for years, have gone blindly on our patient way, while these storm clouds gathered—we would not see the clouds. Now can we see the lightning and hear the thunder? Now can we see the smoke of ricks and homes afire. But the fact far greater to be faced is that there is nothing to be expected of humanity from our enemies. The King said: "We are fighting for our lives." President Roosevelt said: "These people have not discovered something new in the government. They have dug up something old." Yes, old. My friends, we have to go back centuries, away back into a time so far only its faded stones remain, to find men who thought as these men think and who enlist in the scheme of their high strategy, the blood of children and of women.

We must awaken. We must smash them back into the dark ages from which they have exhumed themselves.

Doc.
v

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

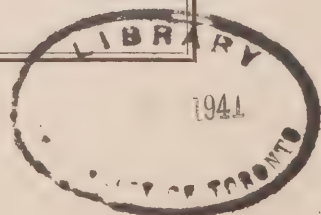
No. 4A

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MISS FLORENCE REED

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night.
Aug. 11, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Florence Reed's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night, August 11th, follows:

SALUTE TO ENGLAND

Once upon a time many years ago there were in England two men. One was named Gilbert and the other was named Sullivan. To Mr. S. one day said Mr. G., "What do you say we write an opera?" "Righto," replied Mr. G. So they did and they called it "The Mikado." Perhaps you may have heard about it. Now in this opera they had put a character and he was the Lord High Executioner and his name was Koko. Now it happened that also in England there was at that time a great comedian, one George Grossmith, so they went to him and told him he was exactly right for Koko and would he play it. He did.

And one day long after this English Koko came across the seas and met the American Koko who was Roland Reéd and who happened to be my father, and he came and spent a week-end with us.

All this happened a long time ago when I was quite a small person, yet how clearly do I remember the delightful gaiety of his visit, the laughter, the reminiscing! Especially do I remember one evening when a dinner party had been given so he might meet and foregather with our representative stars of the theatre. There were probably eight million dollars' worth of celebrities at that dinner party at one fell swoop. After dinner I was allowed

to come down to the drawing-room to be passed around, as it were, and make my "dip." And there was a "Titwillow" going strong, one verse by one of them, the next by the other, and still another by Richard Mansfield, who had played Koko in the Chicago company, and was that "Titwillow" something! Everybody in the room convulsed. For me, personally, there always lurked a tear in "Titwillow." Father sang it for me often and it always made me cry a little. But that night everybody seemed to be feeling a bit, well, let's say, "mellow." I have wished many times there might have been a recording transcription to keep. Such things, however, were yet to be invented.

INTRODUCTION TO ENGLAND

I had never before met, never before talked with anyone from England, and this George Grossmith was a person of such charm and sparkle and overwhelming humor my young imagination was captivated. And when just before leaving us he presented me with a very gorgeous doll that talked and opened and closed its eyes and was the very most lovely doll in all the world, my bewitchment was quite complete. I expect it was then my obsession for England was born. Maybe it was the doll, maybe the "Titwillow," who knows? I don't. I only know it grew up with me and stayed put.

Is it possible to have a nostalgia for a place one has never seen? I only know I longed to go to England and that the longing continued. Then one day the miracle

happened! Incredible! We were going! At last, at long, long last, we were going! We were sailing on an English boat; then we were sailing next Saturday. Oh, how indescribable, how exciting, how intoxicating, that first crossing! The thrill of it!

And then one afternoon, the seventh day out, I thought I saw afar off, a faint line on the horizon. No, there was nothing. Yes, yes there was, the very thinnest, faintest, thread where before there had been nothing but sea. Breathlessly I asked, "Is it, is it, it isn't England? Don't tell me it is England!"—It was! No dressing and going in to dine for me that evening. On deck I remained gazing, gazing, until nightfall had cheated my eyes and I could no longer see it.

MAGIC AT LONDON

The next morning, my two feet actually on London pavements! I think it turned my head a little. The magic of it, the incredible magic! Buckingham Palace actually, unbelievably — The Palace—where THEY lived! I stood rooted for hours, hoping against hope! I actually tried to open a conversation with one of the immovable guards standing rigid in his little box! But that got me exactly nowhere, since he merely looked over my head and kept right on being rigid. I still have strong doubts that he was alive. Then the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, the hush of it, and Bond Street and Hyde Park and Piccadilly and all of it, every blessed foot of it; sheerest, incredible fascination of seeing it, actually see-

ing it, after all the wishing. And oddly enough, each time I have gone over since, always the same enthralling charm and spell. And the English countryside! Dear Heaven, the beauty of it! The green of it like no other green anywhere, the hedgerows, the birds, the fantastic beauty of the trees which seem to have been in exactly that spot since the beginning of time.

Then the weekends in Bucks at the home of precious English cousins I had never before met. And, topping it all, a gratuitous nightingale hospitably thrown in! My very first nightingale. And the pink and white May trees in blossom, and the luncheon at Marlow, and punting on the Thames, and, of all things, Burnham Beeches. And the weekends at Oxford and Cambridge, and another at lovely little Broadway with its age-old and so attractive inn, the Ligon Arms. All of it, all of it, the beauty, the charm, the fascination, was England. And, back of it all, the thing you sense, you feel, you inhale with every breath of English air—the endless, endless tradition, the timeless aristocracy of that tradition rooted in the very soil. And the calm sureness of all the surface complacency, so characteristically English, yet under it, deep under it all, the iron spine!

DESTINY OF ENGLAND

Solid, confident, self-reliant, so that one feels sure there always was England, there always must be England, and there always will be England.

It is this that enthuses American hearts. Not only to cheer you on, not only to pull for you, to pray for you, to welcome with open arms your children, but to give, and give, and lend and send. Because, after all, you are the Motherland and blood is thicker than water.

And how altogether beautiful and heart-warming it will be for us over here to keep your children, fathers and mothers of England, to have the joy of looking after these small future fathers and mothers, and cherish them, and love them and, I am afraid, feel exceedingly loath when the time comes to part with them when you have made home safe for them to return. And not alone for your own children, but have straightened out again into human decency and sanity a Europe so wickedly, so needlessly turned into a shambles by insane barbarity, so that all the tragic children, vagrant, wandering, lost to hearth and home and to all dear familiar faces, shall be restored to accustomed, normal, happy childhood. And this is England's part. This is England's magnificent destiny! It lies tightly in her completely capable hands. Do not doubt it, do not listen to one poisoned word that would have it otherwise, because under God there is not the smallest doubt of it. Know it, believe it, it is written.

Victor Hugo's words in his analysis of the psychology back of Waterloo come aptly to mind. I quote: "Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why?

On account of Wellington? On account of Blucher? No, on account of God. Bonaparte victor at Waterloo would not harmonize with the law of the 19th century. It was the time for this vast man to fall. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. Such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head, the world accounting to one man's brain, would be fatal to civilization if they endured. The moment had come! The principles and elements on which the regular gravitation of the moral order as well as of the material order depend, have rebelled. Steaming blood, overcrowded graveyards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. Napoleon had been denounced in the Infinite and his fall was decided. He troubled God. Waterloo is not a battle. It is a change of front on the part of the Universe."

And history does repeat itself. The law of the 19th century is the law of every century because it is the law of the universe, a law ever active, ever present, timeless, eternal, and under which right and justice shall prevail.

Then, carry on England! Every American heart is with you for "God and the Right." Carry on, we salute you England incapable of a shameful peace, England, who fighting the fight alone shall win alone, "England, this earth of majesty, this state of Mars, this fortress, built by Nature for herself against infection, and the hand of war, this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England"—we salute you!



Doc.
an
v

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

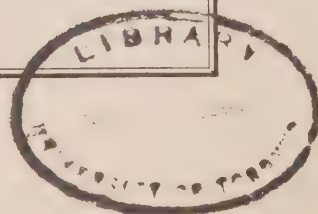
No. 4B

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MR. FREDERICK GRIFFIN

**over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Aug. 11, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada**



Text of Frederick Griffin's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night, August 11th, follows:

I shall try to give you the impressions of a working newspaperman who was privileged to sit on the sidelines of history during forty days which changed the world. For no matter how the war goes, it can never again be the nice agreeable world we used to know.

I suggest that's the first fact we've all got to face if we hope to save any of the values or virtues we claim to prize.

It was my privilege, and a fearful one it was, to see the passing of the old world in England during those fateful forty days in May and June when the props of the world as we knew it cracked and collapsed with what seemed a terrible finality.

My newspaper had sent me across in April to go to Norway in the expectation that the campaign starting there might develop into a major affair. By the time I arrived in Britain, the Norway campaign was already being abandoned and the War Office withheld the necessary permission to proceed there. It was thus that I was in England when the attack on Holland began the succession of events which I do not need to recall. Group by group, my newspaper colleagues were driven back into England from Holland, Belgium and finally from France.

BRITAIN MEETS CRISIS

To me it was a great if tragic privilege to be in the vortex of the British scene during those historic weeks. And if I may, I shall preface my views as to the facts we have to face with some of the impressions and memories of that time.

We British of all classes and degrees have been and have felt

so secure for so many generations it is natural that the succession of shocks we experienced during those weeks should have, in some measure, numbed our perception of events and our memory of them. So terrific were the blows we suffered and bore during those weeks, in whatever part of the Empire we might be, that the bare news of events stole away much of the human story.

How did the British people receive the news? How did they face the facts piling like an avalanche upon them?

I was in a unique position to see how they reacted and behaved. I spent part of most days during those weeks in the various ministries of government, the War Office, the Ministry of Information, the Admiralty, the Air Ministry, the Home and other offices. I visited military camps and various towns and country places of England. It was my lot to be on the quays of Dover to see the evacuated expeditionary force arriving from Dunkirk. I had the curious fortune to be one of the two newspapermen out of all the press of the world to be on the right pier at Dover to see Lord Gort come home from Flanders. I witnessed the suddenly revived evacuation of children from congested areas.

All this was during the gravest, greatest facing of facts in British history.

UNFLINCHING COURAGE

The finest memory I have of those days is of the British people's unflinching courage and unwavering spirit. The bus conductors were still their courteous and cheery selves. The London bobbies with their gas masks and steel helmets remained imperturbable symbols of law and decency. The day Paris fell the taxi drivers thanked you just as kindly for a tip. In the shops the clerks were as attentive as ever.

The staff in the Hotel Russell will always stay in my memory as typical of British reaction to the heavens falling. Acutely aware of events, they knew exactly the meaning of Hitler's smashing victories. Yet none ceased for a moment to be a dutiful porter, bell boy or waiter.

I shall always remember the philosophical lift man who kept reading "Gone With The Wind" between trips and German victories. We often chatted. One day when things were just about at their worst, he said objectively: "Y' know, sir, the British are a funny people." I asked him why. "Because," he said in a cockney voice I dare not try to mimic, "because y've got to knock 'em down and kick 'em before they'll start to fight. Then watch 'em!"

Such was the spirit and it was everywhere, high and low. No longer did people speak of muddling through but of winning through. For suddenly the British became positive about it, once they faced the facts.

Another memory, never to be erased, is of how England appeared against such a background of tragedy. It was never, in living man's memory, more beautiful than in May or June. Never had there been such serene and cloudless days. The sky was blue like our Canadian sky. The sunshine was bright as Canadian sunshine. The countryside was rich with growth. In the parks of London the grass, the trees, the flowers, the birds, the nameless people taking their customary ease, the countless lovely children at play—all made a picture of security and peace behind the bulwarks of a stable world.

When we arrived, London gave little more evidence of a nation at war than Montreal or Toronto. Few restrictions were apparent except of gasoline and gossip. Butter was scarce, so was sugar

and tomato juice, but generally there was little proof of shortage. The balloons of the defence barrage and the blackout were the only obvious signs of what up to then had been a leisurely war of continental siege and sea blockade. There weren't even casualty lists to bring it close to home.

That was England on the verge. That remained England in the vortex. That, I can assure you, is Great Britain today.

BRITAIN GETS READY

There was little change in the basic picture as the crisis deepened. There were more balloons, more sandbags, more barbed wire in public places. Military officers might be seen carrying revolvers on the streets. Getting into a ministry even with a pass became very difficult. The police began checking the subway crowds for their identity cards.

As the threat to Britain grew, a kind of hardness, not noticeable before, crept into the picture. People spoke little in public. Laughter was stilled. No woman smiled. People with set faces listened to the B.B.C. broadcasts. They read with veiled eyes the newspaper bulletins. Yet almost the only time during those weeks that the British voiced emotion was the day Italy entered the war. That day I heard Englishmen curse openly and deeply.

An unforgettable memory of those days is of that awful weekend when France gave in. Will any of us who were in London then ever be able to wipe from his mind that Sunday when France died? It was a day of silent mortal pain in Great Britain as men tried to think through to find out what it might mean to them, to their country, to the Empire.

Early next morning (Monday) we newspapermen learned off the record that the leaders of France had ordered the "cease fire." The

public did not know it yet. At noon we attended a press meeting in a ministry. Even then it was not announced. We were simply told to listen to a one o'clock broadcast by the French premier.

It was almost as if officials hoped against hope for a last hour miracle.

Then Marshal Petain made his speech and we knew then for sure that France—liberal, democratic, freedom-loving France—was only a name in history.

France was enslaved and across on the far shores of the English seas the Nazis swarmed as conquerors. In forty days the Hitler avalanche had achieved what the Kaiser's halted juggernaut had not achieved in over four years—the conquest of the Channel ports and a jumping-off place for a close, direct attack on England.

That's the central fact in this whole historic cataclysm. It's not a pretty or a pleasing fact, but in this series of broadcasts we're supposed to face the facts. So let's face them.

CANADA'S NEW FRONT LINE

You remember that a few years ago Mr. Baldwin, when he was Prime Minister, said that Great Britain's frontier was now on the Rhine. It was then, in the early days of Hitler. But today Great Britain's frontier—the frontier of the British Empire—is on the Straits of Dover and the English Channel. At its narrowest, scarcely 25 miles separate Britain from an onslaught by the massed machinery which Hitler used in his land drives from Poland onward.

So a fact we must all face is this: Not 3,000 miles of ocean any longer separate us in Canada from the Nazi-Fascist legions but a mere 25 to 50 miles of English Channel, plus the British Navy, the Royal Air Force and the citizen army which Great Britain has formed and is arming.

Great Britain stands alone ex-

cept for the help her Dominions can give and for the aid in kind she may receive from the United States. That is the fact we've all got to face today.

We can face it as the people of Britain faced it, unflinchingly. In the weeks after May 10 I saw them tear down the trammels of their old ways and gird themselves to meet the worst that Hitler might hurl against them.

The British are not a simple race. In their manner and behavior they are hard for the outsider to understand. And my view of them was in a time of abnormal stress. So it would be an impertinence on my part to try to assess the forces at work in their complex system.

All I know is that during the weeks that followed May 10 one could feel the British stirring from top to bottom as with a ferment. The new Churchill government not merely drew on, but drew from, all the strengths of all the people.

DEMOCRACY AT BAY

This government, with the people's okay, did bold, great things which changed almost overnight the social, economic, political and military face of Britain. It cut away precious property rights. At the same time it took away many of labor's hard won privileges. In one hour and ten or twenty minutes it passed an act which virtually suspended for the war, at least, the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights. Not since Cromwell's day have British parliamentarians acted so strongly to strike back at tyranny.

Thus the British people accepted freely and uncomplainingly the duties and rigors of a democracy at bay.

You could feel the country, this ancient, accustomed, easy-going land, literally jumping to work. It sprang as one man to bear arms. The very air seemed suddenly to

hum with the sound of wheels turning. The mellow countryside became a labyrinth of gashes, breastworks, traps and barbed wire. The sea shores became deep defence fronts. Day by day London grew more and more like Madrid during the siege as barricades and forts sprang up in certain streets and public places.

Thus the people of Great Britain faced the facts, without a whimper of fear or self-pity. Suddenly realizing that they had taken too many goodly things for granted, they decided with a fierce and indomitable will to work for them, fight for them, suffer for them and die for them.

THE LESSON OF SPAIN

Which brings us to a fact or two I only wish I had the power to drive home to those fellow Canadians who may still be thinking smugly that everything will work out all right somehow. One is this: In Spain in the civil war I saw democracy murdered by democracy. The people of Spain, fighting a military rebellion backed by Hitler and Mussolini, were riven by strife and disunion. They were uncertain, divided, wasteful of purpose and of strength. They never did get a united front. And so they were beaten.

We must learn quickly the lessons the democracies have been

taught at such a frightful cost to themselves. We in Canada are lucky to have time to learn and to act. Norway, Denmark, Holland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Poland, France, did not have time or a second chance.

Great Britain gained time at last largely, I believe, because of the quick collapse of France. Not only did it arouse her to extreme action but the very speed with which Hitler smashed France left him out on a limb. He didn't expect such a fast conquest. In consequence he was not ready to swing full out against England. One hesitates to think what might have been the result if in the next week or two after the French collapse Hitler had been able to turn his total attack against the British Isles. He would have caught them at low ebb, while they were changing over, while they were improvising home defence, while they were vehemently seeking to catch up the slack.

But Hitler wasn't able to attack then and may not perhaps dare a frontal attack now. For every day, every week, has given the people of Great Britain a chance to steel themselves against the worst.

THE JOB WE FACE

We must learn from the totalitarian states how to organize, how to serve, how to use the

popular strength for a common purpose. Russia was the first to show how a dictator state can funnel every ounce of energy and emotion to a single end. The Nazis learned from Russia and went beyond it. We smiled because they denied the people butter to build bombing planes. We laughed when they tightened their belts in peacetime. We mocked at their discipline, parades and enthusiasms.

But in order to beat them, we must, at this late date in war, match their mass devotions, however impelled. We must, as a democracy, discipline ourselves so that all of us in our hearts, minds and acts are contributing 100 per cent. to the national effort. We must work and serve, every one according to his or her full capacity, in order that we as a free democracy may help Great Britain to lick Hitler.

We must give up our leisure, our comforts, yes, even our liberties and our rights as free citizens in order to forge ourselves into a single mighty weapon against this evil system which we hate. Under our own system we can win back lost liberties from our government afterwards. Don't let us make the mistake of the Spanish people. They feared to lose a liberty which they had not learned to use and ended up by losing all.

OC.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

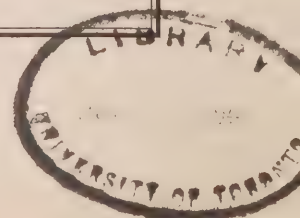
No. 5

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

COLONEL HENRY BRECKINRIDGE

**over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Aug. 18, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada**



Text of Colonel Henry Breckinridge's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night, August 18th, follows:

Fellow Citizens: I am not a citizen of the British Commonwealth of Nations, but I claim to be a citizen of the Commonwealth of Humanity. I dare say more than "fellow citizens." I dare say "my brothers and my sisters." For all who love liberty are brothers and sisters.

I salute Canada. Every dweller in this western hemisphere should salute her. For the moment she is our only representative in the most dire battle ever fought for freedom. May it not be said much longer that Canada is the only nation of the west fighting for the most priceless heritage of the west—liberty!

I could well imagine myself a Canadian irritated at hearing a citizen of the United States speak. I can fancy myself asking, "Why does he not back his words with actions?" "If he speaks for any considerable number of his fellow countrymen, why does not his country join the fray?"

The first reason I am speaking is because I have been courteously invited. Another is that I shall speak no word on this occasion which I have not uttered publicly in different form many times in the United States. Suffice it finally to say in this connection that it would give me great satisfaction to serve against the Nazi with the armed forces of my country. Meanwhile, I honor those who have followed the example of Kermit Roosevelt and have translated into action the sentiment and opinion of millions of Americans.

Only a few times in all recorded history has western civilization faced a crisis like the present. At Thermopylae and Marathon, Greek valour saved the original fountain head of our culture. Had Greece gone down, the Oriental

way of life and thought would have prevailed. In all probability, premature death would have struck the grace, beauty and freedom of thought which was Greece.

In 453 Rome fell to the Barbarians and for centuries night shut out the light of civilization. The small flame escaped extinction in the isolated and enduring sanctuaries of the church. Perhaps, the present danger is more like the moment preceding the Fall of Rome and the beginning of the Dark Ages than any other day of history.

In 732 Charles Martel and European chivalry saved Christian civilization from the Moor at Tours.

During the Thirteenth Century the Golden Horde of the Mongols ravaged from the coasts of China to Hungary, Russia and India, conquering most of the known world.

In the Fifteenth Century the Turk recoiled from his unsuccessful siege of Vienna.

On all these occasions the spirit of the western man has risen to save by a hair's breadth his culture and his freedom. Rivers of blood were shed, but civilization did not die.

NO REBELLION POSSIBLE

The danger today is greater than any that has gone before. The reason is simple and should be clear to every intelligent mind. In preceding crises, arms were simple, easily hidden, widely and individually owned. As late as the American Revolution the Minute Man at Bunker Hill was about as well armed as the British Regular. Today, a people conquered and disarmed is at the mercy of the conqueror—a victim ready for permanent and hopeless slavery. The unarmed man cannot rebel successfully against airplanes and tanks. The radio brings instant news of disaffection and carries the ruler's orders at a speed of 186,000 miles a second.

From the nearest air field fly the squadrons to rain death and obliteration upon the defenseless population. It is conceivable today that a single conqueror can rule the world.

Hitler is the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse rolled into one insatiable tyrant. The banner over him is blood. He consolidated his domestic power by the synchronized murder on a single day in 1934 of all his German rivals. Treachery is the basis of all his diplomacy. As he destroys one victim he lulls to sleep with sweet assurances the next on his list. The British Commonwealth of Nations and the American Nations stand alone between him and the total conquest of all the free peoples of the earth. If America sleeps and Britain fails, America will awake to its doom. The world cannot survive half slave and half free. Hitler knows this and relentlessly pursues his ravening race to destroy the last citadels of freedom. He must destroy liberty or liberty will destroy him. He rightly recognizes this as a war of annihilation. We too should recognize it and my deepest conviction is that my country should furiously organize its vast latent power into unassailable and irresistible military might for the utter defeat of the Scourge of Satan that has been loosed upon humanity.

INVINCIBILITY IS MYTH

The cult of the invincibility of the Nazi is a myth. He invents none of the instruments with which he enslaves his own people and attacks all the rest of the western world. The tank is based on the caterpillar tread invented by an American for farm work and first used in war by the British at Cambrai in the last World War. The airplane is an American invention; the submarine, also, and the machine gun. In the last war the Nazi's predecessor did give poison gas to the world. He initiated the submarine mur-

der of non-combatants at sea and also contrived the murder of Edith Cavell. Now the Nazi adds to these foul accomplishments the persecution of the Jews, the harassing of the Catholics and Protestants, the aerial bombardment of civilians, the enslavement of whole peoples and the widespread treacheries of his Fifth Column agents.

The Nazi employs the inventions of other men to destroy humanity. Take him out of his cross-country armoured engines and he is no better than any other average man and decidedly inferior to the run of mine Canadian or American. Match him in the air with equal numbers and he will succumb. In the last war it was conclusively demonstrated that in the air and on the ground, man for man, the Canadian was his master. If the Canadian airman really gets at him in the present conflict the minions of Hitler's air force will expiate in bitterness the crime of their slaughter of women and children. The place to destroy Hitler is in Germany; not America.

Another myth is the isolation of the American Continent. The fool and the knave point to the 3,000 miles of Atlantic water as an insulation against the wars of Europe. They acclaim the broader Pacific as a protection against Asia. Every bright school boy knows that Iceland and Greenland are easy stepping stones for the modern giant, Aviation. Seven years ago the Italian Balbo reconnoitred the route from Rome to Chicago with twenty-four planes. He did it easily and without incident. Greenland nearly touches

Canadian territory in the north and one point of Greenland is actually east of Iceland. Hitler knows all this. The German von Gronau also reconnoitred this route and the German Udet is an expert on Iceland's strategic location for controlling the air and sea lanes of the great circle course between Europe and America in the northern latitudes. Denmark owns Iceland and Greenland, and the Nazi has conquered Denmark. You know St. Pierre and Miquelon off your coast and you know the Nazi has conquered France who owns these islands.

WHAT OF NEGOTIATION?

Finally, we are advised by the American friends of Hitler (and I am ashamed to say they exist), to be prepared to negotiate agreement with him. I should prefer to make a treaty with a poisonous snake. Hitler's plighted word, on each occasion that he has pledged it with an innocent and honourable neighbour, has been but a preparation for plunging his serpent fangs into the living body of his deluded victim. What man in his right mind would negotiate with him? The only hope of humanity is the destruction of Hitler; not his appeasement. Better make a pet of a tiger or set a wolf to guard young children than trust this fiend in human form so long as the breath of life is in him. Should we stand by until the assassin has murdered every other member of our family and plan to negotiate agreement with him when he has completed his orgy of crime?

Hitler prates of race, in the face

of his own seamy lineage and childless sterility. Well, we know something of race in Canada and the United States. We have accepted the Word of God where it is written that He "made of one blood all the Nations of Man." We have learned that men of differing race, colour, language and religion can live together in peace and co-operation. The German race is as complex a mixture as the population of the United States. Hitler's mad mouthings blaspheme God, fly in the face of the plain facts of ethnology and deny the history of the hitherto happy life of the American Continent.

Canada, I salute you. You have cast out doubt and fear. You have accepted the inescapable challenge and willed that freedom must live; that the danger of death is preferable to the certainty of defeat and slavery. Each nation of the western hemisphere should follow your example. Right or wrong, every one of our American nations for a century has lived on the basic fact that the British fleet controlled the Atlantic. Self-interest, intelligence and courage dictate that we give Britain unstinted aid. It doesn't even matter whether or not we like the English. Embattled Britain is our last outpost against the unleashed forces of destruction, slavery and hell. Glory to the man and nation that give successful resistance to the menace. My prayer for you is that you endure and win. My hope for my own country is that the United States draw its sword for freedom and humanity. Children of Montcalm, heirs of Wolfe, God speed you!

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

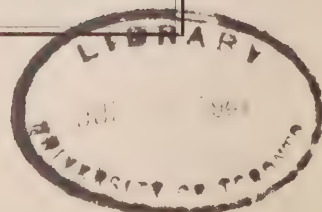
No. 6

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Aug. 25, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Robert E. Sherwood's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night, August 25th, follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Canadian Radio Audience:

It is a great privilege to be permitted to speak to you tonight. I cannot speak as an expert on European affairs, as did Miss Dorothy Thompson, Mr. Frederick Birchall and Mr. Gregory Clark.

I can speak only as an American citizen who is devoted with all his heart and soul to our common cause. And it is our common cause. We Americans are rapidly awakening to the fact that we are already at war. We are a nation of men who believe in liberty and justice. We are a nation dedicated by our greatest leader to the perpetual task of guaranteeing that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. No nation so dedicated can call itself at peace while Hitler lives and rules.

It would be very difficult to find any American patriot who has not thrilled to the fighting words of Winston Churchill, especially when he said that if the British Commonwealth shall last for a thousand years, men will say that this was its finest hour. We Americans now know that the future of our free institutions and our democratic faith is at stake in the Battle for Britain. We now realize that your Canadian men—all the gallant men of the British navy and army and the Royal Air Force—are fighting to defend our homes as surely as their own. We say, may God give them strength—and may we give them reinforcement!

My own essential belief, which prompts me to speak to you now, is the same belief which I held in 1917 when, being rejected for enlistment in the U.S. forces, I went to Montreal and joined up. I had the honor of serving as a private soldier in the 42nd Battalion, Black Watch, in the Canadian Expeditionary Force in France. I hope that there will be some of you now listening who will remember me—in the Guy Street barracks in Montreal—in Bramshott Camp in England—in the

lovely little village of Witley, Surrey—on the River Somme, in France, and on Vimy Ridge, which is forever sacred Canadian soil.

The one great enduring memory that I took with me during my period of service with the C.E.F. was the memory of association with the best men I've ever known. They were all kinds of men—of origins that were English, Irish, Scotch, French, or Indian. There were many Americans, like myself, of all races and creeds. In the company with me was a young Danish student, a very quiet, well-mannered, scholarly man named Thomas Dinesen. Being a Dane, he had been neutral in the war. But he sailed from Copenhagen to New York to do some anthropological research work, and while he was crossing the Atlantic, his ship was attacked by a German submarine. That cured him of his neutrality. He too went to Montreal and joined up. In France, he won the Croix de Guerre and the Victoria Cross. After the war he returned to Denmark and the life of a scholar. I wonder where Dinesen is now. Perhaps the Nazi gangsters who grabbed his little country have discovered that he is the wearer of the V.C.

I remember others in our outfit—a Scotchman, who was a chartered accountant in New York—an Irishman who had worked behind a soda fountain in Connecticut—a French Canadian farmer from Northern Ontario—a Jewish tailor's assistant from Brooklyn. They all wore kilts. They were all fine soldiers.

The mixture in the Canadian army provided the supreme answer to Hitler's phony doctrine of racism. There was no dominant race in this force. It was just a body of men—free men. And their achievements will never be forgotten, especially by the German soldiers who fought against them.

The officers who commanded these men also commanded their respect. In 1917-'18, when I was there, a large portion of the officers had come up from the ranks. My own company was led in the last victorious battles by one who had been a grocer's boy before the war. Here again is a living answer to Hitler—a decis-

ive answer to his hopeful theory that there can be no dynamism in democracy.

HITLER'S FALLACY

Which leads me to make mention of a grotesque fallacy—one which was fostered by Hitler's propaganda machine and repeated by stupid people everywhere—the fallacy that a totalitarian system is efficient, and therefore must conquer a democratic system which is necessarily inefficient, incompetent, obsolete.

According to this fallacy, the only way for the democratic states to survive is by imitating the Nazi-Fascist-Communist type of state, which is a machine, and therefore bloodless, heartless and irresistible.

This, I submit, is nonsense.

Anyone would be a fool to attempt to deny the extraordinary power of the present German military machine. But its success so far is no proof of the strength of totalitarianism or the weakness of democracy. It is simply renewed proof of what the world has known for generations—that the Germans when unified can constitute a terrific, aggressive force. They have great military skill and their people are ready and willing to accept regimentation. They are now doped up with the cocaine of world revolution which has given them the glorious dream of world domination. They are armed with powerful weapons—particularly the airplane, the tank and the submarine—all of which were invented and developed by free men living and working in free countries.

The Germans have murdered the Republic of France. They outnumbered the French two to one. But—suppose the battle had been between French democracy and Italian Fascism. Italy has had a rigid totalitarian regime for twenty years. Does anyone believe that 40,000,000 Italians could have prevailed against 40,000,000 Frenchmen?

Czechoslovakia was one of the purest democracies in the world. It was also the strongest power of its size in Europe. Could the Czechs have been beaten by any totalitarian state of equal size—by Roumania, for instance?

And consider the amazing showing of 3,000,000 free Finns against 170,000,000 Russians, who had had twenty-two years of totalitarian preparation for war.

The advantage that the dictatorships seem to possess over the democracies is not efficiency. A state is not efficient in which, for every hundred workers, there must be forty policemen to see that the hundred don't slack, and twenty storm troopers to watch the policemen, and a dozen secret agents to watch the watchers. That, perhaps, is a good way to solve the unemployment problem. But it is a degraded way of life. And, I repeat, it is not efficiency.

The advantage on the totalitarian side consists in total ruthlessness, total lack of humanity. They glory in their barbarism, which has swept them to the brink of victory, over the bodies of innocent, decent people. I think you know—you free people who are listening now to this free speech from an American friend of yours—I think you know that it is the triumphant barbarism of the slave states which will eventually bring every one of them to eternal defeat.

Hitler in "Mein Kampf" has again and again proclaimed his devotion to something he calls "Nature"—Nature. The weird, mystic religion that he preaches is simply a reversion to paganism. It is also a flat denial of nature—of human nature, as it has developed and progressed since the beginning of time.

The democratic ideal—the Christian ideal—is based upon faith in the essential dignity of the individual man. Hitlerism is based upon contempt for the individual and denial of every right to the individual. All Nazi leaders invariably consider the masses of men as animals—so many sheep, to be herded, shorn and driven to the slaughter.

This Nazi ideal of government can succeed and survive only if men consent to abandon their humanity and accept the status of beasts. But it is impossible for men born and bred in the British tradition to do this. It is impossible for Americans. We all share this common tradition. The generations behind us have shared it

since Magna Charta, more than seven hundred years ago. It is a remarkable fact, an inspiring fact, that the British tradition has spread over the whole earth, among all races, and in no place where it has been established has freedom ever been renounced, as it was renounced in Germany when Hitler came to power. Consider the French in Canada who for nearly two centuries have passionately maintained their independence under the British flag. Consider the Boers in South Africa. In these tragic days, it is good to remember that French freedom still lives in the Province of Quebec; Dutch freedom still lives in the Union of South Africa. All of our peoples, whatever their racial origins, throughout the whole British commonwealth and the United States, have steadily worked and fought for the greater spread of civil liberty, for social progress, for the eternal extension to all of the rights without which we ourselves refuse to live.

BIGOTRY AND GREED.

This tradition, this way of life, has of course been threatened by individuals and minority groups within our own borders. There have always been a few who have attempted to sabotage the principles of freedom and equality. They have been animated principally by two of the most debased of mortal motives—bigotry and greed. And everyone of their attempts to extinguish liberty has been frustrated by the overpowering will of the British and American people.

In my own country, today, there are important men who have succumbed to the demoralizing, degenerative influence of Hitlerism. They are chiefly men who worship the machine. They have seen the enormous output of German factories, the results of the toil of laborers who have no right to organize or even to speak, no choice as to where they shall work, or for how many hours a day, or for what wages. The worshippers of the machine have seen the ultimate in regimentation in Nazi Germany, and they like it, and wish that we could have the same system over here.

I should like to name the two outstanding exponents of this

point of view, which I and many other Americans consider a traitorous point of view. They are both erstwhile American heroes. They are Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh and Henry Ford. I don't need to say much about Mr. Ford. A great industrialist, the genius of the assembly line, he has too often revealed that, outside of his own factories, he is a profoundly stupid man.

But Lindbergh is to me a tragic example of mental aberration. He had such a matchless opportunity and so much to contribute. A year ago he was working where he belonged, for his government in Washington, using his considerable technical knowledge and skill in the furthering of our defense. But—with the outbreak of war last September—what did Lindbergh do for his country? He quit the service. He quit so that he could devote himself to pleading Hitler's cause.

Lindbergh was exposed to Nazism, he was infected by it. He is a man spiritually diseased. He might have been a great constructive force; but he enlisted in the forces of destruction. I can assure you that his opinions are just as unpopular with real Americans as are the men from whom he got them—Hitler, Goering and Goebbels.

What Lindbergh preaches is simply this: in order to avoid war with the totalitarian states, we must make friends with them, we must flatter them, we must imitate them. This same policy was preached to Americans before the Civil War. It was said then that in order to avoid strife and bloodshed, we should accept the evil of slavery. The great opponent of this policy of appeasement was Abraham Lincoln. He was a man of gentleness, deep sympathy, pure tolerance. But he confessed that he was stirred to hatred by this policy of temporizing with evil. Words he spoke in 1854 are of vital importance to Americans today. He said he hated this policy "because it deprives our republic of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions everywhere to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many good men among

ourselves into an open war with the very fundamentals of civil liberty, denying the good faith of the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest."

MISGUIDED ISOLATION.

We who now live in the Union which Abraham Lincoln fought and died to save—we wish to tell the world that the voice of our country is not expressed by Lindbergh, or any other bootlicker of Adolf Hitler. It is not expressed by the misguided isolationists who think and talk and act on the assumption that the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are still just as broad as in the days of sailing vessels. The voice of our country is expressed, truly and eloquently, by President Franklin Roosevelt, and by our other great political leader, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, Wendell Willkie. A week ago, when Mr. Willkie pledged himself to the service of his country, he could pick no better words than Winston Churchill's—the pledge of "blood and tears, toil and sweat."

The essence of our national policy was established once and for all by President Roosevelt in his address at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, just two years ago.

Let us remember his words:

"Civilization is not national—it is international—even though that observation, trite to most of us, is today challenged in some parts of the world. Ideas are not limited by territorial borders; they are the common inheritance of all free people. Thought is not anchored

in any land; and the profit of education redounds to the equal benefit of the whole world. That is one form of free trade to which the leaders of every opposing political party can subscribe.

"In a large sense we in the Americas stand charged today with the maintaining of that tradition . . .

"We in the Americas are no longer a far away continent, to which the eddies of controversies beyond the seas could bring no interest or harm. Instead, we in the Americas have become a consideration to every propaganda office and to every general staff beyond the seas."

No one who heard that speech of the President's over the radio can forget the solemnity with which he spoke the two following historic sentences:

"The Dominion of Canada is part of the sisterhood of the British Empire. I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other Empire."

Such was the Declaration of Interdependence spoken by the President of the United States and approved by the American people.

Within the past weeks, the words of this declaration have been translated into action, to bring Canadians and Americans together at last in the interests of our common cause, to provide constructive help by the United States for Canada and for Britain. This help must continue; it must be increased; it must provide the basis for permanent policy. In the collaboration, the cooperation,

the acknowledged brotherhood of the entire English speaking world is the one substantial hope for peace in the family of man. It is the one guarantee that another Hitler will not—can not rise again. It is my belief—it is a belief which burns in the hearts of an ever increasing number of patriotic Americans—that this hope will be fulfilled, within our own day, by the massed force of our own spirit.

We live now under a tremendous threat. We must be prepared, every one of us, to fight it, to the death. We must be prepared to fight for the one faith that matters to every man and woman who believes in the dignity of the individual.

And we can be confident of victory. Our common tradition of freedom has been tested on a thousand battlefields, from Waterloo to Gettysburg. It is now meeting its supreme test on the white cliffs of Dover.

It will survive because it is essentially true and therefore indomitably strong.

It is founded on the one conviction by which humanity itself can survive—the conviction that there is divinity in man—there is honor in man—there is genius in man—there is capacity in man for wisdom, for tolerance, for beauty, for love, and, above all, for creation.

We know that these qualities are unconquerable. That is the knowledge that made us free. That is the faith that the dive bombers and the tanks can never destroy.

I thank you.

*When you have read this speech it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

Doc.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 7

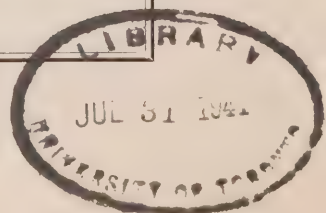
1

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

The Rt. Hon. W. L. MACKENZIE KING
Prime Minister of Canada

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Sept. 1, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of the Prime Minister's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

LABOUR AND THE WAR

TWO SIGNIFICANT ANNIVERSARIES.

Some days ago I received from one of the working men holding a responsible office in the Trade Union movement a letter in which he suggested that on the Sunday before Labour Day, as a former Minister of Labour, I might be willing to give a national message to the workers of Canada.

A day or two later, I received a letter also from the Director of Public Information, inviting me to be the speaker for tonight in the radio series known as "Let's Face the Facts." The writer of the second letter suggested that as this date corresponded with the first anniversary of the war, a talk by myself on its events and lessons might be welcomed by the people of Canada.

My purpose this evening is to endeavour to meet both those requests. I shall try to summarize the facts which stand out after one year of the war, and to relate them to the world situation as we know it today, and to the alternatives which the future may hold in store.

A WORD TO AND FROM LABOUR.

I need scarcely say that I felt much honoured that from one who holds the position of Secretary of the Labour Council in one of the leading cities of the Dominion, I should have received the particular invitation I have mentioned. From my early years, I have been deeply interested in the problems of Labour. One reason I believe, is that Labour's main concern along the path of life, has been a continuous struggle against adversity and poverty. Labour, too, represents so overwhelming a proportion of mankind that it is almost synonymous with Humanity itself.

The plain picture of the ordinary man, working with the strength of his arm and the skill of his hand to feed, to clothe and to shelter his fellows, has always seemed to me to represent Humanity in one of the noblest of its moods. To improve conditions of Labour is to better the human lot on this earth. That, I suppose, is the motive which most of us have closest to our heart when the enthusiasm of young manhood and the realization of the duties of citizenship begin to mould our conscience and our conduct. It is one of the tragedies of life that amid the complexities of the struggle for existence, the enthusiasm and the realization are so often lost. To my mind, the measure of human greatness is the degree to which we continue to hold to the end of our days, an enthusiasm for human betterment.

Let me then talk to you tonight of this war not only in relation to the broad aspects to which I have referred, but in its relation particularly to Labour. Let us consider together what the winning of this war may mean to Labour. Let us ponder what the loss of this war will certainly mean to Labour. Let us think to-

gether for a few minutes of what Labour has done, and can do for the winning of the war. In this throughout, let us face the facts.

A YEAR OF WAR IN REVIEW.

On this day one year ago, a world that had watched with anxious but hopeful eyes, while men of good-will laboured with all their strength for peace, saw war, with indescribable savagery begin the devastation of Europe. During the months that have since passed, freedom fleeing from many desolate lands, has followed peace into exile.

At the end of a year, silence and darkness have fallen upon Poland, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland. We mourn, too, the tragedy of a broken France. With her withdrawal from the conflict, we lost a gallant ally. With the entry of Italy on the side of Germany, we faced another treacherous and rapacious foe.

The few nations of the continent of Europe that have not already been subjugated either tremble or bow before the might and violence of the aggressor.

Fire and slaughter have spread to Africa and the near East. There is an ominous glow on the horizons of the middle East. In many parts of the world, the thunder of the storm is heard, even though the lightning has not yet struck. Ships have battled on all the seven seas. From the skies, over the continent of Europe and the British Isles, aerial warfare continues to rain death and destruction. Millions of innocent, peace-loving, plain, ordinary, simple men and women, who have asked nothing more than to live their lives in the quiet of their own homes and the shelter of their native valleys, have been dispossessed, robbed and enslaved.

Many nations had fondly hoped to find security in scrupulous neutrality. They found, instead, that neutrality was only an invitation to invasion, pillage and enslavement. The souls and minds of the men of many lands to which the world is indebted for art, science, literature, invention, religious thought and most of the other precious gifts of human life are imprisoned in the bondage of a barbarous and inhuman conqueror.

This year that has just ended was one of the blackest years in human history. These things are not the visions of a prophet of evil, they are not the imaginings of a horrid dream, they are the facts before our very eyes. Let us face them squarely.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WAR FOR CANADA.

Exactly one year ago, it was my duty to speak to you of the great decision which the people of Canada would be called upon to make of a call to duty which Canadians in their hearts had already answered. Speaking on that occasion I used these words:

"There is no home in Canada, no family, and no individual whose fortune and freedom are not bound up in the present struggle. I appeal to my fellow Canadians to unite in a national effort to save from destruction all that makes life itself worth living, and to preserve for future generations

those liberties and institutions which others have bequeathed to us."

The world knows how nobly and with what unanimity the people of Canada answered that appeal. No one today can deny the truth of the words that there is no home in Canada, no family and no individual whose fortunes and freedom are not bound up in the present struggle. How true these words are will be even more apparent when we consider the next outstanding fact to which I would draw your attention.

Today, the nations of the British Commonwealth alone champion in their full strength, the rights of free men. Britain stands majestic and undaunted. To her have rallied those who once caught her accents of liberty, and learnt from her the lesson of obedience to the law. In this hour of supreme peril, there have come also to her side men of Norway, of Holland, of Belgium, of Czechoslovakia, of Poland and of France. These men are not the ghosts of brave lands that are dead. They are the souls of brave lands that still live, and will, once again, rise in the full dignity of their freedom, and the renewed vigour of indomitable youth. Nevertheless, we and they fight alone.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LABOUR DAY.

Let me now speak of another anniversary. Tomorrow, Labour in Canada will celebrate in complete freedom a day, which by Act of Parliament, has been set apart to honour the place which Labour has gained and holds in our national life. It is deeply significant that such a celebration is possible at the end of a year of total war in Europe.

The position of Labour in Canada, its dignity and its freedom, can be fully appreciated, only in the light of both history and geography.

Canada, and likewise the United States, have been peopled largely by men and women of British stock. They brought with them to this continent not only British law and British respect for law, but other fruits of the struggles in Britain for religious and civil freedom. Above all, they bore in their hearts and minds the determination to maintain and extend their freedom in the new land which beckoned them to its shores.

The ancestors of our French-Canadian fellow citizens also were of those who sailed the seas, and left their native land for a continent whose broad horizons offered larger opportunities of human happiness. They brought with them skill in the arts and trades, a great capacity for work, a love of home and the simple joys and a sustaining faith. Upon these ancestral foundations, the men and women of British and French stock built their new freedom.

THE HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL BASIS OF FREEDOM IN CANADA

As the years passed, the adventurous and the oppressed, from every country in Europe, came amongst us, seeking a new homeland where life and human personality were held as sacred things, where tyranny and slavery could be nothing but a far-off memory, where the state existed

for man and not man for the state.

The frontiers of freedom, like the frontiers of settlement, have steadily widened. They, too, have had their forts which consolidated the victories of the past, and protected the onward march of the future.

We have cause for gratitude, for the freedom recorded in our romantic history. We can be equally thankful for the security which geography has given us. We have grown to nationhood in a land separated by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, from the threat of a sudden invasion of its shores. The British navy, and for the last one hundred years, the navy of the United States patrolling the waters of its oceans, have given to our own rising national power a further sense of safety.

Time and space have worked for Canada. To the inheritance of free political institutions, thus assured and safeguarded by historical association and geographical position, democracy on this North American continent owes its existence today.

LABOUR DAY: A LIGHTHOUSE OF DEMOCRACY

Now what is this democracy to which we so often refer? To me, democracy means that state of organized society which recognizes the right of its members to equality of opportunity. It means the power of the many in increasing measure to develop in complete freedom their latent strength and talent. It means the freedom of the many to enjoy under the protection of those laws which they themselves have made, an adequate and just measure of the fruits of their own labours.

Every Labour Day is a lighthouse of democracy. As its rays revolve, we see beneath them the freedom and the well-being which we have achieved. As its light flashes tonight, we catch a glimpse of the land of our dreams. We can see the Canada we have longed for and worked for, a land in which men and women, regardless of race, creed or class, can live their lives without fear. For we have cherished the realities of freedom which are also its ideals; the right to think, the right to speak, the right to organize, the right to work, the right to worship.

We believe in the right of men to enjoy the fruits of their honest labour. We believe in the sanctity of humanity, and in man's progressive capacity to take upon himself more of the attributes of Divinity. However much we have failed in what we have done, nevertheless in our innermost hearts I believe we have given a "value immeasurable and eternal to the humblest of human lives."

DICTATORSHIP AT WAR WITH DEMOCRACY

France until recently was of this household of democracy. So also were Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium. Within the space of a single year, we have witnessed the extinction of democracy on the continent of Europe. Beyond the confines of the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America, democracy scarcely survives in

the world today. That is the next great fact which we have now to face.

We have not needed Hitler and Mussolini to tell us that dictatorship is at war with democracy. In a world of narrowing distances, there is no longer room for those two systems to survive side by side. Sooner or later, the one will extinguish the other. Light will fade into darkness or the darkness will vanish before the light. As has so frequently been said, it is just as true of the world today as it was of the American Union in Lincoln's day, that society no longer can continue to exist half-slave and half-free.

EUROPE'S MIDNIGHT HOUR

Recently I re-read the little poem entitled "Abraham Lincoln walks at Midnight". It seems to me to reflect the tragedy and the hope of this zero hour. It pictures that great figure restless upon his native hillside, contemplating the sickness of the world, the bitterness, the folly, the pain and the black terror that have come upon the homesteads of men. Listen to these words:

"He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come:—the shining hope
of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the
Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland,
Alp and Sea."

Europe has reached that midnight hour. Whether Labour Day in Canada a year hence will witness the spirit-dawn of a Europe free, or the night of Nazism casting its gloom in deepening shadows over this North American continent, will depend upon the strength, the will, and the untiring work not of one democracy but of all the democracies that have survived. In their combined effort, no force can be greater than the truth in Labour's heart, and the strength of Labour's arm.

If we lack the vision to see the peril and the strength to meet it, we, on this North American continent, like the nations of Europe, may come to disaster in one of two ways. This continent might be dominated through actual invasion and conquest. On the other hand, if we fail to carry on the struggle in Europe until tyranny is destroyed, disaster will follow no less surely even though not one Nazi soldier were to land upon our shores.

The triumph of the Nazis in Europe would involve for the peoples of this continent the substitution of fear for freedom, and of economic domination for social progress. It would spell the doom of democracy in the new world.

THE ADDED STRENGTH OF THE NAZI MENACE.

In considering the fate of the democracies, there is another grim fact which we must face. It was unthought of a year ago. It bears immediately both on the possibilities of invasion, and upon the perils of competing industrial standards. This fact is that Nazi Germany has added to her own resources those of the countries she has subjugated. She has acquired a vast supply of the materials and equipment of war, which, at the outbreak of war,

it was expected would never be used at all, or if they were would be used against her. All France, as we know, is in the control of the enemy; the whole western seaboard of Europe from Norway to Spain is in German hands. All the ports and airfields of this continental coast line, once in possession of friendly or allied powers, today provide the bases from which the enemy pursues his course across the skies and seas. In addition to the resources of their own land and of France, the Nazis have seized and now possess the resources, the equipment, and the manufacturing plants of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland and Belgium. Let me give a fact or two in detail.

Including the conquered areas, the Nazis now have capacity for producing 42 million tons of steel annually, as compared with the capacity in British countries of 17 million tons, and the capacity of the United States to produce 51 million tons.

In addition to steel, Germany has added enormously to her capacity to produce ships, aircraft, motorized equipment, armour plate and munitions.

It is a fact that the great tanks built in the arsenals of Czechoslovakia were used for the destruction of France, Belgium and Holland.

It is equally a fact that in Nazi hands the iron and steel, machines and munitions of France and Belgium today bring death and destruction to the British Isles.

Great Britain, Canada, and the other nations of the Commonwealth now fight some 120 million Germans and Italians who have acquired resources and control factories far in excess of the resources and factories of their own lands.

As a result of conquering most of the industrial nations of Europe, and smashing their state organizations, social institutions and trade unions, Hitler has masses of impoverished men and women numbering more than 80,000,000 forced by dire need to work for the lowest possible wages. However unwilling may be their obedience, however reluctant their contributions to the Nazi masters, they do represent a powerful addition to the effective strength of the enemy.

COMMON INTERESTS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND THE UNITED STATES.

It was the recognition of these facts which led the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom to declare recently in the Parliament at Westminster that the two great organizations of the English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage. "Some months ago," said Mr. Churchill, "we came to the conclusion that the interests of the United States and of the British Empire both required that the United States should have facilities for the naval and air defence of the Western Hemisphere, against the attack of a Nazi power which might have temporary but lengthy control of a large

part of Western Europe and its resources.

"We have therefore decided, spontaneously and without being asked or offered any inducement, to inform the Government of the United States that we should be glad to place such defence facilities at their disposal by leasing suitable sites in our transatlantic possessions for their greater security against the unmeasured dangers of the future."

THE CANADA-UNITED STATES JOINT BOARD ON DEFENCE

The principle of association of their interests for the common advantage of Great Britain and the United States was thus stated by Mr. Churchill on August 20th. This principle had already been recognized in the relations between Canada and the United States, in an equally practical, and an even more immediate manner, in the joint declaration made at Ogdensburg, by President Roosevelt and myself a fortnight ago today. The declaration set forth the agreement reached on August 17th for the establishment of a Permanent Joint Board concerned with the mutual problems of defence in relation to the safety of Canada and the United States. As you are aware, the Permanent Board on Defence has since been duly constituted, and is at present engaged upon its studies of sea, land and air problems immediately related to the north half of the Western hemisphere.

The establishment of the Permanent Joint Board is the logical, I might even say the inevitable outcome of two significant declarations made on Canadian soil in August of 1938. The first of these was made on August 18th, at Queen's University in Kingston, by President Roosevelt in these words:

"The Dominion of Canada is part of the sisterhood of the British Empire. I give to you assurance that the people of the United States will not stand idly by if domination of Canadian soil is threatened by any other empire."

On behalf of the people of Canada, two days later, in a speech at Woodbridge, Ontario, I acknowledged Mr. Roosevelt's declaration in these words:

"We, too, have our obligations as a good friendly neighbour, and one of them is to see that, at our own instance, our country is made as immune from attack or possible invasion as we can reasonably be expected to make it, and that, should the occasion ever arise, enemy forces should not be able to pursue their way, either by land, sea, or air to the United States, across Canadian territory."

These declarations marked the first explicit recognition by both countries of their reciprocity in defence.

THE SUREST OF THE SAFEST GUARDS OF DEMOCRACY

The events of the two troubled years which have followed have served to emphasize, in both Canada and the United States, the necessity for reciprocal concern for each other's security. They have also allayed the fears of those who felt that closer relations with the United States would weaken Canada's ties with

the other British nations. The truth has been the exact opposite.

The declaration of Ogdensburg and the policy from which it sprang represent an increase, and not a decrease, in Canada's responsibilities. Canada and the United States have undertaken to share the burdens of maintaining their joint security; neither has shifted the burden to the other. We have recognized that our united strength will be something more than the strength of both acting separately. Reciprocity in defence involves reciprocal duties as well as reciprocal advantages. Canada gladly accepts both.

Canada has indeed become, as I have pointed out before, the bridge which joins the new freedom of the North American continent with the ancient freedom of Britain.

May we not see in the means now being taken to secure the common interests of the British Commonwealth and the United States, not only the surest of the safeguards of Democracy, but a promise of peace and understanding, and an enduring contribution to the cause of freedom in the world.

FREEDOM OF EUROPE ESSENTIAL TO NORTH AMERICA'S SAFETY

So much for North American security from invasion. That, however, is not enough. Unless Nazism in Europe is destroyed, the threat of world domination by a ruthless foe will hang continuously over our heads just as, in recent years, the threat of invasion and domination has hung over the heads of the free peoples of Europe. To meet that threat, our own standards of behaviour and living would increasingly become those of the totalitarian states. Our democratic institutions, one by one, would disappear, and with them what we have won of freedom.

Unless the enemy is defeated and the enslaved countries of Europe restored to freedom, there will be no prospect of improving or even of maintaining the standards of Canadian life which Canadian energy and Canadian skill have won, no hope of enlarging the opportunities for the happiness of our own or succeeding generations. Free labour will have to compete with slave labour. Men who have hitherto had the right to choose where they would work, and at what they would work will find themselves in hopeless competition with conscript labour, automatic, soulless, driven by the merciless lash of a ruthless state.

ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES OF FAILURE TO FREE EUROPE

Moreover, failure to free the peoples of Europe from their present thralldom, will mean confining within narrowing limits the areas in which the democracies, should they survive, can hope to develop intercourse in trade or friendship. Many of the markets in which the workmen and the producers of the North American continent have sold their goods will certainly disappear. Overseas we will be forced to compete with those who know no standards, and with states that will sacrifice every standard. We, in North America, will be in-

creasingly subjected to competition from other regimented countries. In a vain effort to maintain our standards, we will be driven to trade almost exclusively with ourselves. As a last impelling alternative, slowly, certainly and inexorably, we too will become conscripts in the regimentation of the state, and the hewers of wood and the drawers of water for the new economic masters of the world.

To Labour, these facts have spoken and will speak with emphasis and conviction. Labour knows the stake in the struggle between dictatorship and democracy. Labour knows what it will lose in the defeat of democracy. It understands the difference between rule by force by those who seek a monopoly of power, and government by consent for the common good. It knows the difference between men who despise equality, and seek privilege, possessions and power, and those who believe in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God.

LABOUR THE ALLY OF THE FIGHTING FORCES

In war, no work, no effort, can compare with the sacrifice of the soldier, the sailor and the airman. Their sacrifice is uppermost in the thoughts of this nation; it will live in its memories. But Canadians will remember, too, the debt they owe to Labour. In Canada, Labour has extended its hours, surrendered its holidays, and in its determination to increase and advance production, has taught the young and the inexperienced the intricacies of complicated trades. It will be the duty of the people of Canada, realizing these things now, to remember them in the hour of victory.

In the deeds of the men who on land, on sea and in the air offer their lives to save us, Labour is the partner and the ally. Hundreds of skilful hands, unerring eyes and strong arms helped to create the Canadian planes in which, on Friday last, our own Canadian fighter squadron made the skies of the British Isles, vivid with the swift adventure of their skill and courage. How proud Labour must feel to have worked for such men! Thus it is that with Labour rests the power to shorten the duration of war and thereby to save multitudes of human lives.

Every workman knows that every bolt, every piece of steel, every bullet, every machine part fashioned in Canada is a work for victory. Every workman knows that lacking the machines of war the bravest men in the world will avail nothing.

THE TWO GREAT BROTHERHOODS

My fellow citizens: A distinguished British journalist who recently visited us, said that he found Canada at war with Hitler and at peace with herself. We are at war, and we shall remain united in will and purpose. But we can only remain at peace with ourselves if shirking no effort, withholding no wealth, and sparing no sacrifice, we prove ourselves worthy of our two great brotherhoods—the brotherhood of the brave who fight for us, and the brotherhood of Labour that works for their victory.

Doc.
w

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 8

1

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

Miss CLARE BOOTHE

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Sept. 8, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Miss Clare Boothe's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

On this Sunday evening we in America give thanks to God that England stands. England stands and will stand. This is the happy and glorious fact besides which all the ugly and bitter facts that you have had to face—and that we are beginning tardily to face—are endurable at last. This is the fact—the one fact—that Hitler dares not face. It is the one fact that must crumble all totalitarian logic, and undermine all the other facts which the Fascist nations can present to themselves or to the world as an argument for their so-called "inevitable" victory.

We in America salute the bravery of the British. As France collapsed from top to bottom, Great Britain seemed suddenly from bottom to top, to grow firmer, prouder, stronger, fiercer and more unafraid. But we also know that the physical strength and the vast, swift, sudden upsurge of spiritual force and moral valour which has so far won the defensive Battle of England is the strength and spiritual valour of nothing less than the entire British Commonwealth of nations. We know that it has so far been mainly a battle of the air, and we know that in that battle the Royal Canadian Air Force plays a unique and heroic part. And so it is with special pride that we of North America salute you of North America, and honour you for the magnificent fight which you have been waging from Dunkerque Beach until this very day.

In bringing our tribute to you for your part in the Battle of Britain, it is not merely as distant spectators or as an appreciative audience of a stirring and epic show. Nor do we do so merely as close neighbours. The tribute that the United States pay to your valour is a tribute of gratitude which comes from the bottom of our hearts, because we

know that in all vital respects your battle is also our battle.

When I say that we know that your battle is, in all vital respects, our battle, I mean that the entire American nation acknowledges that this is also a fact—one of the large and important facts which will decide the ultimate outcome of this war and the peace which will follow it after.

U.S. OPINION CONSOLIDATING

Now the entire nation does not mean any mere statistical fact like 100% of the noses counted. There are of course a great many Americans, millions of them, who still do not because they are ignorant, or will not, because they are confused by years of isolationist propaganda and post-war pessimism and disillusionment, acknowledge to themselves that the Battle of Britain is our battle. It takes time for opinion to form in a great democracy, criss-crossed by often bitterly conflicting sectional interests, cross-currented by many different bloods and prejudices. It is a curious fact that whereas it took Adolf Hitler seven years to unify his nation in an evil cause, all Britishers were unified against him the day the war was declared. And we, 98% an isolationist nation as of a year ago, are abandoning that position and becoming a nation unified in our will to thwart Hitler actively,—so rapidly that those remaining isolationists' greatest complaint against our democracy is that it moves too fast. Strong and articulate minorities, the strength of a peaceful democracy, are often in a crisis its weakness and its curse. In the United States these minorities, who have in the past and are still hampering us in our efforts to aid Great Britain and to arm, will now rapidly and without violence or persecution, surely bend to the popular will. And the precious time it takes to achieve this goal in the democratic way is the costly, but not too costly price, we must pay for staying democratic even in a crisis. Democratic Canada and

democratic England would have it no other way.

Our democratic American nation expresses itself through the leadership of its two great political parties. The leader of one of those parties is Franklin D. Roosevelt. To be sure President Roosevelt has not in the past said in so many clipped and clear and exact words that a British victory is vital to the welfare of the United States. But all his actions and the implication of many of his speeches have practically said so.

LEADERS THINK ALIKE

The leader of our other great party is Wendell Willkie, and Wendell Willkie has said very plainly—I quote—that the fall of Great Britain would be a calamity to the United States. And he has also said in his acceptance speech of the nomination for the Presidency:

"I promise, by returning to those same American principles that overcame German autocracy once before, both in business and in war, to outdistance Hitler in any contest he chooses in 1940 or after."

There can be no doubt in the mind of Britishers everywhere where the two leaders of our great parties stand. The fact is, the issue involved between them on this joint stand is which can avert that disaster more firmly—and more efficiently.

So both Mr. Willkie and Mr. Roosevelt favour the extension of all possible aid short of a declaration of war—a war for which the American people are not yet adequately prepared—to Great Britain and the Commonwealth. But for those who do want to count democratic noses, there stand behind these two men, Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie, on this question at least 70% of the rank and file of the people of the United States. Something like 70% is the average that various national polls show have been in favour of more and more aid to you and your battle. Today, one Briton in every four carries an American

rifle in his hand. As a matter of fact, the people themselves in the matter of aid to you were away ahead of the present administration. For almost two months a majority of the American people clamoured to let Great Britain have 50 of our destroyers. Thus, it is a fact that we, the people of the United States, have sent 50 destroyers to Great Britain although in circumventing our Congress the action of the President has tended to make it seem like a personal gift from him to you.

But beyond all this it must be clear at last to you that the true spirit of America must inevitably stand with you in such a battle as you have been fighting—a battle for liberty and independence, and against the monstrous, insane challenge of military and spiritual dictatorship. I would be prepared to make that statement without any other evidence to support it, except that America is still the land of the free and the home of the brave. But when we have the fact, that even in a tense election year the two leaders of the two great parties have refused to make a political issue of Isolation and have scorned to catch the still substantial vote of those who believe in it, then surely no one could deny that it is indeed the true spirit of America speaking truly to itself, to declare that in all vital respects your battle is our battle. Now when it comes to deciding what more we ought to do, that is not so easy. And I think every intelligent Canadian understands the problem. It is, regrettably, partly a matter of politics. In passing let me say that the fact which Great Britain tends to forget is that, whereas our domestic troubles are not tragic troubles of war, like yours, we have plenty of them here. We have vast unemployment, a dislocated inefficient economy, and bitter though bloodless political warfare between those who believe in more and more domestic socialization of Government and Industry, and those who wish

to stop that trend and return to the historic American way. These ills, complicated by our problems in the Pacific and in South America, make it all the more remarkable that the majority of Americans agree on the fact that Britain's battle is our battle. We are not, as a nation, divided on our premises, but on our **strategy**—not if to strike, but when and where and how and above all, with what, are the questions which divide most of us now. I believe that after next January this nation will proceed much more swiftly and confidently than in the past to make clear-cut decisions in foreign affairs.

I believe, that in this question, it matters very little who is elected President. Either candidate when elected will have a mandate to make America's influence felt more effectively both on behalf of our vital interests as well as on behalf of our vital ideals, and both candidates see very clearly what those vital interests and ideals are.

WHY U.S. CAN'T HELP MORE.

If we are not able to be of greater aid than we have been to the British Commonwealth so far, it has been mainly for the practical concrete reason that we do not have enough of the things which you needed—airplanes and tanks and material. We have not got them for the same reason that you have not got them—we were asleep at the switch too long. For the past four years we have tended to believe what we wanted to believe—we have all been wishful thinkers—that is the unpleasant fact for which there are now many excuses but few good reasons. We have been blind, incredulous and lazy and more than a little soft, but that is in the past. We have all seen the errors of our ways. We have come bang up with realities now. But we must waste no precious time in regret and remorse. We shall leave post-mortems to the historians and to such politicians as

can make cheap capital of them, or can wisely use them for the lessons of the future. In short, we the people of the United States have entered the race now, believing against all homilies that the democratic hare can still outdistance the totalitarian tortoise. So we are at last getting under way with the production of war materials. We are getting under way with our training of men for the defence of this continent. Obviously most Americans felt we could not be of any decisive help in aiding you when we were pathetically unable to defend ourselves. And even those out-and-out Interventionists, who agreed from the beginning that Britain is something for us to defend could not agree on such short notice as the collapse of France gave them that we should risk any large part of our own defences on a **distant**, however precarious, Battle of Britain. I am simply pointing out that the extent to which we can be of aid in this battle must necessarily, both of political and military necessity, be proportionate to our own capacity for defence. By next year our production capacity will have been greatly increased, and we shall have at least the beginning of a modern trained army. Like yours, our air program will become big scale. And so we can confidently say, together, that next year the power and the influence of the North American Continent will be felt throughout the world. And I, for one, have no doubt that that power and influence of the North American Continent will be decisive in the affairs of mankind in this decade.

Two months ago the United States was almost paralyzed with fear and remorse;—it seemed that we had come awake too late. It now seems that God has granted Great Britain a respite, a breather, a little time. The Blitz has failed, only the Krieg remains. So Great Britain and North America will have all this winter to prepare for the Second Spring Blitzkrieg. With that much time how can

Great Britain, how can North America fail?

I suggest that we can only fail if in these long, bitter, cold winter months of comparative military inactivity that may well face Europe now, we begin again to speak of a "phony war," and if we in this country make the same mistake that Great Britain and France made last winter, slackening our efforts at home and beginning to hope, wishfully, that a quiet Hitler is a beaten Hitler. We can fail if we count too heavily on internal dissension and famine in the conquered countries, and the flaws in totalitarian economy in Germany to bring the realistic victory that can only be achieved on a field of battle by superior arms.

THE REAL FIFTH COLUMN.

We on this North American Continent can also fail if we listen to the Fifth Columnist—not Hitler's Fifth Columnists so much as the Fifth Columnist which, unfortunately, lives in every man's heart. The Fifth Columnist in every man's heart is that part of him which says, "Let George do it," now that the crisis has temporarily passed. The Fifth Columnist in every man's heart is that part of him which counsels him to further his sectional interests, to secure his own temporary comfort or profit at the expense of the interests of the nation and the comfort and profit of all its citizens, that makes him forget that from *laissez faire* to *laissez tomber* is a very short step indeed. Above all the Fifth Columnist in every man's heart is that part of him which whispers that a man's life at best is too short and that he must take very good care—tender, personal care—to enjoy it peacefully and preserve it comfortably to the last possible moment, until, in short, the enemy is at the door. The Fifth Columnist is the man who, in solicitude for the years of his own life, forgets

that his children will in any case live longer than he, and that his obligation is to his children's adult world. The fact is, the issue between Democracy and Nazism is so grave and historic, that no man can today make his choice for himself. He makes it for his children and his grandchildren. And the choice is very simple: shall they or shall they not live and be born in a world of men who are free? Again the Fifth Columnist is the man who sees nothing worth fighting for except the small piece of ground on which he stands, because he refuses to see that that small piece of ground is all of a piece with the whole world and that what happens in the heart of the Eastern Hemisphere must have its repercussions in the Western Hemisphere in a violence in proportion to which they happen there.

Now the average Canadian by his superior knowledge of geography, which he has learned so effortlessly as a citizen of the far-flung British Commonwealth, by his knowledge of the economy which makes his country prosperous in trade with the other commonwealths, and by the spiritual and political tradition of a great liberal, sea-faring nation which he has inherited, understands better than the average American how much of a piece the world has always been, and with planes, radio, telephones, movies, and the rapidity with which the earthquake shocks of economic collapse travel around the world, how much smaller that all-of-a-piece world is now. The Canadian understands these things better than we and so, perhaps, orders them better. But we in America are growing more wise. Many of us have once and for all faced in our imaginations the sort of a world this world would be if Hitler had won a clear-cut victory this summer. Now most of us are willing to admit that Isolation has too

long been the dubious compliment which we have paid the British Navy, and, as I say, fortunately for us, we have not found that out too late. We have begun to see that there is no such thing—there can be no such thing—as a free United States or a free North America as an island in a victorious Fascist world. And in that knowledge we have at last realized that in all the larger matters, the problems and troubles and dangers, which beset Canada are ours. Indeed, we have at last seen that the problems of democracies everywhere are one after all. Unfortunately, it needed a war to make this abundantly clear. Had we all seen it when we were at peace, there would have been no war. When peace comes, and come it will with a victory for Great Britain, and with Great Britain for all the democracies—I hope that we will not forget that knowledge so bitterly and costly won.

Pride of nation, pride of speech, pride of tradition are good and strong things for a citizen to have. Still I believe that the free union of the great democracies of the earth must take place one not too distant day if democracy is to survive. When it comes it will simply be a political ratification of the spiritual truth we forgot, or never clearly realized, after the last war, but which we all know now in our hearts — that when people share the same ideals, the same way of life, the same belief in liberty and in justice, they are one people no matter what crown they serve or what beautiful and unique flag they fight under and for. We know now, and if we on this Continent do not forget for another fifty years that you are one with us and that we are one with you, in peace as well as in war, we will have already made one great step forward in the brotherhood of free nations.

Thank you.

*When you have read this speech it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

Doc.
Doc.
m

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 9

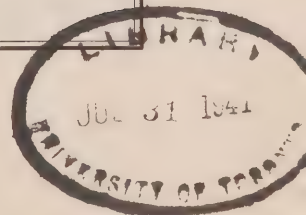
7

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MR. JAMES HILTON

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Sept. 15, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of James Hilton's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation National Network on Sunday night, September 15, follows:

I'm not quite sure whether the title of this talk, "Mr. Chips Faces the Facts," is intended to convey that Mr. Chips, who was an old schoolmaster in a book, is facing the facts; or that I, because I wrote the book, am Mr. Chips and am facing the facts; and it really doesn't matter a great deal, since we are all facing the facts nowadays. But at any rate it is a teasing thought that a character need not die in a book, even if the author makes him, but can go on living and facing the facts of later ages just as long as people do not forget him.

Take the character who is probably the best known in all English fiction—Sherlock Holmes. He lived, as everyone knows, in Baker Street, London, about half a century ago—and a very pleasant time and place to live, believe me. The facts of life were quiet for Englishmen in those days. Distant, unimportant countries might totter, a few maniacs might throw a few bombs in odd corners of the world; but when all was said and done, there was little to fear while the stately Holmes of England, dressing-gowned and slightly doped for action, readied his wits for the final count with Professor Moriarty. And who was this Professor Moriarty? Why, just a big-shot crook whom that honest idiot Dr. Watson romanticised in order to build up his hero's reputation—just an elderly, stoop-shouldered Raffles! And that—mind you—was the worst that our fathers' world could imagine when it talked about Diabolical Forces and Powers of Evil!

Happy days—or at any rate, happier than today. For in 1940 the countries that have tottered are not distant and unimportant, but great countries and our own next-door neighbors; the bombs that are falling are not few, but in thousands and over the mighty

cities of our civilization; and the Diabolical Forces and Powers of Evil are not phantasms of fiction, but the facts of your life and mine. No writer could portray such a tragedy as that of the world today; certainly no inventor of crime stories can rival the latest newspaper headlines.

It is natural, when we realize these strange and terrible truths, to wonder why the storm should have come upon us—to seek to pierce behind the veil of outward events towards some inner pattern, just as the victim of a motor-smash may think further than the mere structure of the accident, and may wonder at the course of events that led both drivers along that particular road at that particular moment. Thus, in the cataclysm that has engulfed the world of 1940, the word Dantzig is rarely mentioned, because it is not worth mentioning. Perhaps even the word Hitler is mentioned far too often, for I would not exalt that man to the point of supposing that without his existence the world would have been a paradise. His name is a convenient symbol for the horrors we are engaged in fighting; but if he had died ten years ago or were to die tomorrow, the battle would still remain to be fought.

NOT A NEW BATTLE

Nor is it a new battle. It is, indeed, so old that if the great men of the past can look from their graves upon today, they must see much to remind them of their own times—along with one terrific difference that I shall come to in a moment. No, it is not a new battle. The struggle of brute force against the conscience of mankind began at the moment that that conscience was born—which was also the moment that civilization began. The same battle has continued ever since, and at various times in history the outlook, viewed in a small perspective and over a limited area, has doubtless seemed quite as ominous as it does today. To

the walled city of the ancients, pillaged and burned by barbarian marauders twenty centuries ago, the black-out must have looked complete; even to the historian, viewing centuries with detachment, certain of them have seemed worthy of the name "The Dark Ages." Yet, though generations may have lived and died without knowing it, there were at all times other lamps still burning—some too far away to be attacked, others perhaps too near and humble to be noticed. No ancient tyrant (and history gives us the names of hundreds) approached the power to put out all the lamps at once; in days when half the world was unknown to the other half, and when the utmost speed of travel was that of a galloping horse, such a total black-out of all that civilization means and stands for could not have been accomplished even had it been willed. But today this frightening thing is possible. It is the unique and terrifying climax to which modern scientific technique has pushed an age-long struggle.

NO BLAME TO SCIENCE

I am not going to blame the scientists—that would be too easy and too futile an alibi. It is not for a technician to hold back his skill because someone may misuse it. It certainly was a piece of sheer good luck for the last century that its chief invention, the railway, did not lend itself particularly to warlike purposes; and it is a piece of sheer bad luck for this generation that the aeroplane has proved such an apt tool for the tyrants. But the matter goes far deeper. Along with all the technical progress that has been made during two thousand years and especially during the last hundred, there has been one great science in which progress has not kept pace—and that is the science of human government. We have learned things, it is true, and the greatest of our ancestors framed and fashioned the democratic ideal, which is the noblest

political vision yet given to man. But the very phrases we use about it show how casually some of us have come to regard it. It has long been a favorite boast of some people that we muddle along. It is time to ask ourselves whether the inventors of bombs and poison gas have ever been content to muddle along. We may well wish that they had been; but that is only a reflex of the world's saddest might-have-been—if only wisdom had taught us what to do as well as cleverness has taught us how to do it.

I said just now that the democratic ideal is the noblest political vision yet given to man. Most of us believe that, and many of us are now prepared or preparing to die for that belief. But the trouble is that during the past twenty years, when no one had to die for it, most of us were not even bothering to live for it. We were just content to agree that democracy was all right—if, indeed we ever thought about it at all. We enjoyed our liberties as a man enjoys a nap after a heavy lunch—that is to say, we thought of them in terms of extra leisure, extra comfort, extra idleness. Even if we boasted of the superior qualities of our own democratic civilization we often measured them by the number of cars and refrigerators and radio-sets. We agreed with democracy, we were even prepared to vote for it once every now and then, and as an utmost tribute we were even willing to advertise it on our premises as a shopkeeper puts up a neon-sign—surely all that was enough?

LIP SERVICE FUTILE

We know now—or we are beginning to know—that it was not enough. We are already turning off the exterior lighting and turning on the central heating—we are already relighting the fires of faith to match the opposing fires of hatred. We may yet be in time. But to show what hap-

pens when these things are not done in time, or even at all—let us look for a moment at the pathetic example of the League of Nations. It was a far from perfect experiment, but it did constitute a step, at any rate, towards something we shall eventually have to have in the world, and most of us realized that. But the League sickened and died of that deadliest of modern diseases—popular approval without private faith; it demanded a crusade and we gave it a press-campaign. It might have sprung alive from the soul of a saint; it could only die of our innumerable votes of confidence and acts of indifference. It should have been preached until people were aflame with it; instead of which it was flattered until people were bored with it.

And it is the same with democracy. We have given it plenty of quite sincere lip-service, but not enough mind-service, certainly not enough soul-service. Religion is not the only thing that can die without faith, and democracy, which is a spiritual as well as a political concept, requires the service of its adherents as well as their acceptance of its benefits. When we look back upon that strange decade, the thirties, and further back still upon that even stranger decade, the twenties, we can see how gradually and insidiously the nations we call the democracies had slipped into the way of taking democracy for granted—until it became more and more like something turned on with the gas and the telephone and the electricity, all of which are highly necessary but none of which are the stuff to make martyrs and heroes. Thus, as democracy gained the respect due to a public utility, it was losing the sense of destiny that is the guiding star of all the great movements of mankind—even backward movements such as the one we are struggling against today.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY

Let us thank God that this sense of Destiny has already returned to our cause. The fires had burned low, but they will not die now of neglect. Our task now is to defeat the Great Conspiracy that threatens to put them out by force. It is a conspiracy, perhaps the most gigantic in history, to reverse by a lightning blow the verdict of mankind after centuries of struggle—the verdict for the Defendant Individual against a Prosecuting Autocracy. This conspiracy, planned for years and put into operation with unsurpassed technical skill, has very nearly succeeded. One after another we have seen the trusting, comfortable democracies lose their rights, their freedoms, even their very existences after the sudden pounce; nor have all their riches or their boasted standards of living or their cultural backgrounds helped them in such an emergency. We must give the conspirators credit for having invented that clever psychological gulf between guns and butter. Guns and bread would not have sounded so well—because bread is the symbol of virility, of health, of life itself. But butter, when all is said and done, is fatness, and it would have been unfortunate if the democracies, in too great haste to accept an antithesis that Hitler offered them, should have taken butter as their sacred symbol.

But again there is little danger of that any more. We have awakened up; the only doubt is whether we woke up in time. There are signs from across the ocean that the Great Conspiracy is meeting its first real resistance. There are signs on this side of the ocean that the facts are being faced with ever-increasing resoluteness. Hitler has—quite unintentionally—done us some good as well as much harm these past few months. He has made the issue so clear, as between civilization and barbarism, that we need no longer waste time in apologiz-

ing for the admitted defects of our national life, or look doubtfully in retrospect upon certain tracts of our national history, because, after all, a sentry is to be judged, not so much by whether he was a bad boy at school, but by whether he can stay awake on duty. We, the democracies, were the sentries of civilization and were just dozing off; if we are to ask forgiveness for anything, let it be for that.

And another fact to be faced—to some extent a heartening one: the Conspiracy has staked all on total victory. Anything but that will sow the seeds of defeat—whereas, to the democracies, anything but total defeat will keep at least one lamp burning on a dark horizon. Thus the escape of the British army from Dunkirk was almost a British victory cancelling out the German victory in France; thus at the present time the bombs that fall on London will destroy Berlin if the morale of London holds.

NEW WORLD IS SHAPING

One thing is certain—whatever the outcome—it will be a vastly different world when this war is over. If the Great Conspiracy succeeds, it will be a hard, implacable, relentless world in which individual freedom may

disappear for so long that mankind may even forget what it was like. For centuries to come the only scope of the intellect will then be in technical discovery, and the only use of that will be for the greater regimentation of the millions. Truth, as an ideal, will be treasonous; as a word, it will merely dignify for a time the cynical propaganda by means of which the minds as well as the bodies of men will be enslaved.

If, however, the Conspiracy can be crushed—what have we then to hope for? Not an easy life—let us never make that mistake again. Nor shall we have easy problems—for the exact equations between freedom and discipline, between rights and sacrifices, will still remain for democracy to solve. But the world will at least have a chance to swing into a new era of progressive development—not an era of tired men sitting back to enjoy the fruits of victory, but of eager vigilant men watching ahead for further victories. For peace, as we have so often been told, and as we shall then find out for ourselves, has her victories no less than war.

To me, as an Englishman who loves America, one thing is today the brightest hope in a pretty hopeless world. It is the emerging shape of something that may

eventually be born—not out of a clause in a treaty, like the League of Nations—but out of the hearts and minds of men who fight the same battle in the same mood. We can call this emerging shape an English-speaking world only with the proviso that it is not what language people speak that matters, but how they think and feel and believe and wish to live. And if there is some historic unity in the idea of this English-speaking world drawing closer to wage and win the struggle of the centuries, there is also the geographic unity of the Western Hemisphere—an ideal of equal grandeur, overlapping and perhaps infiltrating the other. At any rate there is no incompatibility between them. When Hitler described the new agreement for air bases between the United States and Canada and England as the beginning of the liquidation of the British Empire, he may or may not have sincerely thought it was, but at any rate he was wrong. We know in our hearts, if not yet on our maps, that it is no sign of liquidation but of consolidation—the beginning of the consolidation of a new empire of faith and purpose—an empire not yet aware of its own physical frontiers but only of the boundlessness of its dreams.

*When you have finished reading this address it is suggested
that you pass it to a friend*

Doc.
m

LET'S FACE
THE FACTS

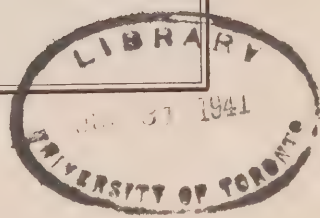
No. 10

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MR. MATTHEW H. HALTON

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Sept. 22, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Matthew Halton's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Grimly and gaily, to quote the great Winston Churchill, the people of the British islands are marching together through the valley of the shadow, unafraid of the worst that Hitler can do. An English poet named John Freeman has just written that "There is not anything more wonderful than a great people moving toward the deep of an unguessed and unfeared future." There has been no greater episode on the stage of history, and as it moves to its climax we in the safety of this continent can only sit with bated breath, waiting, praying, as the fateful hours tick away.

I find the time goes slow. I keep thinking of the pleasing old nursery rhyme about the bells of the churches of London town, "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements." "The centuries go slow, cry the great bells of Bow." History itself may be moving with giant strides, but the minutes seem to go slow, and the old rhyme keeps singing through my mind. In this series we are supposed to face the facts, but just now there seems to be only one fact in the world — the battle which is silencing some of the famous bells. I have been in many situations in which the clock of destiny could almost be heard ticking, but there has been none like this. It was so in Czechoslovakia during the crisis of 1938. It was like that the last time I heard the lying Hitler raving in the Sports Palace in Berlin. It was the same in the House of Commons in London on the night of September the second last year, when, with a noble anxiety, the people in the streets were wondering why we hadn't yet declared war, and when, as Mr. Arthur Greenwood rose in the House to voice this feeling, a Conservative M.P. shouted the immortal words, "Speak for England!" It was so as we waited in England last June for the French counter-attack which never came. But there has never been suspense like this.

I think of England, the island I know so well, and of the ordinary men and women who are writing this shining new chapter for the book of human courage. For two years I lived in London as a student, and for the next eight years the great city was my headquarters as European correspondent for the Toronto Star. I

know and love nearly every street in that most urbane and mellow of all the great towns of the world. I have heard the bells of Bow and St. Clements and St. Giles Cripplegate and the rest, and it is heart-breaking, yet inspiring, to think of them now, and of all the gallant company of the Britons, and of my friends there who still listen for the bells.

ENGLAND'S FINEST HOUR

When I left, a short time ago, many of my friends saw me off at the station, and they were sorry for me, not I for them. I was going to safety, but they "were finding safety with all things undying." They were staying to take part in the battle of civilization and the "finest hour" of our race. They were saying, as Rupert Brooke said, "Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour." In words quoted by an Englishwoman in a letter I have just received, "Whatever before was dear is dearer now. There is not a bird singing upon his bough but sings the sweeter in our English ears."

At the station there was an American girl who said she wouldn't leave England for anything. There was an American man, expelled from Germany in 1933 for describing atrocities he had seen, and now staying to see the beginning of mankind's revenge. There were Canadians, pitying my wife and me that we had to go. There were two Germans, a refugee and his wife. The German had fought through the last war against us, had bombed London more than a dozen times, had been a German patriot, but had fled from the loathsomeness of Hitlerism. For years my wife and I spent Christmas Eve in London with this German couple, climbing seven flights of stairs in a tenement behind Euston Station to eat roast goose and potato cakes on the German Weihnachtssabend, holy night, and to talk of the day when sanity would come to Germany. And now I think of them all, the gallant company, the white company, facing the foe and the shattering bombs with matchless courage.

I read to-day, here in New York, that the beautiful Middle Temple just off Fleet Street in London has been bombed. In happier days you could step off the roaring Strand into the Temple and find yourself at once in an ageless peace, in surroundings where you could almost hear the heartbeat of time. You could

go and sit in a great hall where Shakespeare played before Queen Elizabeth in the first performance of Twelfth Night, and you could dine from a table made of planks from Drake's ship, the Golden Hind. So I think of another friend who saw us off that day, a barrister whose office is in the Temple, a kind and gentle man who was a hero in the last war. This man used to run for Parliament in the Epping division against Mr. Winston Churchill. But one night soon after Munich he came to my house late, as was his custom, and he said, "From now on I shall never run against Winston. He is the bravest and the greatest man in the world."

ADVICE OF CHURCHILL

In 1935 I went to see Winston Churchill with news from Germany. "What's the use of writing about these things?" I asked him bitterly, "Nobody believes it. What can I do?" Mr. Churchill replied, "Keep cool and keep working."

In England now they keep cool and they keep working, and we must do the same. If they can, as the mothers of their dead children look at the sky with screaming eyes, so can we. There is lots for us to do. The condition in which Britain will face the spring depends largely on us, on this Canadian nation which has sprung like a tiger to Britain's aid, and so to greatness. The islanders have brave hearts and cool heads, and make no mistake, before the war is over we shall need them too. But right now we need resolution and the utmost speed. The old bells of London are crying urgently to the new world for speed, because victory depends on machines as well as on human courage. On machines as well as on pilots. We can beat the Germans in courage and we can beat them in machines—if we have time. The Germans are not supermen. They had a seven-years' start, that's all, while we in our fat slothfulness and our blindness slept—or worse.

Just before the war began, in that Indian summer of an era, when the stormcloud was clearly rushing down on a doomed Europe, and when the beating of the wings was audible even to the stoutheaded and the deaf, the Chinese Ambassador in London remarked sardonically, "The skies are dark with chickens coming home to roost." And so they were. We had made frightful mistakes. We had wasted the first World War. We had wasted the peace. We had not been great enough to make

the League of Nations live. Many were thinking of dividends and privileges rather than of our honor and our greatness or even our safety, not seeing that a nation and a commonwealth must always grow greater or grow less—which is a law of nature. But then the war came, and the “cataract of disaster” as Churchill put it, and strength and truth came at last. The British people purged themselves of the ditherers, the Cagouards and the Municheers, high and low, from the titled and coroneted poltroons of the Anglo-German Fellowship—known incidentally in its place of origin as the Deutsche-Englische Gesellschaft—to the black-shirted street-corner louts bullying the Jews in Whitechapel and the East India road. With this purging complete, and British courage and fortitude being what it is, we must now darken the skies with warplanes to take the place of the chickens which came home to roost. We’ve got to do it, and we’ve got to hurry. Countrymen, it would be a monstrous thing for the memory of mankind if decency went under because it didn’t have enough machines.

WHAT DEFEAT MEANS

If decency were to go under in Europe, the road for every man, woman and child on this continent would become very hard. That is a fact every North American must face. Gone for our time would be the American dream, gone would be the Canadian dream. This is not rhetoric, it is the simplest of facts. If decency were to go under in Europe, this continent would have to become an armed camp, prepared to fight for its place in a strident and hostile world. Conscription, crippling taxation and colossal armaments would become as commonplace here as they are in Europe. Canada, the fifth greatest trading nation on earth, would lose her best markets overnight. Who would buy our wheat? Who would buy our motor cars? Not Britain, because she would be impoverished. Not the United States, because she has enough of her own, and would be trying to buy South American goods in an effort to keep the sister continent out of the conqueror’s orbit. We would have to arm to the teeth, and we should have less wealth with which to arm. There is no doubt whatever that the issue being fought out by the British people with such glittering splendour is not only for decency and safety

but for the daily bread and ordinary happiness of Canadians and Americans in every province and state and class.

It is not for us to lecture to the United States, but the same is true for her. Colonel Henry Breckinridge said when he spoke in this series that “Self-interest, courage and intelligence all dictate that the United States give unstinted aid to Britain.” Most Americans feel that way, and of course it is just ordinary horse-sense that they should. A British victory frees the United States from the ghastly world dream and world menace of the Nazis. A British defeat brings the ghost right out of the cupboard, and the American way of life becomes arduous indeed. It would seem axiomatic, then, to aid Britain fully now. But every nation must see its own light and choose its own road in its own time. Distinguished Americans have said to me repeatedly, “Just wait until after the election! We’ll help you then!—but don’t quote me!” You see, there is an election campaign on.

THE COURSE OF DEMOCRACY

But while facing the facts, and trying to avoid baseless optimism, I must say that it seems inconceivable to me that the great republic from whose mightiest city I speak tonight will not take the road which is not only the noblest, but also the safest. I think it cannot be otherwise. Only small-souled nations have ever tried to walk backward up the stream of history instead of sweeping boldly along on the flood, and the United States of America is not small-souled, or mean. And fortunately, enlightened self-interest will dictate her course.

One of the saddest things of our times, and perhaps of all time, is the failure of men to see that true self-interest goes hand in hand with morality, that the decent thing is always the wise thing. I remember talking to Mr. Mackenzie King one night at Geneva, and speaking of the nations that were dropping away cravenly from the League of Nations. Mr. King said quietly, “Never mind, they’ll be glad to come back some day, when they see where their interests lie.” Yet to this day we hear scoffers talking about “wishy-washy League of Nations idealists.” As if idealism were not the only realism! Surely if the last ten years have taught us anything it is that

idealism is the only realism! If the nations of the earth are not to go down to red ruin and complete anarchy, some day they must devise a reign of law. Thank God, I think we will see it in our time. When the Nazi poison has been defeated—by the idealism and courage of the British peoples—we will see the reign of law in our time.

One of the first steps toward defeating the poison, as other speakers in this series have said, is to realize that it can be defeated. The Nazis, I repeat, are not supermen. When have gangsters ever been supermen? It has been proved a thousand times in the skies over England that a British youth in a British machine is more than a match for a Nazi youth in a German machine. Yet you still hear people say with grudging admiration that dictatorship is more efficient than democracy. This is nonsense, and dangerous nonsense. An inspired democracy is just as efficient and far more enduring than the slogan-doped automata of fascism. Britain, since Churchill became Prime Minister and called in the country’s best men, has been just as efficient as Germany.

SOME WISE WORDS

Some wise words on this subject were said by Mr. Harold Ickes, United States Secretary of the Interior, in an Independence Day speech, and some of them are worth repeating. He addressed himself to those who were impressed by the achievements of the gangster powers, and who said to themselves reluctantly, “Those people look vigorous and virile. Maybe they’ve got something there. Let’s have a look.”

“So you have a look,” said Mr. Ickes, “and what do you see? You see a people so vigorous, so virile, so energetic, so young, so strong, that they have surrendered their wills, their bodies and their minds into the absolute control of a boss who tells them what to do!

“They are so fresh and so forceful and so determined that they do whatever they are told to do—speak when they are told to speak—listen when they are told to listen—say what they are told to say—shut up when they are told to shut up—eat when they are told to eat—go hungry when they are told to go hungry—marry when they are told to marry—beget children when they are told to beget children—and die when they are told to die.”

Mr. Ickes is right, and it is no

wonder that he says, "Americans, when are you going to laugh?" Nazism is decay, not virility. As long ago as 1933, in Germany, I realized that in some ways Nazism was actually decadent. "Think with your blood!" Hitler would scream, and the people would do it—though I don't quite know how people "think with their blood." "Think with your blood!" howl the Nazis. "Believe, Obey, Fight!" scream the Italian Fascists. I have seen this slave man's credo plastered on banners across the streets of Naples, Milan and Rome—Rome which we called the eternal city because of the laws and examples she gave mankind, and which has now sunk to being the capital of all the jackals. Was there anything virile about the way the Duce of Fascism sneaked in on fallen France with his stiletto?

NAZI YOUTH VIEWPOINT

When I was a student in Europe ten years ago I used to go to Germany and go wandering up the golden Rhine and through the Black Forest in company with young Germans of the youth movement. "Wandervogel," they called themselves, wanderbirds, and they all had such fine, brave things to say. They were full of internationalist and liberal ideas—or seemed to be. But even then they were always whining, and calling themselves "the lost generation," and saying earnestly, "We are seeking an ideal." "What kind of an ideal?" I would ask, and they would say, "Oh, just an ideal, a star to follow." Well, they got one, an evil star, and they worship him.

When I went back in 1933 and each succeeding year to study Germany under Hitler, I would look up old friends of the youth movement and find that they were the most fanatical Nazis of all—thinking with their blood, torturing the innocent, and shaking the heavens with regimented, enrap-

tured cries of "Sieg heil! Sieg heil!" in response to the frenzied but cunning words of a little man who murdered his best friends on the "night of the long knives," deliberately encouraged the most unspeakable sadism as an instrument of policy, and boasted that he would shut the gates of mercy on mankind. I was sick at heart to see these young Germans loving it, swooning in rapture every time Hitler cried, "Meine Deutsche, meine Hitler Jugend!" And I was sick at heart to see Hitler and his camarilla of dirty gangsters getting away with it in Europe time after time, year after year. But thank God, they're not getting away with it now!

NOT BETRAYED BY OLD MEN

It was once the fashion of some of us Anglo-Saxon young men to wail about "our generation being betrayed by the old men." We know now that this isn't a war of old men against young men. I don't know what we'd do without some of the old men. Even in Britain I knew rich young men who used to talk about "after us the deluge," while a valiant old man, Churchill, was fighting a dauntless uphill fight to rouse the land. He is now 66, but he is young and indomitable. Tiger Clemenceau was 76 when he was called to save France in the wasted old war. It is mere chance that the men of Vichy are old men. Laval and Flandin, who have been sabotaging the heart out of France for years, were not old men. Oswald Mosley is young, Churchill is old. Hitler is young, Einstein is old. The men I saw baiting a Jew in Munich one day were young men, while the people who looked on in utter shame were old. The woman I knew in Germany who received her husband's ashes in a paper bag is old, the Nazi who handed it to her is young.

No, age is not the answer. This awful war is old men against old

men, youth against youth, women and children against women and children. Happy are we that England, whom Hitler called decadent, is well-served by her young men. Like Sagittarius rising, these young Britons—Englishmen, Scotsmen, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and the rest—take off daily and several times daily into the skies of death, and smash "grimly and gaily" at a foe who outnumbers them three to one. They know it is not youth against age, but ideas against ideas.

THE REAL WAR ISSUES.

It is Churchill against Hitler. It is some measure of the truth against the lie. It is England's green and pleasant land against the darkness of the German forests where the tribes are gathering again and chanting their gibberish. It is quiet humour against the loud Nazi laugh. It is the clean freshness of Annie Laurie against the morbid song of the Lorelei. It is the sane, homely philosophy of the English soil against the wild polysyllabic bellying of Hitler and his medicine men. It is courage against frenzy—the courage of the Devon boy who knows fear, yet sets it gallantly aside, against the frenzy of the doped and slave-minded Prussian youth thinking with his blood. It is the law against the pogrom. It is the hope of the world against the call of the wild.

The call of the wild must not prevail. Canada is doing her part, but she must do more. No small nation has ever had a proportionately larger role to play in the drama of history since the Greeks beat the Persians at Marathon. There are only 11,000,000 of us in Canada, but the issue is largely up to us. We must see to it, if we can, for our own sake and for our children's sake and for our glory, that the words "not enough machines" do not go calling and calling into history.

When you have read this speech it is suggested that you pass it to a friend.

Doc.
^

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 12

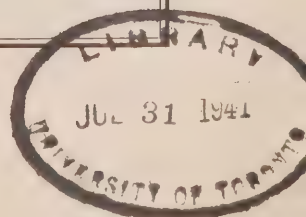
(No. 11 was the special radio adaptation of "There Shall Be No Night," by Robert E. Sherwood, and starring Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss Lynn Fontanne. Because of copyright restrictions, printed copies could not be made available to the public.)

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MR. LAWRENCE HUNT

**over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Oct. 6, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada**



Text of Lawrence Hunt's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Friends and neighbors of Canada:

I shall talk to you tonight in a spirit of gratitude and hope. Gratitude—because you are giving the best that is in you to save our English-speaking civilization, while we in America prepare to do our share as a decent, freedom-loving neighbor and partner in that civilization. And hope—because now I know and you must know, and even Herr Hitler knows, that Americans will do their share—do it in the American way, “down the line”—as Americans have always done when conscious of their duty and their danger.

Last April, when I had the privilege of speaking to some of you here in Toronto, most of us Americans, like many of our neighbors in the English-speaking world, were not facing the facts. Perhaps we glanced at them nervously out of the corner of one eye, but for the most part we looked at “anything else but.” That was a mistake, a tragic mistake. But it was not entirely surprising. The world then, as it seems to us now, was very different. The innocent peoples of Holland and Belgium still cultivated their gardens in the twilight of a peaceful if precarious neutrality. The flag of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity still waved proudly and serenely over the most civilized nation on the European Continent. War, many good Americans thought, was of course a terrible thing, but as wars go it would be a comfortable one; we could all settle down very snug and safe behind the Maginot Line and the British fleet and wait until the German army got tired of the war, or the German people revolted against their hated masters, or Hitler fell downstairs and broke his neck, or something else happened that would end it all very nicely. So we lived in a fairyland of wishful thinking which adults seem to crave as much as children when reality gets tough.

Our attitude toward the Allies then was simply and sincerely “We want you to win.”

DISASTER CHANGED VIEW-POINT

Well—you know what happened. Suddenly there was no Maginot Line. America came down to earth with a bang. There was Dunkerque. “A colossal military

disaster.” True. But also an answer to the prayers of liberty-loving men and women throughout the world. In that night of defeat and disaster a tiny star of faith and hope was born. England could “take it” as she had always done. My fellow citizens began once again to feel like Americans. Free men still knew how to fight for freedom. We were getting “fed up” with our whining, pseudo-intellectuals, the political pimps negotiating for the alien vote, the Communist isolationists, the hysterical pacifists, and all those “passive barbarians” in our midst who give a fawning acquiescence to ruthless power. We knew as a matter of plain decency and hard sense that we must help the rest of our neighbors in the English-speaking world. We said — “Stop Hitler Now.”

And what's important, we began to do something about it. We went to work. Slowly, inefficiently, confusedly, to be sure—but purposefully. Today, the sober, determined voice of America says, “Hitler must go.”

We are beginning to speak the only language the Nazi understands.

You do understand, don't you, Herr Hitler? Or are you too deafened by the frenzied cheers of the people you have debauched to hear what we, the men and women of the British Empire and the United States are saying to you. Let me tell you a little bit of what we say.

HITLER WILL LOSE

You have preached pure evil for many years and you have the solitary merit of practising what you preach. You have debased the mind and corrupted the hearts of the German people, especially the young, whom you have crazed with the lusts of cruelty and power; you have tortured and driven into exile men and women of the Jewish race, partly no doubt because of your maddening sense of inferiority to them and partly because your evil genius told you that a sure way to the dark chambers of the soul of man is the path of intolerance; you turned the German nation into the mightiest and most efficient criminal force in all history, and decent men, free men, honest men, kind men in your own land and everywhere on earth feared and despised you. And yet, Herr Hitler, you will lose.

You conquered two nations with your lies and then, when your other peace-loving neighbors

began to face the facts, you struck them down while they groped too late and in vain amidst treachery and confusion for the means to ward off and to return the blow. For the moment they are in your power. Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Luxembourg, Holland, Belgium France. They are in your power. But, according to the clock of history, only for a moment—two or three years, perhaps. Because, Herr Hitler, you will lose.

You have caused much suffering and destroyed much beauty in the Mother Country of the English-speaking nations. Your bombers have carefully maimed and killed old men and women and children, the innocent and the helpless. They have marred or ruined venerable churches, great buildings and ancient landmarks which for centuries have been the physical evidence of the spiritual things we cherish most. And you will cause more suffering and do more damage to our friends and kinsmen across the sea. Even so, Herr Hitler, you will lose.

You tried to kill the spirit of America. You wanted to take from us our moral manhood so that we would feel a cold indifference toward right and wrong. For a little while, here and there, you were horribly successful, partly because you enlisted some kindred spirits amongst us, some pseudo-economists and shyster historians, some scheming Communists and gullible business men, and, most pathetic of all, some honest, well-meaning folk who seemed to think, as did good folk five centuries ago, that the earth is flat and that the world ends at the ocean's horizon. You appealed to our Pontius Pilates, who told us to wash our hands of the “mess”. Your agents sobbed about the “Crime of Versailles” while you bombed and enslaved nation after nation. Some of our whining intellectuals pleaded, like you, for “justice” toward your “rightful claims,” while thousands of honest, free-thinking men and women writhed in the torture of your concentration camps. You have left no stone unturned, no trick untried to confuse our minds and to harden our hearts. And even at this eleventh hour you are still trying, ingeniously, desperately trying, to kill the American spirit. But, Herr Hitler, you will lose.

MUST DO OUR SHARE

Friends and neighbors, I think we know now at least some of

the reasons why Herr Hitler will lose. I don't mean that we can indulge in false hopes of sudden victory or easy triumphs. Quite the contrary. You in Canada and we in the United States must steadily face the plain, grim fact that both of us must do our share with every bit of our strength and skill and courage, just as the men and women of Britain are doing tonight. If we don't, well, then we'll want to die. But we will do our share.

So let's look at some of the encouraging facts. You are now hitting your stride. We are still warming up. Some of you may still have doubts about America doing her part as a comrade-in-arms in this war. To ye of little faith I can only say that although some minor facts may disturb you, the major facts show that America is on the march.

It's true that we are unprepared. We always have been unprepared for war. That's part of the steep price we pay for democracy. It's also true that our timid and, in some cases, unscrupulous politicians still play to the fears rather than to the courage of our people. But the politician has a rather well developed instinct for self-preservation, and when he can no longer fool the people he will quickly follow them. The cringing intellectuals on the campus and in the newspapers still whimper and whine for peace without honor and without freedom. But their influence is rapidly diminishing. The goods and wares they have been selling us for twenty years look rather shabby, almost indecent to us, now that we are face to face with the eternal values. Their cries grow more and more shrill as we pay them less and less attention. They can whine all they like in a democracy they won't fight for. But we plain, ordinary people have work to do, Hitler to beat, a war to win and a better world to make.

FACING THE FACTS

Let's face the big facts and the little facts will take care of themselves. The American Congress has authorized the expenditure of more than ten billion dollars for armament—and that's a mere starter. Ten days from now more than sixteen million men register for training and service, as needed, in the armed forces of the United States—and that's the first "peace-time" conscription in our whole history. The wheels of American industry are gathering speed. In eighteen months from

now we shall have produced thirty-three thousand planes, fighters and bombers, for England's forces and our own. Don't those facts seem more impressive than some of our puffing politicians and morally emasculated intellectuals?

Several weeks ago Britain and America made a deal—destroyers for naval bases. It was far more than a deal. It was the most significant and far-reaching act of co-operation in Anglo-American history. No false pride, no face-saving devices, no flag-waving phrases—just a practical example of friendly, English-speaking neighbors working smoothly and effectively together. John Bull and Uncle Sam are pulling together as never before. And they are an unbeatable team.

We are working with you night and day on military and naval problems relating to our common defence. No alliance, no secret understanding, and no grounds for misunderstanding, just another practical example of how we neighbors and partners in the English-speaking world are working together. It means the weakening of no ties or loyalties. Quite the contrary. It means the strengthening as never before of those spiritual and material interests among the peoples of the British Commonwealth and the American Republic which will guarantee our freedom and mankind's salvation from tyranny.

CANADA DOING A JOB

Now then, what do these huge appropriations, this vast conscription of men, this gigantic organization of industry, these practical working agreements with our British and Canadian neighbors—what do they really signify? Simply this: America means business. And that means Hitler must go.

My friends, I am not sure that you fully appreciate what an effective and decisive part Canada is playing in this war. Perhaps you are too busy. I am referring not only to your military efforts, which are becoming more obvious and more splendid day by day. There is something even more important than that for us and our children. Canada has become, as never before, the mighty bridge of a better understanding and a warmer sense of kinship between the British Empire and the United States. You are bridging the gap which certain superficial differences have created between Englishmen and Americans. Yes, superficial indeed, as we

now know, but sufficient in times past to cause needless irritations and absurd suspicions. It is given to you to bring about the mightiest and most enduring friendship in the history of nations. If you can do that it will be the noblest achievement of any country in modern times. Did I say "if"? You are doing it by word and deed, by your superb and unquenchable loyalty to Britain and by your daily acts of friendship to America.

If ever a nation deserved loyalty it is Britain now. She has won such a loyalty as she has never had before—loyalty from her sons and daughters throughout the Empire, from her kinsmen and friends in America, from men and women throughout the world who want to remain or pray to become free. They know that if Britain lives, freedom lives.

PIONEERS OF LIBERTY

The British people once again are the pioneers of human liberty. The Mother Country of the English-speaking nations is leading the way to a better world. It is your and our privilege to be in her company, to share her burdens, and with her to fight the good fight.

Yes, I said "privilege," and I mean it. Because the men and women of Britain have made us no longer ashamed of the eternal values, the supreme human virtues. For a while men desperately tried to find cheap and sordid and coldly selfish reasons for their own and others' actions. The doctrine of "self-interest," the philosophy and ethical standards of the hoggens were supposed to guide us in all we thought and did. We winced under the Nazi and Communist jibes at our old faith and basic ideals.

The English have given them back to us. They have poured life and meaning into our greatest words and have restored them to their ancient primacy in our language and in our hearts. Words like Truth, Justice, Freedom, Mercy and Humility, Faith and Fortitude, Prayer and Sacrifice, Love and Duty. We know again what they mean—thanks to England. Out of their blood, tears, toil and sweat the men and women and children of Britain have made a heroic age and have restored to the world the only things for which free peoples will fight and die. Their sacrifices will spare us much of their suffering,

but at least we Canadians and Americans must give all that lies in our power. That is our duty and our privilege.

WHAT U.S. OWES TO BRITAIN

We in America can never quite repay our debt to the British people in this war. And that is not only because they are hurling back the Nazi barbarians day and night while we get ready. More than that. They have taught us again that democracy can be tough; that democracy can summon from its people a supreme devotion more lasting than a ruthless fanaticism begotten of cruelty and lies; that democracy can make a better world than any system, however efficient, which buys so-called "material progress" at the price of the Gestapo and the degradation of the human spirit.

They have taught us that we are fighting a classless war, a war of the plain people, a war of the

little homes, a war for those simple decencies without which life is not worth living. And they have taught us in America that the English and Scotch and Welsh peoples today are not our ancestors but our contemporaries, our neighbors, our friends, the same kind of men and women as we are.

And their magnificent leader, Winston Churchill, is the living symbol of the underlying unity of the English-speaking world, a unity which is the best hope for the future of mankind. A heroic people and a heroic age need a heroic leader. Such is Churchill. When America has hit her stride, as you have done, when she has taken her rightful place on the battle line of freedom, then we Americans shall be entitled to take pride that Winston Churchill is the worthy product of an Anglo-American alliance, that he is our man as well as England's.

Some people, especially the younger generation who have

been so thoroughly educated in the hogpen theories of modern thought, are amazed in a manner reminiscent of Paul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, by the revelation of the British spirit. They need not be. It is an old story—older than Canada or the United States.

More than half a century before the first English settlers came to Jamestown and Plymouth, the great churchman, Bishop Latimer, was burned at the stake for his religious beliefs. Just as the fires were lighted, he turned to his friend at the stake next to him and said, "Play the man, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

That, my friends, is why there'll always be an England.

And now I shall say farewell in the words of a little English child who came to us in America a long time ago—the words of Tiny Tim—"God bless us every one!"

*When you have read this speech it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 13

1

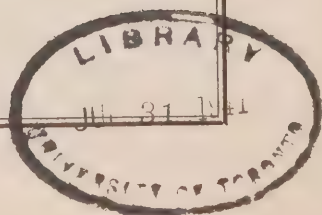
Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

DR. JOHN W. DAFOE

Editor-in-chief Winnipeg Free Press

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Oct. 13, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Dr. John W. Dajoe's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Ladies and gentlemen:

The title of this series of addresses, to which I am privileged to make a contribution, is something more than a convenient war-time motto; it is, as well, a working programme for the prosecution and the winning of the war. "Facts," said Robbie Burns, "are chiefs that winna ding."

Winston Churchill in one of those warning addresses which fell upon the ears of a heedless Parliament, said that if Great Britain were to disappear in the approaching world cataclysm, which he foresaw even to the approximate date, the reasons for her downfall would be beyond the comprehension of the historians of posterity.

By this he meant that it would be inexplicable to them that the causes of the war, which in retrospect will stand out so clearly, should not have been recognized and dealt with by fitting policies. Because if there ever was a war that was inevitable, given policies of drift, this is that war; and the responsibility for permitting it to occur is widespread. It rests upon the countries that have been enslaved; upon the countries that are now fighting for their lives; and as well upon the countries which, behind the lines that are holding, are under threat of ultimate Nazi attack. Peace, it is now pretty clear, is indivisible, and it is the business of all countries that desire peace not to let it be broken.

This address will be an attempt to assemble facts about which there are no longer grounds of doubt,—facts which reveal the causes of this war and make plain the consequences to the civilized world of a failure on its part to defeat the purposes of those who are waging it. Facts, in short, that we have no alternative but to face and to realize that they and not wishes and hopes must determine our courses of action.

MISTAKE OF DEMOCRACY

One of the primary weaknesses of democracy has been its faith that if the majority will not see a fact, the fact does not exist; and that if it declines to adopt policies indicated as necessary by the facts it prefers not to see, it does not thereby prejudice its future freedom of action by putting itself at the mercy of conditions created by external developments. What may well become the classic example of this weakness was the admission of a British Prime Minister some years ago that he had declined to advocate policies which it is now clear were essential for the defence of the country out of a fear of political results if he were frank with the electorate. Of course, the explanation is that he believed that there was plenty of time for the leisurely processes of trial and error to find a solution for this and for all other difficult problems; and that meanwhile there was no impending danger. That attitude was typical of the leadership of all the democracies during the fatal twenty years of procrastination, of hesitation, of retreat and repudiation.

During those years ferment went on under cover in Germany and elsewhere which, when the times were ripe, took form in the Great Conspiracy against the freedom of mankind which is now seeking desperately to attain its ends before the resources of civilization can be rallied against it.

It has taken a year of war and the tragic fate of the European democracies to make plain to the world, beyond possibility of honest misunderstanding, the true character of the obscene thing which we fight. It masqueraded for years as a "new order" which was being brought into the world admittedly by strong-arm methods. There are minds so subject to the tyranny of words that they were hypnotized into seeing in something which called itself a "new order," excellencies and promises beyond what their own world order could give them. This gave an opening for disruptive propaganda in democratic countries which has been deadly in its effects. Every discontented element found in this propaganda weapons which it could use, one way or another, to further its interests or to avenge itself upon its opponents. The result was to accentuate jealousy and increase antagonism between classes social, political and racial, thus lessening the national resistance to an infiltration of Nazism and later to its assault.

"NEW ORDER" IS NOT NEW

This "new order," which was to be all things to all men, is now seen to be nothing but the contemporary form of a type of rule and an accompanying slave organization of society which is the oldest known to this planet and has never been wholly absent from it. Hitler, in his conception of the state, of the powers and attributes of the head of the state, of the part which the human unit plays in the state, is the contemporary of Tigath Pileser, or any tyrants of the far-off ancient world whose conquests and cruelties are recorded in the hieroglyphics of Babylon and Egypt. He is the contemporary, as well, of Alaric the Goth, who sacked Rome; of Attila the Hun, who spread ruin over Central Europe; of Tamerlane, who completely destroyed Arab civilization and marked the place where the ancient city of Baghdad had been by a pyramid of the skulls of its slaughtered people; of Genghis Khan, who barely failed in his project of exterminating Christian civilization in Europe; and of all the tyrants whose lust for power and domination have filled the pages of history, century after century, with the dark records of human cruelty and ambition. This identification of Nazism with ancient beliefs and vile practices is a fact about which there is no longer dispute; and this fact has become a potent weapon in the armory of liberty.

A quenchless hatred of any system of government which recognizes the individual rights of man and gives him a higher role to play than that of slave, has been a distinguishing mark of all dictators. Both the lessons of history and their own instincts tell the dictators that their rule is threatened if anywhere in the

world the lamp of freedom burns; and this furious fear and satanic hatred reach their extremest forms in regimes like those of Hitler and Mussolini, which have been established by treachery and force over peoples who were but yesterday civilized and free. These men, with their immediate followers, have been thrown up from the dregs of society and in their ideas and their methods they personify human nature at its most tigerish level. "A handful of bloody-minded and perverted men" is how Thomas Mann, Germany's most distinguished exile, describes Hitler and his entourage. To Lord Tweedsmuir this "junta of arrogant demagogues has confronted the European tradition with an Asiatic revolt with its historic accompaniment of janissaries and assassins." Paganism and atheism in the judgment of Cardinal Hinsley "are in battle array against the Christian values which helped to build up civilization." Adventurers of this type, far from exercising a secure overlordship over the Europe they have smashed, are not even safely entrenched in their own countries which have traditions of high civilization not easily extinguished. They cannot afford to leave the light of human freedom shining anywhere in the world. For them at least the world cannot continue half free and half slave. Therefore they wage war, worldwide in its purpose; and by a law of iron necessity this war must go on until it destroys every vestige of freedom in the world, or the dictatorships are themselves consumed in the fires which they have ignited.

FAILURE OF APPEASEMENT

In contrast with this audacious attempt to dress up the barbaric combination of tyranny and slavery as a new and hopeful venture in government, attention might be directed for a fleeting moment to the true new order with which the democracies, after a war which successfully repelled an attack upon the liberties of mankind, sought to preserve mankind against the horrors of war and to prepare the way for the transformation of the world into a co-operative commonwealth of peaceful nations. The wrecking of that project, which it was once well within the power of the democracies to establish, was part of the policy of appeasement of the dictatorships pursued by the democratic powers; and its destruction, when complete, was underlined by a contemporary event of some significance: the agreement of Munich. The smaller nations of Europe then retreated within the citadels of their own neutrality which they regarded as inviolable. There was in Europe something that was called peace. The optimists—a large company—succeeded in making themselves think that it would continue.

That expectation rested upon a hope that between the dictatorships and the countries in Europe which preferred to govern themselves in their own way, a state of equilibrium had been reached, and that Hitler, in saying that Germany had no further territorial demands, was avowing a settled policy and renouncing

his proclaimed plans for aggression and conquest.

When, on the morrow of Munich, Hitler resumed his march of aggression, the democratic nations of Europe were confronted with a fact which they declined to face. It should have then become clear to them that the time had come when they had no option but to unite to protect themselves against a common danger; but not only did they refuse to see the storm signals, but even when the British nations and France, a few months later, recognized the hard fact that aggression must be met forthwith with force if the world was not to be immediately overrun, they excused themselves from all responsibility for protecting the reign of law in Europe.

FREEDOM IS CRUSHED

Their instruction as to the nature and character of this Fact, which they did not choose to face, has since proceeded apace. In Europe, seven independent countries, some of them the finest models of working democracy in the world, have been crushed; France has been overthrown and has accepted defeat under conditions which cannot be duplicated in history this side the surrender of Rome to the Goths in the Fourth Century; and the rest of Europe, outside Russia, trembles and obeys Hitler and his Gestapo. In the whole continent of Europe, there is not a government, nor a public man in or outside of a government, nor a University, nor an individual scholar, nor a newspaper, nor a writer, nor a radio station, that dares to exercise a freedom of thought or expression that was native to them just two years ago. No human mind has enough imagination, and knowledge to begin to understand what this means to the future of mankind and to world civilization if it is not speedily reversed.

Enlightenment came to the free peoples of Europe as the roof descended upon them, as the earthquake swallowed them. The issue became clear, as the power to deal with it passed. They knew—too late—that the war, from the moment that the first shot had been fired, had not been, as they had persisted in believing, between rival territorial ambitions in the traditional manner, but between two ways of life, two modes of government, two conceptions of the rights and duties of mankind—between the Freedom which they had known for generations, and Slavery; between Today and a brutal and savage Past.

ENLIGHTENMENT DAWNS HERE

If enlightenment came to Europe too late, it came to the rest of the world which was still free from war, while it was still possible—given willingness—to do something about it. For us, in Canada, there was enlightenment, too, as to the extent and promptness of our needed participation but not as to the merits of the war. Upon that point Canadians had had no doubts from the moment Hitler, in the spirit of international gangsterism, attacked Poland in the early morning of August 30, without warning, and with a unity unknown in our history they joined with Mr. King

when he called upon them for a "national effort to save from destruction all that makes life itself worth living and to preserve for future generations those liberties and institutions which others have bequeathed to us." And it is in that spirit that Canada is making and will continue to make war.

We in Canada have been particularly affected by the impact of the enlightenment that came, with the Nazi overthrow of European democracy, upon the great and friendly nation that is our neighbor. There is nothing in history to compare with the rapidity with which our neighbors shed their attitude of detachment and accepted the war as something in which they had a direct and vital interest. Illusions as to the nature of the conflict which had been cherished disappeared overnight. With exceptions, still numerous but negligible in contrast with the vast majority, Americans saw the issue with crystal clearness. They saw it as an attack upon the American way of life. They saw it as a challenge to everything that has gone towards making their country the greatest of democracies. They knew at once, with a certainty of knowledge that no glib assurances have been able to shake, that the United States and the other American democracies were as certainly on Hitler's list as the ravaged and destroyed countries of Europe had been. And they necessarily saw in Great Britain and in the allied British countries, the first defence of their threatened country and their endangered institutions. Great Britain had become the last bastion of liberty in Europe and at the same time the furthest outpost of the defences of the American continent. It became a matter of supreme concern to the average American that that bastion should hold.

Upon that point the prevailing feeling in the United States was one of deep apprehension. There was here an extraordinary conjunction of events: Instinctive acceptance by the people of the United States that they were involved in the objectives of the Nazi crusade against the democratic way of life; recognition that their immediate defence was the resistance which the British nations were offering to the twentieth century Mongols; knowledge that if that defence failed they were in a state of lamentable unpreparedness; and an apprehension that this defence would fail and that they would have to resist immediate and ferocious assault to the uttermost of their power.

BRITAIN'S SUPERB COURAGE

Beyond doubt, civilization was trembling in mid-June upon the brink of the abyss. It was saved from immediate ruin by the courage of the British people. The nearer they were to disaster, the firmer their resolution to resist, the greater their scorn for those who looked to them to yield, the stronger their confidence in their power to meet, to break, and to turn aside the impending fury of the barbarians who saw world victory within their reach and counted the days until they could attain it. That superb courage found expression in the immortal words of Churchill; and as those ringing accents went around the

world, the defences of civilization, both moral and material, began everywhere to gather strength. The disaster, which then seemed to many so imminent and so irretrievable, was averted; and the war passed into the phase with which we are now only too familiar, from which the possibilities of disaster are not removed, but which holds as well the possibility—and we trust the probability—of victory. The determination avowed in Churchill's words has been made good in deeds that have opened new pages in the age-long record of man's devotion to duty and of heroism that transcends death. Let there be no mistake about it: If it is still open to the free world to save itself from disaster, it is due firstly to the unbreakable courage of the people of Great Britain and to the heightened morale of the associated British nations, who faced the disasters of the battle of Europe with resolution and a redoubling of efforts; to the valor of the fighting forces in the air, on land, and on sea; and to the support of the allied cause, in all ways immediately available, by the government of the United States, and by the American people. If any one of these factors had failed, the long night of the Dark Ages would by now have been settling over the universe.

AID FROM UNITED STATES

The part played by our neighbors in making possible the defence of Great Britain has not been fully revealed, but it is known to have been on a vast scale; and it must be borne in mind that it was made at a time when doubts as to whether it was not too late to be effective were largely held south of the line. Mr. Churchill has spoken of the immense supplies of munitions and war material which were ferried across the Atlantic in July. We must never forget that our neighbors, at a moment of desperate crisis, made it possible for Britain to draw upon their resources of munitions and weapons, though they were in these respects themselves deficient, and therefore made an essential contribution to that defence of Britain which may be noted in history as the turning point of the war. This was of immense importance, not only for what it was, but for its hopeful implications. The barbarians will never forget this assistance given to Great Britain by the United States in the hour of her fate. Nor must we.

But no muster of supplies, no massing of war materials, no rallying of men to the colors throughout the Commonwealth, would have availed had it not been for the steadiness of what Walter Lippmann terms the "reasoned courage" of the civilian population of Great Britain, upon whom the blitzkrieg broke, and for the surpassing skill and the unmatched valor of the handful of men, the chosen few, who met, broke and turned back the attacks which were the spearpoints of the blitzkrieg. "Never," in Churchill's magnificent phrase, "have so many owed so much to so few." If it be true that another nation is a form of contemporaneous posterity, we know what history will say of their

valor; for the writers and speakers of the United States have drawn upon the full range of our tongue to express their admiration; yes, and their gratitude, for they know that these young men are fighting and dying for them and for what they term the "American way of life," which is the democratic way of life. I think of a left-wing American weekly which, in the twenty-five years in which I have read it, rarely deigned to say an appreciative word about anything British, but now speaks of the "indomitable fortitude" of the British as supplying an indispensable defence for the United States. The speeches and the writings of Americans abound in tributes to the British defence. I quote but one such word of praise already uttered in this series when Alfred Lunt said: "We can say with deepest conviction that never in all the great drama of history has any race of men and women enacted so heroic a role as you of the British Empire today." An American poet, in a famous poem, speaks of the electrical effect upon all mankind of a deed done for freedom. When have there ever been such deeds for human liberty as those daily enacted in the English sky by these young heroes? Is it not certain that their valor will kindle an admiration, a devotion and a spirit of emulation that may save the world?

Let us now check over the facts about the war which bear on the situation as it stands, and which give us ground from which we can try to look into the future.

PLANS OF HITLERISM

First in importance is the revelation which Hitlerism has made of itself before the whole world. It has destroyed the myth that in Nazism there is something that links it with a possible better future for mankind. The greater efficiency of Nazism, so often loudly proclaimed, has nothing to do with agencies that make for the betterment of man. In works of diabolism—brutality, theft, oppression, treachery, enslavement, murder—its efficiency is not disputed.

Equally revealing has been the demonstration in conquered Europe of the Nazi plans for the economic enslavement of the world if it has the military power to enforce compliance with its demands. There is nothing of material advantage for anybody anywhere in the event of Nazi world-domination except for the junta of rogues and schemers who will enforce the plans and divide the plunder. To them the whole world will pay tribute through the control of world markets by the Nazi system of payment in blocked currency, which is nothing but a disguised instrument of robbery. Even without direct political control, North America could be degraded to the level of a coolie country if the Nazis should dominate the other continents, as they will unless they are stopped and overthrown in Europe. It is difficult to see how any country in the world, big or little, democratic or otherwise, can think that there is anything but ruin before it in a world un-

der Nazi domination. To sup with that particular devil would require a very long spoon indeed.

These being the issues, how goes the battle? It can be said that the line still holds, and that the maniacal tide has, for the time being at any rate, broken itself against the ramparts which guard all that is left of civilization in Europe.

FUTURE HOLDS HOPE

Hitler, in his plans for conquering the world, has had terrifying successes, but they fall short of what he counted upon. The power of his air force to drive the British Navy from the seas was shown early in the war to be an idle boast. Because of this, his effort to blockade Great Britain has been a failure. His plan to trap the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders was broken by the miracle of Dunkirk. He did not arrive in London on August 15. He did not summon the defeated countries of Europe to Munster to hear his terms of peace in September. He has not in his aerial blitzkrieg established mastery over the British air but has suffered defeats of the most ruinous kind, by which Nazi claims of invincibility have been deflated. He has not kept his country free from the visitation of British airmen. He has not made good his promise to his people that they would not have to face a second winter of war. This is a formidable list of disappointments which Hitler has had to share with his unhappy people. That they are an unhappy people there is convincing proof.

This blocking of Hitler's plans is an achievement of immense importance. But it does not give any certainty of victory. It only renews an opportunity for victory which was lost and has now been regained. Hitler and his bloody-minded and perverted associates are enraged, and they have not weakened in their will to smash the civilized world. The admission, even to themselves, of a possibility of defeat would bury them beneath the collapse of their jerry-built empires. For Hitler it is a case of "World Domination or Downfall" which it may be recalled was Bernhardi's slogan for Germany in the first World War. For us and for the nations of the world whom we are protecting in defending ourselves, any adjustment that did not free the world of this nightmare of Nazi and Fascist designs and did not restore to the enslaved countries of Europe their lost liberties, would be, however much it might be dressed up in garments of appeasement, merely the first instalment of a defeat that on the morrow would become absolute and irremediable. The case has been rightly put by an English writer: "What faces us today is new in history; anyhow, since the forgotten Mongol invasions. It goes beyond contention over sovereignty and over ancient rights. From the beginning of this war its inherency was guessed and in this hour it is stark. We know there can be no compromise with our adversary; implacable evil has no good in it to which reason can appeal. This challenge by the Nazis is ultimate."

THE ISSUES ARE CLEAR

With the nature of Nazism and its kindred superstitions thus revealed, and the scope of its planned aggression made clear, the war has taken on its true character. It is not a war for the defence of a group of countries having particular interests, but for the protection of all countries that have been threatened—which means every land under the sun which has not bowed the knee to Baal. It is war against powers which seek the spiritual, intellectual and political death of man. The war becomes more and more a crusade for the altars of mankind to which no free nation and no free man can be indifferent. For the reason so cogently stated by Burke: "When bad men combine the good must associate; else they will fall one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle." The forces, which are committed to this Crusade, the most sacred in the history of mankind, are allied forces. Alongside the armies which the British nations have put into the field are other national armies, organized, officered and directed by governments which offered vain resistance to the dark barbaric flood and are now in exile in Great Britain which has offered them a home. In the Navy which holds the seas and the merchant fleets which make these seas roads of commerce for the free world can be found the gallant seamen and sailors of all the allied nations. In the armadas of the sky the squadrons of all these countries fly together and share the dangers and the triumphs of their glorious warfare. Among them will appear any day now the Eagle squadron of fliers from the United States, many of whom have been serving as individual volunteers in the Royal Air Force. Great as will be the actual contribution which this squadron will make in the battle, the symbolism of its appearance in the sky will be still more notable. The Eagle squadron is a promise and a portent. It makes the youth of the United States one with the youth of freedom-loving lands in their devotion to their birthright of liberty and in their purpose to defend this inheritance with their lives.

Since the deadlock of today cannot continue for ever, since the issue is beyond compromise, the task of the future must be to bring into the field influences and striking forces that will destroy this conspiracy against mankind. To that end the nations, which are holding today the posts of honor and duty, will not limit their energies or spare their sacrifices. They intend, in the great words of Pitt, to save themselves by their exertions and the world by their example. That example invites the brave and the free of the whole world to associate themselves in this greatest crusade for humanity in order that victory may be early, overwhelming and fruitful. And the fruits of victory must be the attainment of the vision that great good and wise men saw so clearly twenty-one years ago: a world of peaceful, useful co-operation in good works by free men and free nations; a world from which the devil-worship of Mars will be outlawed for ever.

No. 14

BY

over a national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Sunday night, Oct. 20, 1940, at the invitation of the Director of Public Information for Canada



Text of Colonel O. M. Biggar's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Ladies and gentlemen:

I am going to talk to you about what is called the "direct defence" of North America—its defence against direct attack. That is an aspect of the war which has not been discussed in the talks so far given in this series. We have been thinking chiefly of the battles in defence of the whole British Commonwealth now going on in Europe. Canadians have been taking an active part in these. They have been helping to prevent its ever becoming possible for our enemies to turn their powerful forces directly against us or the other parts of the Empire outside Europe. Once success in Europe has been finally obtained we need no longer worry about a direct attack on this continent. But until then such an attack in some form is possible, and any government would be neglecting its duty if it failed to think about what should be done if the European battles should temporarily go against us.

Now I want first to say something about geography. Few of us, I think, form an accurate mental picture of the geographical relation of North America to Europe and Asia. We are accustomed to think of North America as a continent separated from the others by vast expanses of ocean. That is not really true. Great stretches of sea of course intervene between the closely settled parts of North America and those parts of Europe or Asia from which a direct attack might come. It is over these that we have been used for centuries to travel. But farther north the intervening stretches of sea become narrow. If you look at a map of the northern hemisphere, or, even better, if you look at a globe from the top, you will see the picture more clearly. The two northern corners of the Eurasian continent project like gigantic lobster's claws, and North America lies between their tips. It is almost grasped by them. I say almost, because between Europe and the northeastern corner of

North America the waters connecting the Arctic with the Atlantic Ocean are quite wide. But they are much narrower than the Atlantic itself further south and they are broken into still narrower passages by Iceland and Greenland. As every one knows, the shortest air route across the Atlantic we have used so far is the one between Ireland and Newfoundland. A passage further north would involve even shorter sea passages and it would not require much in the way of scientific advance to make the northern route more attractive. Turning to the west of North America, the Asian lobster's claw is very close. The two continents are separated only by the narrow Bering Strait. The sea passage across that Strait is the only one you need make if you take the shortest route between New York and Tokyo. The shortest line between those two cities does not pass over any part of the Pacific Ocean, a fact which you can easily verify, as I have done, by stretching a string over a globe with one end at Tokyo and the other at New York. I remember that soon after the Canadian Air Board was set up more than twenty years ago a genius, or a visionary, I do not know which he was, came to me with plans contemplating the use of this line for commercial air services. He was before his time. But when we have peace again it is quite possible that his idea may be quickly realized.

INTEREST IS BILATERAL

The comparative nearness of Europe and Asia to the northeastern and northwestern corners of North America has had the curious result that each of these corners is politically separate from the adjoining territory. On the northeast Newfoundland, now including much of the adjoining mainland, has no political connection with Canada except that both are parts of the British Empire. Alaska on the northwest is an outlying part of the United States, separated from it by some four hundred miles of Canadian territory. It follows that Canada has an obvious interest in the defence of Alaska, and as we shall

see both Canada and the United States have an interest in the defence of Newfoundland.

Until the development of air power the situation was a comparatively simple one. Canada relied for its defence against direct attack chiefly upon the British Navy. And subject to certain qualifications that was also true of the United States. For a long time the strength as well as the disposition of United States naval forces has been based upon British command of the Atlantic. Even today that remains largely true. It will be a good many months before the United States can regard its sea forces as adequate for the complete protection of its own coasts independently of the British Navy. A two-ocean fleet is under construction, but big ships are not built in a day.

AIR POWER ALTERS PICTURE

Before the development of air power, defending land forces, if they were adequate, could surround any enemy forces which succeeded in making a landing. The enemy could be prevented from doing any very great harm. That is no longer true. Now if an enemy succeeded in establishing air bases on any part of the North American continent no defending force could count on preventing his aircraft from carrying death and destruction over a wide area.

From the point of view of defence, therefore, Canada's interest in the defence of Newfoundland and Alaska has become very direct and intense. For the same reason the United States is much more concerned than it need formerly have been in taking steps to ensure against the hostile occupation of any part of either Canada or Newfoundland. It was inevitable that the increase in the range, speed and dependability of aircraft should bring about a change in the relations of the United States and Canada. Hitler's attack upon the European system was merely the particular event which led to joint political action. Canada and the United States, for their mutual advantage, had to become even more closely mixed up together (to use Mr. Churchill's phrase) than the United States and the British Empire generally.

When two countries have a common interest in the defence of their respective territories the only common-sense course is for them to study their problems together. That was done by Great Britain and France before 1914, but it was done secretly. It may or may not have then been adequately done as between Belgium and the other two countries. But before 1939 it was certainly not done by Belgium. It was equally not done at that time by either Holland or Norway. The result of its not being done has been catastrophic for each of these three countries.

SOLUTION IS COMPLEX

You cannot suddenly solve problems of common defence. All the possible dangers from enemy operations must be very carefully studied before there can be effective common action. The governments of the countries concerned must reach agreement as to the responsibilities each is to assume and these responsibilities must be carefully defined. Each government must be satisfied that the other is capable of carrying out the task allotted to it. There must be an understanding about the way the forces of each are to be reinforced by those of the other. Troop movements must be co-ordinated; the capacity of the available transportation facilities taken into account; methods of communication between the forces of each country arranged, and points with regard to supply and the like worked out in detail. In addition to all this you have to provide for elasticity in the plans. You must provide for their modification from time to time as events require. All this takes time, indeed it takes a long time. It is disastrous to leave plans for joint or concerted action by two countries to be improvised in the face of enemy pressure. Recent events have conclusively proved that.

The arrangement made by the President of the United States and the Prime Minister at Ogdensburg meets all the necessities of the situation. As its name implies, the Permanent Joint Board on Defence is permanent. It is to work continuously. It must con-

tinually consider what are the dangers of direct attack upon this continent; what are the steps that should be taken to meet those dangers; which of these are to be taken independently by each government in advance of actual attack; and what the two governments are to do jointly if and when an actual attack is made. The constitution of the Board thus provides the elasticity required, and its personnel has been so selected as to ensure that all the factors of the situation will be taken into consideration.

MAKE-UP OF BOARD

The majority of the Board's members are officers of the military staffs of the two countries. Canada has three: one from the army, one from the navy and one from the air force. Owing to the different constitution of its forces, the United States has four: two from the army and two from the navy. It has no independent air force, but one of the United States army members and one of its naval members is drawn from the air arm. The two secretaries are members of the diplomatic service of their respective countries. The United States secretary is selected from the State Department and the Canadian from the Department of External Affairs. The Chairmen are the only members taken from outside government service either civil or military. Their primary functions are to assist in ensuring that a broad view is taken, and, I might add, to submit to being constantly photographed. That is one of their most onerous duties. Mayor LaGuardia continues to administer the City of New York and I continue to pursue my less significant activities. In the future the Board will also have the assistance of a distinguished French-speaking Canadian whose recent appointment, following his withdrawal as Minister to France, makes the Canadian section of the Board equal in number to that of the United States.

NO OBLIGATION ENTAILED

The setting up of the Board imposes no obligation on either country. The Board's function is

to study the problems which arise and to report from time to time to the two governments the steps it thinks should be taken. Some of these steps relate to things which have to be done by each government in advance of actual attack, so that if one is made the necessary facilities will be available to meet it. These steps are no less important than those others which relate to the carrying out of joint or concerted operations by the forces of the two countries together, if and when these are directed.

If the Board makes any recommendation which does not meet with the approval of either government the question of the necessity or advisability of that step will no doubt be referred back to the Board for further consideration. Circumstances, too, may change. Suggestions previously made and approved by both governments may need to be revised. With the problems under continuous study and the Board's recommendations subject to continuous revision, everything which can be done in advance for the protection of both countries against direct attack, has been done.

Nothing need be proposed which in any way affects the territory of either country. There can be no question of the occupation of any bases in Canada by United States forces or any movement into Canada of such forces until an emergency makes their presence necessary. In the same way there can be no question of the occupation of any United States bases by Canadian forces or the movement of any Canadian forces into the United States until an attack has been made and joint or concerted operations have been ordered.

EMPIRE STATUS UNIMPAIRED

There is nothing in all of this which need detract in the slightest degree from the support which Canada can furnish to Great Britain in carrying on the battles overseas. Nor is there anything which need detract from the assistance which the United States has been and is giving in order,

as President Roosevelt recently said, to resist the "forces of evil which are bent upon the conquest of the world and will destroy whomever and whenever they can destroy." Indeed, the activities of the Board make it possible to strengthen in some degree that support and assistance. Once joint measures of defence have been agreed upon Canada will know that she will not be left alone even for a day to resist an attack upon her coasts. She can view with a quiet mind the despatch overseas of her troops, her aircraft and ships and the munitions which she is making.

History affords numerous instances of the emergence of evil forces. These forces have sometimes been temporarily victorious. They have been successfully overthrown only when they have been resisted with unconquerable steadfastness and courage. We cannot be sure that we understand fully what the Greeks thought of the Persians or what were the feelings of Europeans under attack by the Arabs or the Tartars or the Turks. No doubt they had a low opinion of their enemies but they could hardly have thought the worst of them to be as wholly evil as the three dictators who are now threatening the civilizations of Europe and Asia and have dared the United States to intervene against them. Some, though not all, of these attacks on European civilization have been made by men who imagined themselves to be fulfilling the will of God; but on no previous occasion, so far as I know, has the principal leader of the attackers expressly and publicly announced to his own people that for truth he substituted the lie; for honesty, dishonesty; and for jus-

tice, injustice, violence and torture. A sober and reputable English weekly recently referred to the appointment by Hitler of a new Governor of Slovakia, and pointed out that he was distinguished by his authorship of a treatise on the methods of torturing prisoners. And Mr. André Maurois, in his recent book, has a story of a German naval captain who was picked up by a destroyer after his ship had been sunk. He was offered the use of the destroyer captain's own cabin but could not believe that the offer was honestly made. When he was at last convinced, tears came into his eyes and he said: "I am sorry for you lads, you have no idea what you are fighting against."

THE NEED FOR DEFENCE

It seems at first sight beyond belief that any nation should fall under the direction of men so wholly without morals, so wholly without a guiding principle except a selfish desire for power, and so wholly cynical. But if the scale is reduced belief becomes rather easier. Try to imagine the reality behind the accounts you have read of lawless gangs in cities even on this continent. Those accounts are not just stories; the gangs are real. Many of the worst of them have been composed of men who deliberately choose a life outside the law and stop at no crime, however vile, to secure and extend their power. They muscle in on peaceable men's affairs as Hitler has muscled in on the affairs of Germany. When they have seized power, just as he has seized it, they exercise it with the same ruthlessness. They murder those who oppose them and compel, by terror, the acquiescence of men who in their

hearts hate the system imposed upon them. On this continent the gangs have been largely suppressed by the combined efforts of men of good will who have taken an active and public part in the enforcement of the law. Law and its enforcement are just as important in the international as in the municipal or national fields. But it is just as true in the international, as in the national and municipal fields, that men of good will should take precautions to defend their homes—altogether apart from their activity in public affairs. We in Canada are devoting our whole power to checking the lawless international criminal. Many United States citizens are urging that the United States should take an even greater part than it is now doing. That we can well leave for the decision of the people of that country, remaining thankful for the generous assistance already given. But whatever their decision may be there is no reason why both Canada and the United States should not take precautions to meet a direct attack upon this continent, just as the householder in a city in which gangs are active may take the precaution to put a chain on his front door so that no intruder can easily get in. We need chains on the eastern and western doors of North America to prevent our being surprised by the international gangster and to keep him out. Canada and the United States share these doors. They must co-operate to make them secure. It is the task of the Permanent Joint Board on Defence to consider how the material available for door chains in the two countries can best be used, and to make recommendations to the two governments accordingly.

*When you have read this speech it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

No. 15

BY

over a national network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Sunday night, Oct. 27, 1940, at the invitation of the Director of Public Information for Canada



Text of the address of Sir Gerald Campbell, K.C.M.G., over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

I have listened with intense interest to other speeches in this series and, rightly or wrongly, I have somehow felt that some of the speakers at one period or other of their address raised a glass and invited their hearers to drink a toast to Britain with an affectionate "Here's to you." May I be presumptuous enough tonight to take it that the toast has been drunk and, being in a loquacious mood, may I return answer for that land in which unnecessary and wanton destruction is being wrought even at this very moment:

"A Land that distant tyrants hate in vain—

Is Britain's Isle beneath a George's reign."

I quote from a paper published in England in Napoleon's time, the "Anti-Jacobin," quotations from which were given last June in the London "Times" to show that Hitler's technique is largely based on the example of a greater man than he who, despite all, ended up on St. Helena. *Adsit omen.* In the manner of the B.C. announcer I will spell that word for you ADSIT.

Where shall I begin? It seems such a long time, and yet it is so short, since many of us were making fine speeches about democracy in the abstract and the wonderful resources of the democracies in the concrete, about Truth and, above all, about Freedom. And all the while the Dictators sneered, partly because it is their nature to, and partly because they thought they could see at their distance that there were so many democracies and that none of them seemed really to be working in with the other since each one questioned the other's make-up and one of the only things we had in common was an inherent inability to assemble our famous resources in order to be ready for the emergency which we knew would soon be upon us. As to Truth the only adjective I can find to express my thought is the ultra-modern word "allergic" which does not even find a place in the 1934 supplement to the Oxford English Dictionary and which I did not know how to define myself until I met a lady last year in a sunny seaside resort who stayed all day in a darkened corner of a room because, as she said, she was allergic to

sunshine. As for Freedom, that was given to us with our mother's milk so we took it for granted thinking nothing much about it except to applaud vigorously whenever any speaker mentioned the word.

HITLER MISSED BUS

Now all is changed and I need not take you very far back to show you how and why—indeed I need only take you so far as the invasion of Norway and the subsequent invasions of other countries which were too weak or too apathetic to withstand the unexpectedly ferocious onslaught of an army which we had all known to be the most powerful ever raised and equipped. It was said at the time of Norway that Hitler had missed the bus, and he and his fellow fanatics have thought that a huge joke and have not hesitated to say so. But I am still not sure that he was right to start his ruthless aggression in that quarter for if he had come upon Britain earlier, instead of waiting to capture and enslave practically the whole of western Europe, it is just possible that he might have got us before we became intimate with the meaning of such a phrase as "Fifth Columnist" and before we had perceived the danger of parachutists and dive bombers and a lot of other implements of modern warfare with which he practised on the poor people of the Low Countries and of France, crowding the roads with refugees and bringing mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, torture and death in their train. Praise be to God we were given the chance to realize what Freedom means and praise be to God we immediately understood! It was then that Britain and the British Empire gathered up their loins to show that democracy is indeed a force to be reckoned with; it was then that we realized that, if the common good is to prevail over the individual ill, Truth must also prevail over misrepresentation.

If I may quote some remarks I recently made in Montreal, and I apologize to those who heard them then, I would ask you at this point to sit with me for a minute on the milestone labelled "Dunkirk." That was one of the great moments of life, and it is still a moving experience to look at the photographs of the crowds of soldiers on the naked beaches waiting to be taken off and to wonder why and how they were still alive. But Dunkirk did

everything to our ain folk over there. We have a good working idea of what the Navy does and will do and what is meant by the supremacy of the sea, but during that memorable evacuation the officers and men of the Navy themselves found a great and inspiring adventure which must have stirred them on to even more daring things. The Air Force had begun to make a name and a place for itself, but there at Dunkirk our airmen realized supremacy for what it was, realized that if only they had had more machines the war would have been over then and there for the Germans were falling fast or turning tail and the great German weapon of modern warfare lost much of its frightfulness for our airmen; it was to a magnificent extent because of them that those men were able to stand about on the beaches waiting to find places in the boats. Then take our soldiers. They had already discovered in the fighting in the Low Countries that the Germans were no match for them and their only prayer was to get off home and re-equip and have another chance. A senior staff officer who was there told me the other day that, at the last staff meeting on Belgian soil, he was asked how many men he thought could be got away safely, and he gave twenty-five thousand as the maximum. Some one said "You're an optimist," and with those words the meeting closed. In the event his optimism was justified between thirteen and fourteen times over! And the civilians! How many have quoted Shakespeare about gentlemen of England lying in bed, but they soon showed that it was not their wish nor their habit to lie in bed while danger was around; so not only the men of England, but the women and the youngsters got every blessed kind of boat they could find and went across to Dunkirk and helped in the salvation of the British and French forces which eventually turned, I think and hope, into the salvation of the British people and with them the eventual restoration of liberty to France and other enslaved territories. What happened at Dunkirk awoke the spirit that is always there, that lots of us knew was there, though we could not bring the fact home to the rest of mankind who have basked for years now in the moonshine of English decadence; and it showed up the error of Ribbentrop who, while German Ambassador in London, pretentiously

watched the lack of power *with-*
out the man, but was too puny to
discover the power *within* the
man.

OUR SECRET WEAPON

That is not a very long while ago and yet while it did things to us it did not have quite such a resuscitating effect on the New World which, albeit it emphatically gasped and admired and fluttered with hope, yet mingled that hope with strong doubt whether Britain could possibly withstand her invasion—and that was before France capitulated and we lost the rest of our equipment. What then has done things to the New World, what has changed its outlook almost overnight? Is it not the revelation that Britain has a secret weapon of which no boastful mention has been made, because it is something that the British are apt to forget they have or at least forget to talk about? Yes, Hitler's secret weapon has long been a headline and a byword and some of us have imagined him, his eyes full of loathing of mankind, forging and forging it in some camouflaged shelter out of materials won from the earth or chemicals never intended by Science for such devilry. "Well, has he brought the cursed thing out and into use yet?" you ask. I don't know, but I do know, and here's *his* rub, that it is Hitler and none but Hitler who has brought out and into use Britain's secret weapon and ours is not made of materials, but of the spirit. It has been said that every man has a secret within him which may be brought out of hiding by a beautiful symphony, or by a picture, or the love of a woman, and maybe even he scarcely knows his secret until it is thus revealed. Today in Britain the man in the street is the rock on which Hitler will break, and the man in the street now knows it.

"Time and the ocean and some guiding star
In high cabal have made us what we are."

And Hitler is up against "what we are." It has amazed us all, and I cannot help feeling that, whereas so much was said, and is still being said, regarding modern warfare being waged on civilians as well as on the fighting men, the civilians are rather proud to be in the fight, and the older people are playing up so exultingly because they know that they are taking their part in a drama which, in previous wars, was left for the youth of a generation. More power

to them. We are not a vindictive race, we are too casually tolerant according to some, but we are angry now, and we are demanding two eyes for an eye, four teeth for a tooth and we do not mind how much disquiet we are producing in the bully's mind and heart, if he has got one.

BRITONS' COLD COURAGE

Amongst themselves our people are indulging in that characteristic humour which, please note, friends to the south of the border, they do possess, and many must be the quaint stories some of my listeners are getting in their letters from home. The latest I have had is from a friend who had a bomb dropped recently near his chicken run where he keeps forty hens, and he assures me that they all worked overtime next day and enabled him to gather eighty eggs! But seriously did you hear the American broadcaster broadcasting from London who exclaimed "for cold courage I think those little people in the East End are the finest. There are hundreds of them who deserve the Victoria Cross. They are poor, ordinary working people and they took what came to them without a whimper." They would, our Cockneys—the same people as in the poorest streets, through which King George the Fifth and Queen Mary were to pass one day during the Silver Jubilee celebrations, put up a sheet, (for they could not afford large flags) with the device "We're lousy but we love you"; and their other love is their own London Town. In the West End people who were restless, irritable or apathetic in 1938 today vie with the Cockney in deeds and moods of heroism, knowing at least what they are in for and facing it with a quiet, indomitable courage. It is the same in many and many a town in the British Isles, aye and many a village, too where no military target can have been imagined by the Hun airman. "Men at some time are masters of their fate" whether they live in mansions or in tenements; perhaps we have slipped a bit, some of us, these last twenty years, but Hitler, by his indiscriminate destruction has today restored us to the mastery of our fate, and he has won for the Democracy which he despises its greatest triumph in the moment of its proudest travail. Do you remember how Napoleon admitted his amazement that there are only two forces in the world, the Sword and the Spirit, and how in the long run, the Sword will be overcome by the Spirit?

NAZIS READY TO RULE

Some months ago it was told that Germany had already organized its administration of the British Isles and its assumption of public services there and, judging by what has been done elsewhere, there is no possible doubt whatever of the excellence of that organization; how patiently yet eagerly must the potential Gauleiters still be awaiting the fulfilment of the promise of their Fuehrer who can do no wrong, happy especially in the expectation of higher salaries than those which they earn in Germany, for that, after all, is the main sop offered to them! I wonder where those flies will go this winter time? And even next spring, and even next summer! Am I boastful? I don't want to be that, there is far too much dynamite about, and there is no short cut to victory in sight. Indeed, what is in sight, as we see enemy forces gathered in Egypt, threatening Turkey, Greece and Anatolia, as well as Spain and Gibraltar, what is in sight is further and more widespread aggression, some of which may be only too successful, for, just because a gang of crooks has been foiled in one enterprise, as it has been in its present attempt to break open the safe which is called Britain, it cannot resist the urge to crack other safes in other localities. Already, the village drums are sounding the alert through the forests of Equatorial Africa and the Moslems of two continents are being caught up, as sand in a storm, in the confusion of events. You must have read how Mussolini encouraged by Goebbels and Gayda, who write so glibly of the destruction of London and other cities, sent his aviators to bomb the cradle of the race, which some believe is not far from the Persian Gulf, so that he might have at least one ancient monument to his credit before Hitler has got them all. They missed the cradle—the baby was evacuated long since and its bottle has become a pipe line—and they bombed instead American-owned oil properties, the produce of which has been going mainly to Japan who is now Italy's avowed partner. Bahrein, of which I speak, is in the realm of an important Arab Sultan and the news of this heroic episode, spreading as only news does through Arabia, will confirm the opinion long entertained by the Arabs that Mussolini is not a gentleman; and Arabs prefer gentlemen. But does not this all show us what a threat this sabotage of the world by madmen who claim

to be establishing a new order holds for any and every man, woman and child in the universe.

SPIRIT NOT ENOUGH

Let us return to those undaunted people in Britain who are our kith and kin. They are men and women and children of wonderful spirit, but they cannot fight in these appalling days by spirit alone.

They must have leadership, they must have equipment, and they do like a little bit of sugar in their tea—in other words, material encouragement. It is good to be able to say that they are getting just those things. There is, for instance, something of which we are all proud, and to which we are all responsive, for I know that if I said this before a visible Canadian audience I should have to pause here for prolonged applause, and that is the outstanding and inspiring leadership of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose life was spared in a very serious accident in New York a few years ago for just this very emergency. I was serving in New York at the time and am friends with the doctors who attended him when he was knocked down by an automobile on Fifth Avenue, so I know what a close call it was. As to equipment I would ask you to join me in paying tribute to his colleagues in the Cabinet, and to those who carry out their policy, for the unprecedented speeding up in the production of armaments and of fighting aircraft; we acknowledge too, and once again, our indebtedness to the British working man, who has never had to work under such conditions before, interrupted as he is by air raid warnings (the Germans are having a worse time in some industrial areas) and yet showing remarkable resource in adapting himself to those conditions and in making up for lost hours as soon as he returns to his tools and his workshop. As to material encouragement, with the exception of the United States whose people have rallied, as generously as only they can and do, to the cause of producing munitions for the fighters and comforts of all sorts for the sick, wounded and homeless, we have now to look to our own selves for the material things which must lie very close to hand and in vast quantities if this wholesale de-

struction is definitely to be stopped; and we do not look to ourselves in vain. Once more the Empire is responding magnificently, sending whatever it has of what is needed in that harassed but by no means beleaguered "land in the seas in a raiment of foam" and yearning to do more as each succeeding call comes. May I quote John Masefield's words:

"Our many peoples seldom speak together,
And yet in stormy days we link and stand
In common purpose, facing to the weather,
Swayed by one will and striving as one hand."

CANADA IS HELPING

I need not enlarge on the Empire contribution, heartening as it is, for you read about it, and hear of it over the radio; but I would like to express appreciation to Canada for what has been done, is being done, and is going to be done. Canada was not ready for war any more than any other peace-loving democracy was, but I am in a position to know something of the change that has come over this fair land in the past twelve months and metaphorically I take off my hat. Time will not permit me to go into this thoroughly, so I will only mention just a few features, giving pride of place to the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, perhaps because I have more intimate knowledge of that. The work that has been done in six to eight months is remarkable and the fruit is not far now from the picking. To those who are eager to taste that fruit, or to know that someone else is tasting it (it depends which way you look at it) may I tell you of a passage in a book on the Science of War, which was once quoted to me by an officer in the Royal Air Force, showing how in many a battle exhaustion has come to both sides and victory has been snatched by the general who had the courage or initiative to get one more effort out of his tired forces. I ask you whether the day may not come when Britain and her friends and Germany and her friends are all exhausted and the Dominions, through this Air Training Plan, may furnish just that one effort which will make all the differ-

ence between a conclusive and an inconclusive peace.

Then may I thank you for the care you are bestowing on so many of our children and, in the case of very young children, of their mothers too. It has been a coming and a going across the Atlantic. You send your men to help as only they can in the fight, and you receive the nearest and dearest belongings of our fighters and workers who can thus get on with their important jobs without the anxiety which would otherwise be theirs. They live I fear on your bounty today, but many of those who came independently of the Government-controlled scheme will want to repay you when the pound-dollar exchange can once again be devoted to the pleasant things of life instead of to instruments of war.

ENGLAND LOOKS TO CANADA

And that brings me to my last word of appreciation, this time regarding those instruments of war. I believe that nearly three years passed in the last war before Canada got right into her stride as a maker of munitions in large quantities. This time, starting very nearly from scratch, a truly valuable programme is already under way and the United Kingdom is looking eagerly to Canada's contribution during the coming year. That it is needed there is no doubt for, whereas Germany has lost comparatively little in her fighting and has acquired in the occupied territories large munition plants and quantities of raw materials, we lost much of our equipment in the Low Countries and most of the rest in France. May I add that there are only a very few parts of the Empire whence help in the shape of manufactured munitions can come. A consideration which enables you to judge for yourselves how enormously important your contribution in munitions and supplies is going to be if the aggressors are eventually to be forced back to where they belong; and so, taking all your contributions together I think, if you don't mind, now that I have come to the end of my self-imposed answer to the toast to Britain, I will raise my glass to Canada crying as I do so "and here's to you too, fellow Crusader."

Doc.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 16

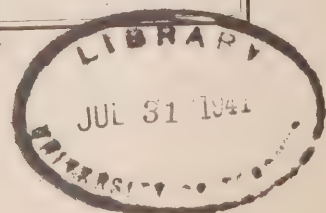
Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

RICHARD O. BOYER

Foreign correspondent of the New York evening newspaper "PM"

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night
Nov. 3, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Following is the full text of the radio speech delivered by Richard O. Boyer, former Berlin correspondent for the New York newspaper "PM", in the series "Let's Face the Facts" last night:

When I left New York for Germany on the Clipper on June 13, the Nazis had yet to win one of the most momentous victories in modern military annals. Twenty-two hours later, when I landed in Lisbon, we found that modern history moves as fast as modern transportation. While we were in the air Paris had fallen and it was apparent that the war and the world had entered a new phase.

On June 28, at the very crest of the wave of German success, for already France had signed a crippling armistice, I arrived in Munich. Hitler had ordered a ten days' celebration of the smashing of Versailles, of the unparalleled victory of German arms. I thought I should see dancing in the streets and all the vociferous thanksgiving of a nation that had received compensation for a 20-year-old defeat its people had never forgotten.

Instead, the people of Munich were unmistakably sad, quiet and weary. I could not understand it all and could scarcely believe the testimony of my own eyes. The scarlet banners with their black swastikas that garlanded the city everywhere in response to Hitler's orders seemed only to emphasize the worried melancholy. The victory bells that rang each day at noon acquired the sound of a funeral dirge when one looked at the tired, pinched faces of the Germans hurrying along the pavements. When German troops marched through the streets scarcely a head was turned. There were no cheers and the people continued to go gloomily about

their business. In the Hofbrauhaus, that giant beer hall known all over the world for its lovely creamy beer, its delectable sausage, its German boisterousness and song, I saw 1,000 people sitting silently and morosely. There were none of the songs that visitors remember so well. The famous beer had been watered down until it resembled American 3.2 of other days, and the Germans moodily chewed stale slabs of bread between which there was no sausage but only sliced and salted rings of white radish. When I expressed surprise to a glum man sitting near me, he glanced impatiently up and only said: "We celebrated once in 1914."

INVASION OF RUSSIA SEEN.

This was the first of many surprises in a country so hermetically sealed from the rest of the world that what is common knowledge there is unknown here. There were others to come. I found for example that while the rest of the world regards Russia and Germany as allied, it is generally taken for granted in Nazi circles that Germany will invade Russia in 1941. Responsible Nazi officials declared, in off-the-record but scarcely secret conversations, that the Soviet Union will either stand and deliver the Ukraine, the Baku oil regions and the former Baltic states, or Germany will seize them if and when she conquers or makes peace with England.

Despite the official Nazi party line that war between the United States and Germany is unnecessary, I found that high German officials believe that it is inevitable and the only question is when and where. But the most surprising development in Germany is that a dead listlessness, akin to the disease of the spirit that caused the collapse of France,

is spreading through Germany like a plague infecting an increasing number of her people with a defeatism. If the contagion is not halted Germany itself, even in victory, may go the way of France. It must be quickly added, however, that this spirit has not yet infected the army, the Nazi Party or the Hitler Youth to any appreciable degree, and it is doubtful if it ever will until there is a military setback.

DEPRESSION, NOT ALARM.

For ten days before I left Berlin I sat in bombproof cellars with inhabitants of the German capital while bombs and anti-aircraft fire shook the earth and filled the night with menace. Never have I seen people with less alarm, but with more real depression of spirit. It was not fear, it was not the damage being done or the people being killed for the raids were still small scale compared to those over London. It was something far deeper. That something was what gave the mild demonstration bombings of Berlin an importance out of all proportion to the damage done. It was as far as the Germans themselves could tell me that what was happening outside was a part of the entire pattern of their lives. Most of them had gone through the World War and the blockade, through revolution, street fighting, unemployment, inflation, foreclosures, famine. Now, huddling in their cellars while bombs dropped outside, they could see no end to it. It had always one way or another been throughout their lives the way it was that moment. It was not the bombings, neither was it the lack of food, nor the many stifling wartime regulations that robbed their lives of grace and spontaneity and turned them into automatons. It was everything

since 1914, all added up together with a presentiment that things were going to get worse and worse.

Sometimes one would feel sorry for them as they huddled in their cellars and say "Well cheer up. the war will soon be over." Almost invariably the reply was in this tenor: "Oh no, it will go on. America will come in again. We will have another terrible winter like last winter."

"But your papers say you are defeating England."

"Oh, the papers." Often the speaker would shrug his shoulders and look nervously around, as if someone might hear his unspoken thought that you could not believe the papers.

"LIKE LEAVING A PRISON."

When my wife and I left Germany it was like leaving a prison. All the preceding day Germans called and asked me to do favors for them when I got outside as they called the rest of the world. They were simple enough

little requests such as telling a relative in Chicago or San Francisco that they were well. The morning we left a little crowd of servants gathered about us in our hotel and begged for the food stamps we had not used. They were poor people, and although we gave them money and clothes it was the stamps permitting them very small quantities of extra meat and butter that made tears come to their eyes.

One woman said, and it would be funny if it were not tragic: "Oh take me, take me with you in your trunk. Do anything." When they shook hands they had the attitude of people remaining in a desperate situation bidding farewell to one fortunate enough to escape.

Those we left included many kinds of people but the common denominator of all of them was a kind of passive hopelessness. More than once during my last 24 hours in Germany, a German speaking of Hitler's last speech said: "He's worried. We could tell it by the

way he spoke." And official Germany is worried. During the latter part of June and July officials often said speaking about the war against England. "It will all be over in three weeks." The phrase got the currency of a slogan and as the weeks slipped into months the prophecy proved a boomerang. The same officials who had been telling me that it would all be over in three weeks, two months later were telling me to remember that they were fighting the world's strongest Empire and that such a foe could not be reduced without a hard struggle.

For the first time many Germans began to feel that Hitler had slipped up. For the first time one heard it whispered that Hitler's timetable schedule had been disrupted. Every day of English resistance causes more German civilians to say with a sort of long-suffering passive despair: "Ach, it will never be over. We shall have another terrible winter. No food, no heat and bombings every night."

*When you have read this speech it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

Doc.
n

Canadian Public Information Office

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 187
17

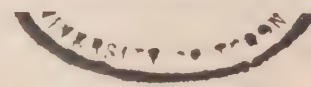
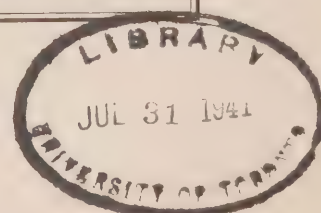
Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MR. HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

Noted Author and Historian

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Nov. 10, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Following is the full text of the radio speech delivered by Hendrik Willem van Loon in the series "Let's Face the Facts" on Sunday night, November 10:

I would like to speak to you to-night about a curious historical phenomenon which respects neither time nor space but which was the same in the days when Belshazzar watched the handwriting on the wall and failed to understand it. For it was only two years ago when the statesmen of Europe's great democracies completely failed to understand the printed matter in that curious book called "My Battle" in which—undoubtedly for the first time in the annals of history—a criminal publicly announced at what particular hour on which particular day he intended to break into which particular house on which particular street and what acts of cruelty and violence he then intended to commit.

But what was even more incomprehensible was the fact that this book was translated into every known language, was sold by the millions, was widely read, but that nobody felt the slightest need of doing something about it. It was the case of a firebug threatening to set fire to a hospital and announcing his plans to the police and the police saying, "That is interesting," and then doing nothing about it.

Now if there had only been one such incident, we could have dismissed it as the sort of unexplainable mental blindness which sometimes overtakes pilots or switchmen who run their ship on a rock or let a train run into an open switch, all the time apparently knowing what they are doing and yet helpless to do otherwise. Such cases, however, occur so rarely that they are chiefly of interest to our alienists and to the judges who, with a very faulty knowledge of psychiatry, have to send these poor devils to jail for a number of years. But what of the fact-blindness we ourselves have witnessed these last few years? The plan of attack on Norway dated back to the Great War of 1914 and everybody in Scandinavia knew about it. But when Norway was invaded, both the Allies and the Norwegians seemed completely surprised. They had been looking at such a menace for more than twenty years but they had never "taken it in" to use a most graphic description. They had just never taken it in.

KNEW OF INVASION

After that, the neutral nations of Europe might have realized that the highwaymen in Berlin meant business. I knew about the planned invasion—details and all—of the Netherlands two weeks before it happened. I have no private lines of information. There was nothing mysterious about it. Most newspapermen in New York knew about it. I cabled friends in Holland—told them to come to America—we would be glad to have them stay with us—for they were cheerful Nazi-haters and would hardly survive having to live under the Nazi yoke. They laughed at my suggestion. I got letters written the night before the invasion. Those letters said, "Don't be foolish. We are safer over here than you are in America where there may be a Bolshevik revolution at any moment. You read the headlines in your sensational American press. There is nothing to the story about a German invasion, for Herr Hitler has given us his word of honour that he will do nothing against us."

And mind you—these were bright people—people who knew their world—who had long since realized that the solemn oath of Adolf Hitler, the specialist in perjury, was worth about as much as a share in the Panama Canal of poor old de Lesseps. But they were fact-blind. Their eyes must have seen the danger that was threatening them, but somehow or other what their eyes saw failed to register itself upon their brains—upon their consciousness, and they were destroyed because of their blindness to the existing facts.

However, let us not blame them too easily. It is true that from our point of view they were pretty dumb. But in the first place, future generations may come to the conclusion that just now we are just as unwilling to recognize facts as the people in Europe, whose blindness we deplore. And all of history is there to show us that fact-blindness is an affliction which has been practically universal ever since the beginning of time.

After all, we cannot exactly accuse the contemporaries of Pericles of having been lacking in intelligence. Most of the thoughts we think today—most of the science we have—are but a continuation of the thoughts and the science of the days of Pericles. And it was then that the science of politics was discovered—of politics which according to Aris-

totle was the science which endeavoured to discover what was good for organized society.

But that magnificent fabric of human intelligence came sadly to an end—an end which probably could have been avoided—because no one apparently was able to draw the logical conclusions from an endless number of plainly visible facts—all of which warned the Greeks in unmistakable terms: "Cease quarrelling among each other—unite your forces or you will all of you perish at the hands of your mighty Macedonian neighbor."

DOWNFALL OF GREECE

The downfall of Greece is usually explained upon the ground that the Greeks were top-heavy mentally and that like most artistic and intellectual people, they had no gift for practical politics. Very well, let us look at the practical politicians—let us look at the Romans. They were hardly an emotional people. Their art and their science they imported from Greece. They were too busy to bother about such trifles. Administering an empire was their business. Giving the world law and order was the beginning and the end of their ambition. They were practical men of business with both feet on the ground. But when certain danger-signs began to make themselves not only visible but also audible and finally tangible, they proved themselves to be no more clear-sighted than those long-haired Greek philosophers and artists whom—in their heart of hearts—they despised as cordially as a fox-hunting squire despises his nephew who has gone in for ballet dancing. And after four centuries of endlessly repeated warnings, they and their noble empire went just as beautifully to pieces as the Athens of Pericles, only that the ruins are not quite as attractive.

One little chunk of that empire remained. Constantinople managed to prolong its existence for almost a thousand years, after Rome had become what Warsaw is today. The rest of Europe knew it as a bulwark which defended the West from the encroachments of the East. Constantinople was the outpost which protected Christianity from its arch-enemy, Mohammedanism. During the last five centuries of their independent existence, the Byzantines never ceased to warn the rest of Europe of what would happen should they allow their city to fall into the hands of the heathen. Instead of recognizing the danger

that threatened them from the side of the Moslems, the eastern European powers did their best to ruin the Byzantine Empire, wasted their energies upon the Crusades—on the whole the most useless and wasteful military effort of all time—and allowed the Turk to establish himself along the banks of the Bosphorus. The result was hundreds of years of misery. Even as late as the year 1683, seventy-five years after Champlain had laid the foundation of the city of Quebec, the heart of Europe was once more threatened as a result of this fact-blindness of the people of the Middle Ages and then it was only the miracle of Johan Sobieski's timely arrival with his Polish army which saved Vienna from destruction.

CHURCH WAS WARNED

In the meantime, the Reformation had taken place. Three hundred years before this event took place, the Church had received unmistakable warnings that a very thorough reform was necessary if that ancient establishment were to survive. Here was probably the wisest and most forward-looking organization of all times—an organization which had all the best brains of the civilized part of Europe at its disposal. The warnings that something would sooner or later have to be done were unmistakable. And even those least willing to bring about any changes recognized that certain reforms were necessary. But with typical fact-blindness, Europe allowed itself to be drawn into a century of hideous religious warfare before the question was settled—to no one's entire satisfaction.

Meanwhile, a little incident. When news reached the Rialto of Venice that a Genoese in command of a Spanish squadron had found a new road to the Indies, all shares dropped 50 per cent. But they soon recovered. And did thereupon Venice and Genoa try to get hold of this new route, buy up ships, sink money into the new colonial venture? They did not! They saw the handwriting on the ticker and they read it correctly but their will was lamed and nothing was done.

But 'until recently the most flagrant case of historical fact-blindness was the great French Revolution, the one that did not mix its principles with any Vichy. For more than half a century there had been warnings that a collapse of the old royal structure was imminent unless there was

an immediate overhauling of the decrepit old building. The creaking had become so loud that even the people living in the luxurious front rooms must have noticed that something was amiss when the chandeliers began to fall down and the evil smells from the basement commenced to spread through the living quarters of the charming ladies and gentlemen who until then had had only one worry—whether last year's sable coat would still be good enough for this year's season at the opera.

And what did they do? They went on dancing until they danced themselves to the guillotine. And even when their heads went tumbling into Monsieur Sanson's basket, they had not quite realized what had happened to real-

AN OLD AILMENT

I had better stop. The list is getting too long and my time is limited, but from these few examples it ought to be fairly clear that fact-blindness is a very old ailment and one of the most disastrous afflictions that ever hit the human race, for it is responsible for the death of more millions of people, for the disappearance of more empires, kingdoms, satrapies, sultanates, republics, business organizations and political parties, than any other form of wholesale violence that attacks the human race and makes it go forth to slay its fellow-men.

There you have a description of the malady.

Now let us try to discover what causes this fatal form of blindness?

I used to think that it was really a kind of intellectual cataract, because it was usually found among very old nations. But upon further investigation, I discovered that the ailment is by no means restricted to the very old. Young people, young nations, are just as apt to suffer from this particular kind of blindness as their older neighbours.

Now while delving deep into this problem, I hit upon an interesting little pamphlet devoted to a subject with which I was, alas, sadly familiar but which I had always thought was due to my own lack of intelligence—the subject of proof-reader's blindness. As every author knows, it is no earthly use reading your own proof for you will never see nothing—which is not elegant English but which expresses exactly what I mean. You will happily read the same

jumble of letters a dozen times and never notice that you have given the dimensions of the pyramids in such a way that they are a mile long and a mile wide and three-quarters of an inch high. And why do you do that? Because you are suffering from something which here and now I offer to the learned gentlemen of the medical profession as *mens clausa* or shut mind.

You, the author, knew how high the pyramids should be. You have looked it up a dozen times in all sorts of architectural and archeological hand-books until you were sure you had found the correct height. Thereupon you had quietly closed your mind upon the subject, for it was now a *fait accompli*—an accomplished fact—goodbye, dear old pyramids! You are so high—neither higher nor lower—and that is that! But the printer, thinking of something else when he came to your pyramidal dimensions, made Mr. Cheop's handiwork three-quarters of an inch high. And you yourself, with your mind firmly shut upon the subject, had read right straight across that hopeless blunder because the facts had so firmly established themselves in your mind that your mind had become definitely closed upon the subject.

FATAL FACT-BLINDNESS

Applying this proof-reader's blindness to the problem under discussion, prolonged and painstaking investigations through the history of the last 5,000 years have brought me to the conviction that our deplorable and fatal fact-blindness is merely the result of that shut mind, which affects everybody who has become so thoroughly familiar with a certain fact that he can no longer imagine any other way in which that fact can manifest itself. I once had the privilege of being torpedoed. It did not kill me but in fifteen minutes of time I learned more about by fellow-men than I had learned from thirty years spent in reading books. Especially about the quiet courage and the dignity of those very simple souls—the stewards and the sailors and the stokers—a category of human beings whom until then I had always taken more or less for granted and who now suddenly revealed themselves as belonging to that same class of men and women whose behaviour in the London of today has not only filled the hearts of

all the world with an unparalleled admiration, but who, by their sublime behaviour, have assured us that all is still well with the British nation and that the Nazis are barking up the wrong tree—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that they are dropping their bombs down the wrong chimney—when they hope to destroy England by attacking the most defenceless part of the population.

Those men and the stewardesses were accustomed to danger and their minds had remained open and therefore they knew what to do. Far different was the reaction of those of my fellow-passengers who had always lived in the safety of an established society in which when one paid for a first-class passage one had come to expect a completely safe transportation. They simply could not understand that there were certain emergencies—certain acts of God—when even a first-class passenger in a cabin deluxe might be obliged to climb into an overcrowded life-boat and pull an oar just like a stoker or the fellow who used to bring you your shaving water in the morning. Their minds which had been definitely shut upon the subject simply refused to accept an entirely different fact—the fact that you either rowed for dear life or drowned.

WHAT IS THE CURE?

Having now diagnosed the ailment of fact-blindness and having—at least to my own satisfaction—demonstrated the cause of the affliction, there remains the question which will interest every intelligent listener most of all: what is the cure? The cure, my good listeners, is the same as the cure for a shut safe or a shut oyster; open it up! That is easily said, but how is it done? The answer to this question is really very simple. We have got to train our younger generations the way we train our physicians and engineers—train them to judge every case on its own merits, train them never to take anything for granted. That is the secret of all true knowledge—a constant and uninterrupted desire for more knowledge, a constant doubt, an incessant insistence upon further experiments and an absolute unwillingness to take anything for granted. But alas, within the realm of politics, we have never yet regarded it as a science in and by itself. As a result of this we

allowed emotion to take the place of experiment and there is nothing that will contribute more to a mind that is shut than the emotions.

And so, believing—believing absolutely and without a moment of doubt in the ultimate victory of the cause of human freedom—in the cause that will once more give the average man his chance to live his own life in his own way and that will make him, and not the state, the beginning and end of a desirable form of life, I would like to make a suggestion to my listeners. This time we were almost caught napping. This time we almost perished because we were stricken with a deplorable case of fact-blindness. Let us watch that never again in the future, calamity almost overtakes us because, having eyes, we yet failed to see, and having ears, we yet failed to hear.

KEEP MINDS OPEN

Let us train every one of our citizens to keep his mind wide open. It may take years to train them in that knowledge of the past which alone can prevent them from repeating all the mistakes of the past. Let us teach them to study history and to use their historical knowledge not merely as an amusing pastime for their leisure hours but as the best possible protection against that old and dangerous affliction known as fact-blindness.

And now before I bid you farewell I would like to make one remark of a personal nature which shows our Canadian friends that on the part of this speaker there is no blindness when it comes to recognizing the great kindness and the generous hospitality with which the Canadian people have opened their hearts and homes to their guests from the Low Countries. As one born in the old Netherlands, though now living in the New Netherlands, I feel it my duty to tell you how greatly this gracious act on the part of the Canadian people has been appreciated by all those who hail from that part of the world which fell as one of the first victims of the Nazi onslaught, but which in every part of the world is continuing the good fight, having as a nautical people long since learned that the tide which has run in must also of necessity run out again.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE

And here I would like to tell you a little story. It is really a

personal aside to Her Royal Highness, but our Canadian friends will understand it as well as their royal guest.

There is a small town in the land of our birth, Your Highness, a small town which you and I both know. Your mother is not only the Queen of the Netherlands but she is also the Marquess of that ancient city of Veere, of which for a great many years I was a humble citizen. In that little town of Veere, which for almost 500 years was the port of entry for all the merchandise of Scotland, so that even today the names of the streets and the houses bear witness to that long and close association between Scotland and the Netherlands, there lived an honourable and learned notary by the name of Valerius. He spent the latter part of his life collecting all the songs that were sung by our people during the eighty years they fought their war of liberty. One of those songs the good burghers of Veere liked so well that they made the chimes of the tower of their town hall play it whenever the time had come for the clock to strike the hour. And behold . . . in the course of the centuries that melody left our little town and wandered far and wide. Today it has become the Battle Hymn of Freedom of all those who on occasions of great anxiety need some way of giving expression to their belief in the righteousness of their cause.

For four hundred years, Your Royal Highness, that melody was heard across the fertile fields of our beloved old Zeeland. Today it is stilled. But the hour will come—yes, the hour will come and sooner than we dared to hope—when the hymn of prayer of good Valerius will once again be a hymn of praise and benediction—of praise for the freedom that has been regained—of benediction for the names of those who gave their lives that this mighty purpose might be accomplished.

And so good night to you, my friends of Canada, and a good night to Her Royal Highness, and let the music say what I cannot say unto you by means of the spoken word . . . let this music speak and let those stout chords of a steadfast Courage proclaim unto all the world that liberty is not dead—that freedom still lives and, God helping us, will live for ever. Good night.

Doc.
n

LET'S FACE
THE FACTS

No. 173
18
—

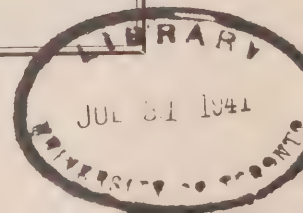
Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

HON. JAMES G. GARDINER

Minister of National War Services

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night
Nov. 17, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of the address of the Hon. James G. Gardiner over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

I have just returned from Britain. I went there with a strong conviction that British institutions of government as developed through two thousand years of written history are the most Democratic in the world. They offer opportunities for freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of action and freedom to arrange one's own plan of life to a degree that is not provided by the institutions offered under any other system. I came back with that conviction strengthened, and what is more important, with the further conviction that no one either inside Britain or from outside is going to be permitted to change the system or prevent British people going on with Tennyson's pyramid, where, "Freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent."

FREEDOM GROWS BEHIND NAVY

I went to Britain with a strong conviction that the British Navy has been the fortress behind which freedom has been permitted to grow. Four times in as many centuries European tyrants have attempted to blot out the power of the many and bring them into subjection to the will of one. Philip of Spain, Louis of France, Napoleon, William II of Prussia, each had his turn. Each was turned back at the Channel by the fleet of Britain. The forces of Freedom organized for the final battle and victory came with certainty. On each of those epoch-making occasions the forces of Freedom lost many battles but always won the last or most important battle.

HITLER AND NAPOLEON

The rise of Hitler is similar in many respects to that of Napoleon. France under Louis had been nurtured in an atmosphere of power based upon military strength. A generation taught to rely upon force found itself crushed beneath unbearable taxes, and like all individuals and nations relying upon force, threw off all restraint and obligation and sought to gain its place in the world through following one who came from the people but who himself capitalized the will of the people to rely upon force.

Bismarck and William II taught Germany to rely upon force. When the power of the throne was crushed the reliance upon

force in Germany did not disappear with the throne. Hitler, like Napoleon, capitalized that which was inherited from the previous period and is leading his people from the burdens of defeat in the last war toward a fifth effort to cause all mankind to yield to the will of one man and one nation.

This effort must be defeated just as that of Napoleon was defeated before the world can advance to new and greater freedom.

THE BRITISH NAVY HOLDS

I came back from Britain with a stronger conviction that the British Navy is again proving equal to the task of holding the Channel until the forces of Freedom are organized and ready to go forward to victory.

TWO CONVICTIONS STRENGTHENED

I would like to tell you why I came back from Britain with the two convictions strengthened: First: that Democracy is still a living reality in Britain, and Second: that Britain is building behind an unbeatable Navy a power which will defeat Hitler and leave men and women free to live their own lives.

WHAT IS DEMOCRACY?

Democracy is something very difficult to define but not so difficult to recognize when you see it in operation. When the last war ended Britain put away all warlike things excepting her Navy, which is the floating rampart of her protective fortress. Behind it the caterpillar traction of the tank was put to work to assist rather than destroy mankind. The aeroplane was made the means by which space was obliterated and social beings brought closer together. People turned, with the assistance of these two powerful weapons of the first great war, to making life more complete and enjoyable.

Factories which had been making munitions, arms, tanks and war planes were converted into workshops where tools, tractors, automobiles and civilian planes were constructed for the use of mankind.

Children played in security. Boys and girls had access through school books, teachers and professors to the knowledge of the ages. They were free to take for themselves professional, trade, business, farming, fishing, sailing, lumbering or any other calling. Only necessity compelled one to do anything and when it did one had the right to choose his course. He did not always have the power

to attain. But he at least had the right to try. That individual right is the essence of Freedom.

Freedom to live, freedom to think, freedom to learn, freedom to agree or disagree, freedom to choose one's calling, freedom to change one's mind leavened by a healthy community spirit which permits us to bear one another's burdens is, I think, the essence of Democracy.

LONDON, DOVER AND DEMOCRACY

I arrived in London in the midst of the Battle of Britain which to date might be better called the Battle of London and Dover. Up until the day, now just two weeks ago, that I left Britain there was not enough destruction outside those two places to warrant one in saying that there had been an attack upon Britain. I suppose there are a hundred places that you or I would not care to have been just at the time the bomb exploded. But when one travels over Britain as I did from Wales to Dover, and Dover to Glasgow, and Glasgow to Skye, to Inverness and through beautiful Perthshire, one is compelled to conclude that the Battle is in London and Dover. Any other place seems quiet and peacefully uninteresting in comparison. It is therefore to London and Dover that I would ask you to go with me for a four weeks' period to see the people as I saw them and form your own conclusions as to the value they place upon the right to choose the British way of living.

HOW LONDON BEHAVES

Any time during that four weeks you could have arrived in London as we did in the evening just before dusk. You could have settled in your chosen place of abode anywhere within the four corners of a city with more people in it than there are in all Canada, and whatever evening it might have been you would have been called to attention between seven and eight o'clock by the sounding of the siren which warned that the planes were on their way from the coast of Europe to Britain's capital. After a few such experiences you could have guessed exactly the number of minutes which would elapse between the sounding of the siren and the hearing of the droning sound of the Nazi planes. After a few evenings you could with your own ears tell when the planes had approached so close that the guns of the nearest Anti-Aircraft batteries would open up. You could detect the whistle of the bomb amidst the roaring din,

the deadening thud which meant the destruction of another place of business, a home or a church. If for any reason you desired to leave your place of abode while this was on, when you lifted the latch each whistling bomb seemed directed to your door.

Most people stay in while this is on but if you care to go out you are guided by little red, yellow and green crosses in the traffic lights at the street corners.

There will probably be a lull in the noise in an hour's time, only to have it start all over again at eleven, again at one, usually not so intense and again with equal intensity just before dawn. This might have been any night. It had been on for four weeks before we arrived. It continued for the four weeks we were there. Newspaper reports indicate it has continued for the past two weeks. That is ten weeks. Such is the Battle of London at night. I do not think there was a day during the time we were there without its bombing incidents in some part of London.

You ask me. What has been the extent of the destruction?

DAMAGE IN LONDON

My answer is that there was more real damage done to property essential to London's existence, and possibly more loss of life in the first two days of the raids than during all the ten weeks which followed. The planes are kept high and the bombing is therefore indiscriminate, with the result that there is a ten-to-one chance the bomb will light on a park, a street or a backyard rather than on a building.

The destruction during the first two days was confined to East London. East London when I saw it reminded me of places I have seen destroyed by a cyclone. The effect of the bombings combine all the destructive possibilities of the cyclone, the thunderstorm, the earthquake and the flood. The concussion caused by the explosion of a bomb or a land mine has much the same effect as the suction of a cyclone, plus the shaking of the earthquake. Brick walls crumble, windows are shattered, and trees are uprooted. Fires are started from incendiary bombs, the explosion of a bomb or the cutting of a gas pipe, combining all the possibilities of the thunderstorm and the earthquake. The cutting of water mains floods underground shelters and basements where people take refuge.

The numbers killed have not been great. In the police district where the greatest destruction was, there were 1,400 civilians

killed out of a total population of 2,000,000 in the first four weeks. But everyone of the 11,000,000 people in the London area is living in the knowledge that as he was bombed yesterday and last night he will be bombed today and tonight. If you ask them what they think of it they invariably answer, "If the bomb strikes me down I will not know it. If I hear it explode I know I am past danger."

THERE IS GRIEF

Do not misunderstand me. There is grief for loved ones gone. There was the man who lost his father, mother, wife and three children in London who went to Scotland to look for work and try to forget it all. There were the mothers with their families and few belongings huddled in the underground stations sleeping on cement floors until husbands and government co-operating could find better quarters. There were sad-faced people with tears almost showing through redened eyelids. There were people driving ambulances by night and making ammunition by day. And amidst it all speakers still stood on boxes in Hyde Park on a Sunday afternoon and harangued crowds on every conceivable subject from Hitler to God.

THEY CARRY ON

The people of London have been and are living through all this. If the place of business is there when they come down in the morning, they go about their business much as usual: if it is not, they help clear up the debris and prepare to start in again. Most of the labour does not leave the job when the siren goes in the day time, but waits for a second warning specially prepared to indicate when danger is closer. They are the most philosophical and cheerful people one would care to meet.

In London, at present, you can have more real laughs and cries than in any other place I know of—the laughs usually follow the humour of the Cockney comment upon his own plight.

THE FRONT LINE

Why do they take that attitude?

Because they are convinced that they are the front line in a battle to perpetuate freedom among mankind. Their lives they consider small compared with the benefits which will be saved to future generations if they win.

To live in London for four weeks during the Battle of London is to learn life and mankind

all over again. It will cause you every minute of the time to thank God you are part of an Empire which has such wonderful people living in its capital. It will cause you to be proud of an opportunity to help feed them and provide them with the weapons of defence and finally of offensive warfare. It will cause you to be proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with them in the last battle of this war for freedom which will be won by Britain.

DOVER THE OUTPOST

If you were not convinced in London come down with me to the outpost at Dover. The old fort was built by the Romans in the time of Caesar. It was last rebuilt to repel possible attacks by Napoleon. It is today equipped with all the essential mechanisms. It has an Artillery Major who once lived in our province of Saskatchewan, and who compares destruction with that of the Regina cyclone. The map of the little old city is literally dotted with shell and bomb craters. Many of its buildings have been hit. It has had 305 air-raid warnings in eight weeks. It has a little old boat which goes out daily to sweep mines from the Channel which at times is lost from view in the splashing of water caused by shells from the opposite shore. It is more like our cities in size because it only had 41,000 people in it when the war started. You will be seeing it in a picture entitled, "The Front Line." When you do you will scarcely believe all that I have said about it. Neither the picture nor the fact that only 43 people had been killed there after weeks of bombing and shelling, tell the whole story. Eight shells came over while I was there and there was a dog-fight on above, but people still carried on in their places of business and boys and girls went about the streets bareheaded.

It is there you find the Army, the Air Force and the Navy guarding the narrowest part of the Channel separating the front line of the forces of Democracy from the front lines of Hitlerism. It is there that you find officers of the Navy operating on land who inspire you with the thought that the confidence of the British people in final victory is well placed when it rests upon the conviction that the Navy will hold the narrow Channel until we are ready to advance.

THE NAVY WILL HOLD LINE

But there is much more in what we saw to inspire confidence that the Navy will hold until we are

ready to advance to the defence of Democracy with a well-trained and equipped army and air force.

When day after day while crossing the ocean we went out on deck and scanned the horizon without seeing a ship until we were nearing the coast of Britain, we were compelled to think this could not be if it were not for the British Navy.

When we reached port and saw the greatest activity with commerce both coming and going we were compelled to conclude this could not be if it were not for the British Navy.

When we travelled inland and saw trains, trucks, buses and planes carrying freight and passengers to and from the ports with little to obstruct we were compelled to believe this could not be if it were not for the British Navy.

When we sat down to our meals and had delivered to us food shipped from the four corners of the earth we were sure this could not be if it were not for the British Navy.

But it required a visit to her shipyards to learn the story of the war first-hand. Ships supposed to have been sunk, according to German stories, were either ready to take to the sea or almost so. Ships not intended for battle that have fought their way back to port for repairs after meeting the fighting ships of the foe, their skippers having exemplified all the courage and ingenuity of the sea captains of Queen Elizabeth were there. Craft of all kinds ready to carry freight, passengers or do battle were built, building and under repair. When you leave Britain the Navy makes it at least a hundred-to-one guess you will get safely through.

The flashes of the guns could be seen from our ship after the Navy had guided us safely by all danger when one of her brave captains went to a sure death to make it possible for 34 other ships to find a safe way to port.

The Navy will hold and give Democracy a fifth chance to prepare.

BRITAIN PREPARES

Britain is not only a fortress today. Britain is a throbbing industrial centre. Britain's highways, railways and airlines are operating unhindered. Britain's schools are operating. Britain's Houses of Parliament still meet. Britain's public men have time to make you feel at home with them. Britain's churches are full on Sunday morning. Britain is a beautiful countryside. Britain still stands behind the Navy and prepares.

DEPENDS UPON NORTH AMERICA

Britain is the front line in the defence of Democracy, and Britain is depending upon the North American continent which copied her institutions and ways of living more than any other part of the world to help sustain her effort. The British Navy is holding the line while we who turned our swords into pruning hooks and plowshares at the end of the last war beat our plowshares and pruning hooks into swords again.

The real Battle of Britain is being won or lost in the factories of the Democracies. British factories are working night and day to turn out munitions, arms, tanks, trucks, planes and ships. Hitler, thanks to our Navy supported by a small group of airmen, has not succeeded in slowing down production. The civilians of London by their fortitude and courage are holding the line in the Battle of Nerves. The Battle of Europe will be fought in the field by armies.

THE FACTORY WORKERS

Our factories will do the same as those of Britain. My observations in Britain lead me to conclude that we can put too much emphasis upon the need for skilled labour. I enquired in factories and shipbuilding yards everywhere and was told in every line of industry that not more than 5 per cent. required any skill before coming in to do the job, and in a very short time they could operate the machines and tools in the plant. They told me to go and talk to the workers as we went about. I did.

The first one I talked to told me that a few months ago he was a shoemaker. He entered a small arms factory and is now checking with precision tools close fitting sections of a complicated machine gun.

The next was a policeman in peace-time. He now has charge of a very important section of the staff in the machine section, having first taken on the duties of a watchman.

The next was a girl running a rather important machine. She lived in the country and rode in on a bicycle eight miles every morning and back at night. I have seen similar girls milking cows and I am sure it took much more nerve, ingenuity and skill to sit on a stool and pull teats than it did to operate this inanimate creation known as a complicated machine.

I think it would be wise to stop much of this talk against military training for men who happen to

be making planes, munitions, arms and ships, and remember that in one year from now a man will be needed to use every gun, operate every plane, drive every truck, and help operate every ship in the front line of battle. There is no reason for making these machines unless we provide for their being operated.

INDUSTRY'S RESPONSIBILITY

As Minister of War Services I would say after seeing Britain in action, it will take much longer to train a soldier than it does to train labour for plants. Much of the labour being trained for plants in Britain is from the classes old and young of either sex who cannot serve in the line. I heard a very prominent citizen of Britain tell a factory manager that if he could not get the necessary work out of the labour he had it was he who is to blame and not the government if his production is not up to the minute. Factory managers who contend they cannot produce to capacity without interfering with the training of men may have to be told by someone just as they are being in Britain that they as factory managers are not good enough for war-time.

The greatest asset a soldier has is the will and conviction which induces him to serve a common cause in company with others. The training camps are bringing our Canadians of many origins into close association, allowing them in associated groups to place a value on our institutions. This association is producing that greatest of all assets, a common interest in a common cause. The makers of the arms and munitions are placing in the hands of these men instruments which can be used for good and evil. The camps will insure that they will be used for good. I am certain if our young men are given the opportunity to live together for a few weeks we will have the same co-operation in Canada as in Britain from all in preparing to stand in line with the Mother Country when the order to advance to victory comes.

Everyone who responds to the order will remember the Battle of Britain when 14,000 civilians without arms met death during a period when less than 300 soldiers fell. Every young man in the Democracies of the World will follow the lead in courage and endurance of the aged and the mothers and the children during the Battle of Britain until the victory is won and we are again free to live our lives in our own way.

Doc.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 19

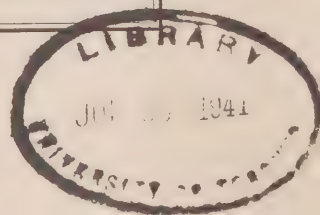
Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

HONORABLE ADELARD GODBOUT

Prime Minister of The Province of Quebec

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Nov. 24, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of Honorable Adelaar Godbout's address over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

As I was preparing my notes for this broadcast, I was told by the Director of Public Information for Canada that this was to be more than a national hook-up and that, through the facilities of the British Broadcasting Corporation and different like companies in the United States, an international audience could be reached, including France, our unhappy, yet beloved Mother.

It then seemed to me that we, French-Canadians and Acadians, should do our utmost to take advantage of this occasion, in order to tell France, as well as Canada, the Empire and the United States, how we stand in this war, hand-in-hand with our English speaking fellow-Canadians, united in spirit and deed with Great Britain and our sister-nations composing the Commonwealth. We rise as one and take up arms for the defence of Canada, our country, should she ever be menaced, intent upon doing our bit in order that England be saved, France delivered, liberty, peace and humanity again resplendent over the world and Hitlerism forever crushed.

OUR PRIVILEGED SITUATION

Furthermore, I reflected upon our privileged situation in Canada and the United States, which is such as to permit French-Canadians and Franco-Americans to act as a living link between the two great North American neighbors. For those of our blood, our very next-of-kin, who have chosen the United States as their abode and country, millions of French-Canadians and hundreds of thousands of Acadians, who have settled and

prospered in the eastern and central United States and as far south as Louisiana, have their word to say when it comes to the moulding of the internal and external policies of the Republic. In time of strife such as this, it is comforting to know how magnificently the United States is taking up the job and task of helping to make America safe for Americans; it gladdens our hearts to see our neighbors to the south work in perfect unison with Great Britain in establishing aerial bases for the defence of this continent, and that is why, as Prime Minister of this French Province of Canada and in the name of the French people throughout Canada, I say to the Franco-Americans: "Frères, votre appui moral et votre appui économique, nous les apprécions hautement. Nous représentons, vous et nous, une part insigne de la vie française libre. Nous rendons hommage aux institutions démocratiques qui reconnaissent aux peuples le droit à une vie spirituelle et culturelle qui leur soit propre. Une pareille richesse accroît d'autant la beauté et la grandeur de la vie nationale de chacun de nos deux pays."

I shall not excuse myself for using both French and English in this broadcast. Their Gracious Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, as King and Queen of Canada, have set an example well worth following and of which we are justly proud. French is all the sweeter on their royal lips. And, not long ago, with what joy have we not heard over the radio our language being spoken at the changing of guards, at Buckingham Palace, where our glorious *Vingt-Deux*, the very pick of the young manhood of this Province, stood in the limelight!

A little later, our Governor-Gen-

eral, His Excellency the Earl of Athlone, even before coming to Canada to take charge of his post, expressed in French his love of and his devotion to our country. Since then, many a time, His Excellency and his charming Consort, Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, spoke French to our people, thus endearing themselves more and more to each and every one of us. Even the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the Right Honorable Winston Churchill addressed the people of France in their own language, in a memorable speech over the radio. And our own Prime Minister, the Right Honorable Mackenzie King, has in more ways than one, shown his sympathy for the martyred people of France.

How could we not be moved, and very deeply so, by those outstanding proofs of ardent sympathy?

DELUSION IS DANGEROUS

The general heading under which the present broadcast is given is an exceedingly well-founded one. Does not "Facing the Facts" mean looking them square in the eye with that keen glance which penetrates men and things, so to speak, to the very soul? If there were a time when it would have been foolhardy, even dangerous to delude oneself, such a time is now, this very moment, which is perhaps the gravest in all history. The war is shaking the world to its depths, and one need not reflect long to realize that we are directly interested in the triumph of order over chaos, of justice over injustice, of honor over knavery, of liberty over enslavement.

Thank God! all Canada understands this; and we, the French-Canadians and French-Acadians,

closely united with our English compatriots, proclaim that blood will tell and are proving that claim by our deeds. We have raised ourselves up, and stand shoulder to shoulder for the defence of that Canada which has been founded, dedicated, settled and developed by our fathers, and for which throughout over three centuries we have gladly made tremendous sacrifices. This Canada, now in labor, it is we who have rendered her fruitful, we who lighted up in her the spark of civilization. Confident in our strength and by that much the better resolved, we lift our cry: "Oh sacred fatherland of ours, thou shalt not pass into the hands of the barbarian!"

Then, furbishing our arms, we are preparing ourselves with the same courage as that our noble forbears displayed to fulfill the duty assigned to us.

MUST GUARD AGAINST INVASION

But such is modern war that though the seat of it be thousands of miles away, across the sea, it is soon discerned that once the enemy pierced the rampart there set up against him it would not be long ere he invaded this land of ours. Moreover, while seeing to the safety of our territory and our homes, we have realized that in the realm of national defence our front line is over there where our adversary is striking his initial blows. With what implacable cruelty has he thrown himself against France, our Mother! With what desperate fury is he now lashing out at Great Britain!

It was with a spontaneous ardor that we sprang to the help of France. Now, thrust back upon the bastion of Britain, where the fight has reached its hottest, we are sustaining the shock, we are

unfolding our wings, we are harassing the enemy pending the moment sure to come when we will drive out of England, out of France and into the farthest ends of Germany those whose villainy is beyond the power of any word in any tongue to name. French-Canadians and Acadians, English-Canadians, Irish and Scotch, the same will to victory is animating us all.

FRENCH-CANADIAN CHARACTER

There is no more peaceable race, no race more given to feelings of honor, than the French-Canadian or the Acadian, wherever found in Canada. But it is precisely because we love peace, with honor, and because our courage is indomitable that we are accepting our full share of the burden. Let no one be mistaken as to the mettle of our people. To be peaceable in the sense that we are peaceable is far from being weak. To be master of oneself is far from being the egotist. We have the tenacity of the peasant, the cult of self-respect, the enlightened appreciation of our rights and duties, respect for those who respect us. We fear God, and not men. History proclaims our mettle. 1759, 1760, 1812 and 1914-18 are so many periods wherein are inscribed in letters of fire our love for Canada, our courage under trial, our instinct of liberty and defence, our wisdom in council, our temper in the fight.

Think of this! The four thousand pioneers, come from old France to this new one, struggling against the forest, the blood-thirsty Indians; caught in the vise between the sea and land troops of the old England and the new; subjected to an allegiance

imposed as much by the fortunes of war as by the designs of Providence; detached from the mother country, France, so completely that no touch with her was possible in either culture or commerce; ruined from top to bottom and a prey to a thousand divers insurmountable difficulties; this little band of pioneers, I say, has blossomed into the race of French-Canadians and Acadians who have secured, one by one, the political liberties they now enjoy and powerfully contributed to the evolution of that Canadian and British constitutional law which elicits the admiration of law makers and the envy of peoples. Think of this, too! By our labors we have attained an eminent position in Canadian, Imperial, and American life. And finally, starting from the bottom of the ladder, and possessing nothing but our native qualities of courage and endurance, we have come to number a people of about four millions in Canada and some two millions in the United States.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LOYALTY

Where other races would have perished, we have survived and thrived. We have spread ourselves out like a fine maple deeply rooted in the soil, all of whose branches and leaves go on aspiring to the light.

The lot to which God called us, to be the makers of land and the producers of men, we accepted wholeheartedly. It takes long for some to realize the size of our task; but then, to produce a lasting good takes time.

It is possible that in the eyes of the critic, whether those abroad or those at home, we have not glittered or shone sufficiently. The risky doctrines of the century have not taken much hold on us.

Nevertheless, the mental, moral and material values we hold to are those which guaranteed our existence and on which we may rest our future lot in fullest confidence. When, therefore, Neo-Paganism is employed to demolish elsewhere that of which we recognize the quality and the price, our reaction is soon felt in a manner so evident that one would have to be blind not to observe it.

Being what we are, by right of birth, by education, by culture and by will, we could not but feel ourselves threatened when religion, the family, liberty, tolerance are endangered, for these elements affect not only our personal, national and political being, but also our future.

FRENCH-CANADIAN IDEALS

Under the aegis of British institutions, we are progressing towards our ideal, which is to serve to the utmost Canada, as well as the British Commonwealth of Nations of which we take pride in being an integral part.

Valorous race, loyal race, faithful and constant race, we say to France: "Mother, thou art not

dead. You live in our blood and in our minds. And you live in the minds of all those who understand you. We all know that the hordes of Hitler and Mussolini have not been able to tear out your soul and that you await but our victory, the victory of the British nations and their allies, to take again your place amongst the nations, bearers of light."

TRIBUTE TO BRITAIN

Great Britain, queen of the seas and the air, to you we say in turn: "Thy valor moves us to the core. Your serenity in the combat, under fire is worthy of thee. Thou art revealing to the world of what precious metal God and the centuries have formed thee. And because thou lovest Canada, Canada loves thee. Because thy king is our king, and thy cause of liberty our cause also; because the defence of Christian civilization rests henceforth upon thee, until the day when our united blows have laid low the genius of evil and given back to peoples the joy of breathing freely again, we hold out to thee the hand of brotherhood that

you mayest know more surely, if that were possible, that thou standest not alone to bear the destiny of the world."

And thou, Canada, our land, thou in whom we live our lives, we ask thee to listen to the voice of our hearts, which is firm and strong. It rings through space like a clarion: "It is to thee that we belong. Thou art the fundamental reason and the prime motive of the part we are taking in the struggle. We live to thy greatness, thy glory, thy happiness. Thou art the cause and the effect of our labors. We created thee, and then we worked with others to develop thy riches and to permit thee to grow stronger before the nations. To thee our work; to thee our arms; to thee our hearts! Let those who dream of destroying thee but come! Along with all Canadians, *a mari usque ad mare*, we form a shield against which nothing can prevail, oh, land where flourish French souls and English souls, the French language and the English language, in a splendid dualism where all the law is friendship."

*When you have read this speech it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

Doc.
n

Public Information

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 20

7

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

LEWIS MUMFORD

Noted American Author

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Dec. 1, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of the address of Lewis Mumford, over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

Friends and Neighbors in Canada:

Were it not for the fact that our countries are already joined in acts of civil and military co-operation for our common defense, I should be loath to speak to you about the ultimate issues of the present war, even in response to your cordial invitation. As an American I have not yet earned the right to talk to you about the future. That future involves decisive action, great political responsibilities, whole-hearted personal sacrifices; and my countrymen have yet to assume those responsibilities and sacrifices in anything like the fullness that the hour demands.

At present, we Americans hover at the water's edge, like someone who watches a brave swimmer battling with a school of man-eating sharks. A great many of us have enough intelligence and enough sense of moral obligation to know what the human demands of this moment are: we know that we shall have to plunge in and help kill the vicious creatures. To leave you thrashing around in the water, no matter how cool you may be, will not permanently get rid of the sharks unless we lend our fresh strength to your efforts: unless we arm ourselves not just for defense but for attack and swim boldly into the danger zone.

Not everyone in the United States, it goes without saying, has either the clearness of vision or the moral resolution to understand this. There are still some who prefer to turn their eyes away from the scene because it is so painful to the spectator. There are others who hope that some turn of the tide will cause the sharks eventually to swim away or that some miraculous fatality will cause the most dangerous of the sharks to sink to the bottom through self-inflicted wounds. Still others say that after all our chief business in life is not to kill sharks but to enjoy the water as swimmers. They even talk about allotting special feeding grounds to the sharks, or they say we shall have to get used to swimming in shark-infested waters, even if we lose a limb or two: after all, sharks must live too, and one must keep on the right side of them.

U.S. SUPPORT GROWING

If you have followed the trend of public opinion in the United States as recorded by various objective polls and surveys, you will note that the number of people who believe that the United States must be prepared to step into the war and to fight the Axis powers has been slowly and surely growing. But what I should like your permission to do is to assume for the moment that we

Americans, before it is too late, will take this decisive step against the spread of Fascism: that we will throw all our moral weight and physical power openly on the side of the other English-speaking peoples. Just as overnight last June we abandoned the theory and practice of isolation, so perhaps overnight we will abandon our self-defeating policy of aloof self-defense and benevolent neutrality.

At some point during the next month, the next winter, or the next year, my countrymen will, I believe, have the courage and the intelligence to take the initiative out of the hands of Hitler and his accomplices. At that moment the American people will scorn to hold our political representatives to their foolish pledge that they will under no circumstances permit our country to be drawn into the war. We will demand rather for our honor and our safety and our common love of humanity that our government shall use the might of our navy and our airforces to subdue the totalitarian powers and to redeem Europe and China from the heavy yoke of their aggression.

This is not a promise, of course, for I have no authority to make promises. It is an assumption that I make on the basis of past history and experience; above all on the basis of my general knowledge of my countrymen and of the profound spiritual change that has taken place in them during the last six months. We Americans now see very clearly that we cannot permit this war to end in the defeat of democracy, for that would be a crushing blow to our system of government and our way of life, as it would commit us to the need for military organization and regimentation on a scale that would far outpass the craziest dreams and enterprises of Hitler. Neither can we stand by impassively and permit the war to come to a premature end through the compromise and appeasement of exhaustion. That course would leave the sharks still alive and still preparing new raids on their victims.

Nor yet can we permit the present war to drag on interminably until all the precious memorials of Europe are bombed into powder, until millions of innocent victims in Great Britain and on the Continent are annihilated or turned into physical wrecks by the inhuman punishment of lawless attack from the air which they must endure.

U.S. WILL FIGHT

I assume that the American people will rise up with all their manhood and their moral conviction and declare their unmitigated enmity against the Axis powers, against the ferocity, the brutality, the lying, the treachery, and the

systematic barbarism for which totalitarianism stands. In short, we will fight, and we will not content ourselves with a policy of hemisphere isolation and passive defence. We are beginning to understand that an ounce of attack is worth a pound of defence, and that, as the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal pointed out a few weeks ago, as few as twenty-thousand American aviators and mechanics brought into action at the right moment may turn the scales in the present war.

So, though I am anticipating the future in assuming that the United States must and will enter the war before it is too late, I am nevertheless not letting my imagination or my hopes run away with me. We may hold back, we may falter, we may allow optimism or unenlightened self-interest to hold us back until it is too late. But I think not. For I have a higher opinion of the essential decency and humanity of the average American than either the Fascists or the isolationists have. I am convinced that we will be fighting at your side presently without waiting for further assaults or aggressions by the Axis powers, and we will do this for a simple reason: because there is no other course open now to free men and women who value their democracy, who believe in justice and freedom and truth, and who realize that outright death is preferable either to slavery or to constant terrorism.

ISSUE IS PLAIN

The men with mechanical hearts may argue otherwise; the Stalinists and their fellow-travellers may argue otherwise; Fascist agents in our midst, whether paid or unpaid, whether native or foreign-born, may seek to confuse the issue, but the issue itself has long been plain, and every day is getting plainer. Democracy cannot hope to survive in a totalitarian world. We could not survive in that world if we would, and when we behold its corruption and debasement, its deliberate cruelties, its boasted hardness of heart, its sinister befoulment of the human personality, we know that if survival meant acquiescence in that regime we would not survive in that world even if we could.

War has become the price of peace; fighting has become the price of security; and the victory of the English-speaking democracies over the stale tyrannies and the mouldy despotisms that threaten them is the minimum requirement for a decent life in a world fit for human beings to live in.

Having made this large assumption, I have thereby given myself provisional license to deal with the main subject of this discussion: what ends should we be

fighting for, and what sort of world can we reasonably hope to create at the end of the present conflict? Note: I do not ask what we can get, I ask rather what we should demand. There is a school of political thought that prides itself on its realism and that never dares to put a political question in ideal terms because it is afraid of being considered impractical and idealistic. The leaders of this school always abandon their ideals before they have had the courage or the opportunity to test them out. They do their compromising and cutting and trimming in advance, and as a result when they encounter a practical problem they have already given in so completely to their opponent or to existing circumstances that they do not even achieve the little that they modestly demand.

I belong to the opposite school of political thought, the one which assumes that without rational ideals one can no more get what one wants than one can cross the ocean without charts and compasses. For I remember to this day the valuable advice that was once given me by an older colleague whom I was consulting about my course in life. I had laid before him various practical openings and opportunities that had presented themselves to me; but he shook his head. "The first thing to do," he said, "is to know clearly what you really want and to go directly for that. You will be surprised how much easier all these practical decisions become." That holds as true in political affairs as I have found from experience it does in the life of the individual. Indeed, whatever successes the totalitarian states can flatter themselves on achieving have been plainly due to the fact that their leaders knew clearly and unmistakably what they wanted, whereas those who opposed them had no clearcut notion as to where democracy was going or what it was trying to do. Lacking convictions these so-called leaders of democracy lacked direction, lacking convictions and direction they lacked courage; they tried to oppose violent ideals with comfortable habits.

DEMOCRACIES MUST PLAN

Now, we who belong to the free democracies must have a program of action and a plan of reconstruction for our own countries and for the world—a plan and a program just as daring, just as comprehensive, just as world-shaking, if need be, as anything that the totalitarian leaders can conceive. I do not mean that we must console ourselves for our present ineffectiveness and our past errors by treating ourselves to political phantasies and figments. We can leave that sort of thing to Hitler; who now promises millions of non-existent

houses to his followers to atone for their non-existent conquest of England.

Still less do I mean that we should repeat the mistake people made at the end of the last war when they assumed that peace, order, prosperity and good-living could be willed into existence overnight. If we win this war we will momentarily prevent slavery and totalitarian darkness from covering the whole planet; and that will be a great victory indeed, worth the mountains of effort that will be needed to achieve it. But nothing that we can do now will make the world safe and easy for our children to live in. Nothing that we can do now will lessen the need for further effort. If we wish to live easily the cheapest course of all is to accept totalitarian slavery; that involves no further sacrifice than the loss of our manhood and freedom. Once the initial act of spiritual castration is over, we can live in peace and harmony, the harmony of the chain gang and the peace of death.

But the life of freedom and democracy makes strenuous demands upon us, demands for self-discipline and self-sacrifice. And because people at the end of the first world war did not understand this, they fell back into a state of hopeless disappointment, bitterness and cynicism. They became the parents of the young men and young women who say now, "What's the use of fighting to save democracy again? We didn't succeed twenty years ago and we probably won't succeed now. What's the use?" The answer to that question is that the expectation of a permanent and final victory over the forces of evil has no meaning in the actual world. Democracy, like every other human institution is subject to change—to corruption no less than to improvement. Nothing on earth is wholly perfect or can for long remain perfect. And there is no success so complete, as Walt Whitman reminds us, that it does not demand further effort.

EFFORT MUST BE CONSTANT

You cannot save democracy once and for all, no matter how drastic your sacrifices, if immediately after this effort you turn over and go to sleep. It is not enough either to be prepared to save civilization every twenty years. You must be ready to save civilization every twenty minutes if need be. In short, without continued care, steady readjustment, active choices and decisions, creative plans and the courage and social vision to carry them out, we cannot survive and our civilization cannot survive, even if we should achieve a military victory.

I believe accordingly that we must be much more positive and much more drastic in our de-

mands for a new world order than were the people who emerged victorious from the last war. But at the same time we must be more patient. If our demands are intelligent ones they will involve radical and decisive changes in every part of our civilization; they will include the economic order no less than the political order; for political democracy and political freedom, without economic democracy and social justice, would be just a shadow of the full-bodied reorganization of our society that alone will provide an enduring order.

Just because our program must be such a fundamental one, however, it cannot be realized at once. No group of scholars, scientists, and technical experts will be able to prepare those plans and organize this world-wide change. With the best will and the most concentrated devotion in the world, the needed transformation cannot take place in half a dozen months or in half a dozen years. The better we plan for the future, the more that we demand, the farther off will be the full-scale realization of our plans. So there will be a great temptation, even on the part of those who do not belong in the camp of the appeasers, to accept half-measures so that they may quickly say that the war is done and over and a new order has begun. But economic and political half-measures will not provide the basis for a new order. They will only provide the basis for the same kind of disappointment, bitterness, cynicism and spiritual defeat that followed the last war.

WHAT ARE THE GOALS?

What, then, are the minimum goals that we must set ourselves? Let me begin with the negative conditions; and first, we cannot live in a world that is part totalitarian and part free. There is no possibility of security in such a world. There is no possibility of co-operation in such a world. Two systems of ideas are now at war; they are fighting for the right to organize the world, as the armies of the Christians and the Saracens when they met on the battlefield of Tours were struggling for the narrower right to organize Europe. This is a knock-down fight between these two ideas. If the totalitarian states win, the nations of the world will one by one be enslaved and looted for the benefit of their barbarian conquerors, as Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Denmark, and every other conquered territory in Europe has already been enslaved and looted. If the English-speaking democracies win, our task will be, not the restoration of the world that existed before 1930, nor even the restoration of the world that existed before 1914. It will be

nothing less than the establishment of a democratic world society in which each nation and region will play a co-operative part.

Nothing less than a world union will justify the losses and the sacrifices of the present war, and no effective world union can be envisaged except one between peoples who speak the same political language and practice the same kind of loyalty to moral right and to objective truth. This means that if the English-speaking democracies emerge triumphant from the ordeal of battle, they will have to assume the imperative task of organizing life on a democratic and co-operative basis throughout the planet. No other peoples will have the necessary combination of moral authority and physical power. We cannot continue to view with tolerance or indifference the continuation of obsolete systems of government, the prevalence of barbaric ideas of public order and right, and we cannot admit the possibility of active collaboration with governments that do not rest on the free consent of the governed. And this means that the governed, in turn, shall be equipped by adequate education and by the institutions of free speech and free assemblage and free criticism to accept the full measure of their responsibility. Effective world organization, in other words, demands a community of equals.

Second, we cannot live in a world that permits nations to be suppressed or mutilated or wiped out of existence, or treated as hewers of wood and carriers of water for the benefit of some master nation. But neither can we live under an order in which nations proclaim for themselves the right of absolute independence of action and absolute freedom from the moral authority and political power of the rest of mankind. The notions of national sovereignty and national isolation go together. They are both insolent fictions that contradict the real condition under which human beings and communities actually live. No human being can live to himself. To attempt this, as Aristotle once said, man must be either a brute or a god.

CANNOT LIVE TO OURSELVES

And similarly, no nation, no empire, no continent can live to itself; or refuse to take on the duties and responsibilities of international intercourse and international collaboration. Nations, like individuals under St. Paul's injunction, must be members one of another. Continental isolation is as unreal as empire isolation or national isolation. Nothing less than the earth itself is now a big enough place for any community to live in; nothing less than the

lands and the waters of the earth—all its continents, all its resources, all its peoples, all their treasures of culture and history—is sufficient for the education of man.

In this war, no single nation can survive by itself. That is plain enough from the desperate efforts that the Germans are making to bring into their company every country within reach of their bribes, or their bombardments. And in the world that will exist after the war, no nation or continent can live to itself or survive by itself. The continuance of our civilization depends upon our ability to conceive, work out, and to operate a world-wide union of peoples. Today mankind is one—one in misery or barbarism, or one in co-operation and human development.

The closed world of the totalitarian states is the symbol of darkness and regression, closed to trade, closed to ideas, closed to foreign radio communication, closed to foreign newspapers, closed to foreign travel; that is a world only one step away from the insane asylum. Or rather it is a world whose hallucinations and suspicions and corrupt phantasies are the veritable marks of the denizens of an insane asylum. We must expand our parochial horizons, even we in the United States and Canada who think so easily in continental terms, but still shrink from world-wide responsibilities. Solon, the great Greek law-giver, was once asked for the mark of a well-governed city, and he replied that it was one in which a citizen felt as much resentment against a wrong or an injury done to another as he would feel if the crime had been committed against himself. That is likewise a definition for a well-governed world.

UNION OF FREE PEOPLES

It follows from all this that something more than a *European* settlement will have to come out of this war: something more than that Federation of Europe of which people still too timidly dream. Europe is important, North and South America are important, but the security and well-being of the peoples of China and India and the rest of Asia, Malaya and Polynesia, to say nothing of the peoples of Africa, are equally important. Nothing less than a Federal union of the free and democratic peoples who are bent on establishing a world order will be sufficiently strong and decisive to serve as a starting point for the long process of reconstruction that lies ahead. That reconstruction will be a many-sided one. It will involve the equalization of advantages between continent and continent, between region and region, by a planetary rationing of resources. It will involve the equal-

ization of advantages between economic classes within the community now spread far too widely apart in their incomes and their social opportunities. It calls for the transformation of a system of production based chiefly on the pursuit of profit to one based on the pursuit of human well-being, to a system capable of working effectively even when profits have shrunk or have altogether disappeared.

RESPONSIBILITY OF VICTORY

The present war brings to a head—and let us hope to an end—four hundred years of unscrupulous power politics and reckless physical conquest. The so-called youth of fascism, which proposes to renew the grandiose dreams of power conquest and booty, which enflamed men's minds in the Sixteenth Century, is in reality not youth at all, but the second childhood of the power man with his dreams of predatory achievement and despotic rule. We are approaching the era of re-settlement, the era of balance, cultivation, and co-operation; an era that will be marked less by its mechanical inventions than by its social and political experiments.

We will need strength and hardihood to build this new order on a world-wide scale, no less strength, no less hardihood, than our ancestors showed when they spread over the planet as missionaries, as explorers, as immigrants and pioneers. But we now have a different ideal before us, not the exploitation of man and the conquest of nature, but an organic partnership based on men's permanent needs for security, freedom, justice, and truth. Victory over the Nazi Fascist barbarians will not mean that we have a smooth and easy journey ahead of us on the road to world order. Victory will merely mean that we have earned the power to make decisions and to go ahead.

As an American I want my country to contribute to that victory. I want to have the privilege of sharing the sacrifices that the peoples of the British Commonwealth of Nations are making. I want us to earn the right to work on the plans for the future, and to take part in the difficult work of reconstruction that lies ahead. Nothing that is worth doing today will come easy. Nothing that needs to be done can be done without running terrible risks and enduring painful sacrifices. But that is the way of birth, that is the way of life and creation. Only those who have taken part in this travail have earned the right to carry on—humbly, patiently, whole-heartedly, the work that those who are heroically fighting and dying to preserve civilization, must leave behind them.

Doc.
n
1. Canada Under English Rule

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 21

1

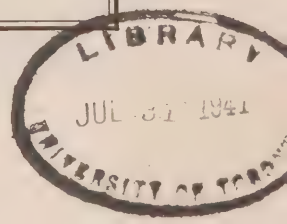
Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MR. PERCY J. PHILIP

*Until September, 1940, Chief of the Paris Bureau of "The New York Times,"
and now Canadian correspondent of that newspaper*

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Dec. 8, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Following is the full text of the radio speech delivered by Percy J. Philip in the series "Let's Face the Facts" on Sunday night, December 8:

Good-evening:

I am going to talk to you about those people who have already lost the war in which we are still engaged. There are many millions of them — Poles, Czechs, Dutch, Belgians, Danes, Luxemburgers, Norwegians and French — all of them decent ordinary people like ourselves, who are now living each day, and go to bed at night, fearful of heart and hungry of stomach wondering what is going to happen to them next, and when they will be able to work and to laugh again happily and freely—for they are in prison. I shall speak to you especially of France where I lived for twenty-four years and which I left only last September.

I would sincerely like to be able to tell you that the German occupation of all these countries has brought happiness to their peoples, for happiness in human life is to be welcomed from whatever direction it may come. But it is not possible to believe that these people in Poland and Lorraine who have been thrust out of their homes, in many cases into miserable concentration camps, to make room for Germans are, or can ever be, happy; that these freedom loving French, Danish and Norwegian peasants and those stout burghers of Antwerp and Amsterdam who lived by trading all over the world, and did good in the world by their trade, are now, as Herr Hitler thinks they should be, pleased at the prospect of living in the new world which he is going to make in the Nazi image.

In the Nazi image!

BAVARIAN PASTORALE

One autumn day, three years ago, I was driving through a very lovely Bavarian valley. There was a jolly little trout stream bubbling down through the meadows from the hills. The sun was pleasantly warm and there was a delightful freshness in the air. It was pretty good to be alive and a pretty good place to be alive in. I stopped the car to enjoy it, and as I was sitting on the bank of that little stream drinking in the bird-song and the cool smell of the grass and the trees, I heard a harsh voice behind me shout an order. It was a harsher voice than a countryman would ever use to call his dog or to demand a stronger effort from his horse. Dropping suddenly into that peace it made me start. I turned and

saw four men walking across a field. They were young, strong men—farm workers I thought. And then I saw a fifth man behind them. He wore a blue and green uniform and carried a rifle. These four men were German political prisoners and the fifth was their Nazi guard.

What was their crime? They had believed that life should be lived in a different way from that in which Herr Hitler conceives it. They had possibly said what they thought, just as you do when you think that your Government does not do as you think it should. They may have wanted to worship in the way their fathers had done, in a way Herr Hitler disapproves of. And there they were going to work in the fields with a man with a rifle behind them.

I suddenly felt sick. That lovely little valley disgusted me. I got into my car and did not stop until I reached the bridge at Strasbourg and came again into France.

THE FRANCE THAT WAS.

France; what a pleasant land it was to live in. There every man and woman had certainly freedom enough to say what he and she liked, to criticize what they didn't like. There was perhaps a little too much of that freedom and not enough self-imposed discipline. But then every French man and woman felt that France was not as good as it should be. They were all impatient for improvement.

There were those who thought that Communism was the right remedy. Others wanted the Kingdom back again and were pretty vociferous in demanding it. There were those who saw moral, and every other kind of restoration in Fascist discipline. And then, of course, these doctrinal differences were narrowed down by many of their partisans into rather violent quarrels about whether the "200 families" or the leaders of the Left Popular Front were the worse enemies of their country.

WHERE GERMANY GOT AHEAD

Behind all this quarreling there was really a common desire to serve France, but, in that critical moment, no strong leader arose to unite and direct all these seemingly contending forces. The men of the Third Republic who had survived the last great war were not up to the task. They fumbled and hesitated. That was where Germany got ahead — much more than in any other way. From the sorrow and misery of the defeat of 1918, and from the

confusion and hunger of the years that followed, the German people turned, reluctantly, but finally, under the compulsion of propaganda and fear to the leadership of that phenomenon, Adolf Hitler.

Listen to how Mr. Winston Churchill describes him: "This wicked man, the repository and embodiment of many soul-destroying hatreds, this monstrous product of former wrongs and shames."

In that Olympian language the British Prime Minister tells the whole story. He does not abuse the German leader and call him names. He describes, which is much more deadly, the kind of man he is: "this embodiment of soul-destroying hatreds, this monstrous product of former wrongs and shames."

The French, who always love a leader, were leaderless, and, while it may be a fine thing to feel that one is fighting for an ideal like Democracy, Liberty—whatever one cares to call it, it is an even better thing to feel that one is following a man whose stout heart and body are at the head of the column. When France was wavering in the last war, at the time Russia collapsed and before the United States came in, it was Clemenceau who by his personal magnetism and will-power rallied the country and gave us all victory.

NO CLEMENCEAU IN FRANCE

Alas, this time there was no Clemenceau in France, and Germany had Adolf Hitler. When that tremendous battle began on May 10th with the treacherous, immoral, everlastingly shameful invasion of Holland and Belgium, France didn't lack only airplanes and tanks and guns in sufficient quantities to stem that fearful avalanche of fire and steel which the Germans unloosed — she lacked men of decision, of firm purpose and of inspiration who could rally her still uncertain but courageous soldiers and turn them overnight into victorious heroes as Carnot did, as Napoleon did and as Clemenceau did.

It was for that reason that France fell. There are some people on this side of the Atlantic, a number of Frenchmen among them, who go searching for other reasons, like hens searching for grains of corn in a pile of straw, and crowing with satisfaction when they find one. That kind of industry is a waste of time.

LESSON FOR US

Let us who are still fighting look squarely at the facts. France lost the war because she was disunited, without discipline and

strong leadership, and because her army and ours were numerically far inferior to that great allied force which Foch commanded in 1918. On the other hand, the enemy was disciplined to the point of complete unity, armed to the utmost necessity by the tremendous labour—sixty, seventy, and even eighty hours a week—of the German men and women in the factories, and where not fanatically inspired, as many were and are, by that "wicked man" Adolf Hitler, its obedience unto death was assured by fear of the Gestapo. There never was a more powerful armed force in the world than that which crushed France in May and June and sent us scurrying home from Dunkirk.

It is for us who are still fighting this war, if we want to win, to learn a lesson instead of wasting time criticizing others and that lesson is surely that we will have to put everything we have of courage, of work, of skill, of loyal obedience and of sacrifice into the task of beating that tremendous force for evil which Herr Hitler has built up and holds ready to strike at us again.

We are still free—but these people of France, of Belgium, of Holland and all these other countries are living day after day in the presence of their conquerors. Can you imagine what their feelings are, what yours would be?

PARIS IN THE SPRING

An American friend of mine told me recently that on that June morning when the Germans occupied Paris he was walking to his office through the streets which were deserted except for German troops armed with rifles and machine guns. As he turned into the rue de la Boetie he saw a little old lady come out of her house. She had her marketing basket on her arm—just starting out to do her morning shopping. As she came towards him he saw her stop and look towards the end of the street. There was surprise and alarm in her face. Probably she had never imagined that this could happen to her—just as you do not believe that it can ever happen to you. Timidly she came towards my friend. She had probably never before in her life accosted a stranger. "Monsieur," she said, "Is that a German soldier?"

Just where the street on which she lived enters the Champs Elysees there was a young German soldier standing beside a machine-gun. "Yes Madame," my friend answered, "That is a German soldier."

Suddenly, disconcertingly, the tears leaped into that little old

lady's eyes and started pouring down her cheeks. "Merci, Monsieur," she whispered, for her native politeness did not desert her, and she slipped back into her home.

That was nearly six months ago. Since then that little old lady has seen the German soldiers march every day up the Champs Elysees with their band punctually at twelve o'clock. She has seen them in cafes and in shops—buying up everything with phoney money to send home, until now there is nothing left for anyone to buy. She has had to stand long hours in line outside the provision shops to get a ration of bread, three quarters of a pound of meat a week, a quarter of a pound of rice a month, two ounces of butter every eight days and the ground chestnuts and maize which must now do service for coffee.

CRUELTY OF CONQUERORS.

That is not all. She has no coal to keep her warm. Gas and electric light are restricted to a few hours a day. Even worse she can get no news from those of her sons and nephews who are among those two million French prisoners of war in Germany or from those of her family who live in the unoccupied part of France. Just think of the cruelty of that decision. Since July 29 no letters, telegrams or messages of any kind can be sent from one part of France into the other and hundreds of thousands of families have been living without any news whatever of their nearest and dearest for over six months.

And now Hitler has piled this new monstrous outrage on conquered France. As he did in Alsace, he has turned seventy thousand good Lorrainers out of their homes, pell-mell with a suitcase and thirty dollars of all their possessions. Their rich farms, their industries, their businesses built up through long patient years have been stripped from them to be given to Germans so that, forsooth, the problem of the Rhineland shall be settled forever.

What nonsense. Joan of Arc was from Lorraine and she wasn't German. And then didn't Hitler build his whole career on the alleged injustices to Germany of the Treaty of Versailles? How then can he justify this far greater injustice than was ever done to Germany?

HITLER'S NEW WORLD

To make a new world? Hitler's new world. Is that how it is going to be made? If it is, it will be a world filled with new bitter hatreds, far deeper even than those Hitler has nourished in his

heart and instilled into his people. Its statesmen's policies will be dreams of vengeance and its ambitions will be violent and evil.

Oh yes, there was plenty that was wrong with the old world. It was just as men make it and they are always imperfect workers. But we did seem to be getting somewhere and surely the interest and fun, and perhaps even the meaning of living, is not so much in accomplishment as in the effort to make the world a better place to live in, imperfectly of course, for life is always changing its forms, but all together, helpfully and with faith, hope, and charity.

What impertinence it is for this man who never did an honest day's work in his life — a failure from the Munich bread-line — to think that he can shatter the world to bits "and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire," sowing dragon's teeth of hatred, spilling the life of that little old lady in the rue de la Boetie and of so many millions of others.

These four men going to work in the Bavarian fields, with an armed guard behind them because they had dared to think for themselves,—that is what Hitler's new world would be like.

And how is he getting on with his conquered countries? From Norway to the Pyrenees there's nothing but ill-will, resistance and sabotage. The Fuhrer has not won a single heart. Even those Austrians who welcomed him into their country now rue the day. The Norwegians, Dutch, and Belgians, who hoped against hope that they might avoid being drawn into the conflict, are living only for the time when their compatriots fighting in our armies will return victorious. The French? Oh what a thorny difficult problem that is to understand, with that duality of aim which there is within the Vichy Government. On the one side it is sought to make a cleaner, better, healthier France and on the other there are those who in their anxiety to "co-operate" with the Germans are willing to bow very low, to connive at, even to copy, their worst methods.

FRANCE FIGHTING ON.

Let us avoid getting into a discussion and take note of only a few facts. Does it not seem that it is the former of these efforts which is gaining strength? Marshal Petain who stands for decency and uprightness in the new regime is now being cheered when and wherever he goes around the unoccupied territory and the shouts of "Vive la France!" ring out louder, more encouragingly each time he does or says something in protest against Nazi encroachment

on the terms of the armistice. The people have begun again to sing the Marseillaise, which is, of course, forbidden in German occupied France. Marshal Petain, holding the Tricolor to his breast, has become for those who cheer him the symbol of eventual liberation and recovery.

What is happening in Paris? We hear that the University has been closed following some student demonstrations when over 120 young people were arrested. That does not sound like co-operation between the youth of France and the Nazis. At night the workers in the industrial suburbs tear down the German posters from the walls and chalk up ribald comment in the Parisian manner. That doesn't sound like co-operation between the workers and the Nazis.

Those who used to think that we could not win the war, and built the Vichy Government on that false supposition, are now in the minority. Some of them are seeking vainly to justify themselves, trying to get some concession out of the Nazis which will restore their fading popularity with their own people. But they have got nothing. Hitler and his friends do not give. They only take. Mussolini is discovering that. Laval may do so in time. It has always been the Fuhrer's boast that he did not admit co-operation. He demands submission.

That, I am sure, he will never get from the French people. The last man that I saw in France, when I left that country in September, was from Alsace. He had not had any news of his wife and children for five months he told me, as they were in Alsace when the Blitzkrieg began, and he was with the army. After the armistice he had been sent as a guard on the Spanish frontier at a little place in the middle of the Pyrenees. It was a lovely place, high in the mountains, but my wife and I were feeling pretty sick at heart, for we were leaving France after twenty-four happy years, leaving all we possessed and many dear friends behind.

But that Alsatian frontier guard, exiled from his home without news of his family in a defeated country gave us a grand, brave, au-revoir: "Tell them in England to hold on," he said, "Tell them we aren't finished yet. We have been beaten but we aren't conquered. We'll fight again and beat them yet, these Nazis."

It was with happier hearts that we went on our way across the bleak dusty mountains of Spain and came eventually to Canada.

FRANCE NOT CONQUERED

And that Alsatian was only one of the hundreds of French people of every class and kind who said the same things to us during these three months we spent in France after the armistice. Women in shops and post-offices would lean across the counter and whisper how at night they listened to the London radio and General de Gaulle. There were officers and soldiers by hundreds that we spoke to and probably many hundreds of thousands more who had only one thought—to get out if they could, or, if they couldn't, to wait patiently for the day when they will be able to fight another battle.

Even within the Vichy Government I found before I left a different attitude among those men who had been quite honestly convinced in June that we could not win and that the best thing for France, and even for us, to do, was to make peace. They began to change their minds in August when they saw that the fighting spirit of the British peoples under Churchill's leadership was beating back the Nazi planes and preventing that vaunted invasion of England. They know now for certain that the Axis is not invincible and that we made no empty boast when we declared that we would fight on alone to victory.

Of course, there is very little that these people can do just now to help. They all have ropes round their necks. But in France they have begun rebuilding, organizing a little armistice army, forming a new National Service League of young people, putting a new heart and a new spirit into those who live in and those who can escape into the unoccupied zone, making provision against the day when the heavy hand of the Nazi occupying army and police may weaken and the chance may come to restore France to independence and dignity.

These people know that their only hope lies in our victory but also, none know better than they do, who see it day by day, the strength and power of the Nazi organization. It is still far from beaten. It is terribly strong. The driving discipline of the Gestapo, the fanatical allegiance to Hitler of great numbers of his followers,

the sense of personal strength, power and pride which every German, spoon-fed with Goebbels' propaganda, feels in the knowledge that his country now rules Europe from the Arctic Circle to the Black Sea and the Pyrenees are things that cannot easily be broken. If it is to be done, it can be done only by such courage as the workers of England have shown in going on with their jobs and their jokes day and night in the midst of death and destruction, building airplanes while bombs crash around them, forging guns and filling shells in factories which are half aflame, by such courage as those sailors show who go to the sea in ships defying the deadly submarines, as those airmen of the Empire show when they gallily take their lives in their hands night and day in the defence of the skies of England.

THE WAY TO VICTORY

If it is to be done, it can be done only by the redoubled sacrifice and labour of those in the other parts of the Empire who are, until now, living safe from such savagery as has befallen Coventry, Birmingham, Liverpool, Southampton and Bristol.

If it is to be done, it can be done only if the people of the United States will make good in work and co-operation where it is most needed on all these encouraging words they have given us of approval of our determination to keep Liberty alive in this world.

This war in which we are engaged is not just another international war in the old sense. It is not even a doctrinal war between differing conceptions of how life can and should be organized. It is a tremendous volcanic outburst in that everlasting inextricable conflict between good and evil in which humanity is engaged, in which all men fumble blindly, but in which surely, the only honourable role is that of the man who goes on fighting for the things he knows to be good—his personal freedom, his right to work out his own destiny and help his children to theirs, his duty to God and his neighbour to keep alive those precious elusive things, hope and happiness, without which the spirit dies and life will become, as Hitler would make it, a dreary, degrading servitude conceived in hatred and evil in which civilization will sink back into a new Dark Ages.

When you have read this speech, it is suggested that you pass it to a friend.

Doc.
an
c

Canada - 1940

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 22

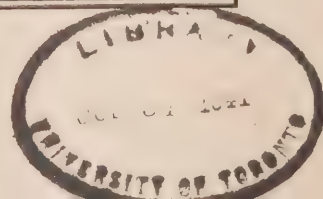
7

Address to the Men and Women
of Canada

BY

MADAME PIERRE CASGRAIN

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Dec. 15, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Following is the full text of the radio speech delivered by Madame Pierre Casgrain in the series "Let's Face the Facts" on Sunday night, December 15:

I feel bound to admit to you, quite frankly, how much more difficult than I anticipated, has been the task of preparing this radio address, so that its presentation would convey to my listeners the message which I so earnestly desire to impress upon their minds and hearts.

Facing, as we have faced, during the last few years, a series of world events almost without parallel in history; feeling, as we have felt, the shock of these events, as their impact made the entire universe tremble; trying, as we have tried, to follow the baffling trend and intricate pattern out of which the history of this period will, at some future date, present a picture endowed with some degree of clarity, it is not easy for any one of us to find a suitable set of phrases to convey one's emotions, one's aims and desires, one's modest suggestions as to the means to be used to reach the goal we all have set for ourselves. Living as I do, as we all do, in the midst of a world in arms, I feel crushed by the consciousness of the massing of millions of men, of countless machines, on land, and sea, and in the air, making up tremendous aggregations of physical force, arrayed against each other, in as ghastly a struggle as humanity has ever witnessed.

MUST FACE FACTS

And in the months that lie before us—many would say the years—everything points to an even greater effort directed at increasing the forces facing each other in this mortal combat. To those of us who have followed, to

some extent at least, the devious trends of international politics, since the time when the Treaty of Versailles marked the official termination of what we now call, alas, the "first" world war, there have been apparent so many cross-currents, so many anomalous developments, so many obvious contradictions, that I think I state what many of us must have felt at various times, when I say that it was no easy task for us to discern *who* was our friend and *who* our foe. Oh! let's face the facts—and squarely. We of the Democracies owe our present situation, in no small part, to furtive glances at ugly symptoms, and to wishful thinking. But the facts remained—they do *still*—and they must be *faced*.

We have watched, for nearly four years, the titanic struggle between China and Japan. We were spectators, too, during the three long years of the Civil War in Spain. I don't propose to enumerate the all-too-well known and disastrous sequence of events made possible by what became known as the policy of appeasement—a policy which was terribly confusing to the minds of all sincere supporters of democratic government. To illustrate my point let me recall the last two scenes of the pre-war drama.

First there was the absorption by Hitler of democratic Czechoslovakia. Then followed his brutal attack upon Poland. And there the curtain falls, only to rise again on the tragedy we now have before our eyes—the second world war. I shall not dwell on the series of shattering scenes from Warsaw to Dunkirk. We all know the story of that nightmare. It left freedom-loving millions, the world over, dazed by the swiftness and apparently irres-

istible power of the Nazi war-machine.

With barely a pause the momentum of Hitler's mechanized hordes carried them to Paris, and France collapsed. The whole thing was like a cyclone in its intensity, but like a cyclone it cleared the air. In my humble opinion the capitulation of France marked the turning point in the struggle between freedom and vassalage, between liberty and slavery, between human dignity and bestial bondage.

Obviously it would require a volume to present a clear picture of Europe at that moment. There lay the prostrate Continent, like a broken mirror, but with one piece, Great Britain, saved from the wreckage. That piece was large enough and sound enough to reflect to the whole world the light of hope, courage and decency that still shone in the anxious eyes of freedom-loving people everywhere. So reflected, every battle won by Hitler stood out as the victory, not of people, but of Brute Force over Human Freedom.

PROGRESS OF BARBARISM

The battle of Poland, the battle of Norway, the battle of the Low Countries, the battle of France—all were milestones along the road of Barbarism—a road paved with the prostrate, mutilated bodies of countless peace-loving human beings. Victories? Yes, but for whom and for what? For brute force, for the debasement of human dignity, for Adolf Hitler in his attempt at the enslavement of mankind. Poor victories, those, soaked in the blood of innocents who cried to Heaven for retribution.

And now we are witnessing the Battle of Britain. Britain's battle, true enough, in the physical de-

fence of her island, but at the same time a most intricate battle in a war which is not Britain's only, but the war of all free peoples against the totalitarian dictators.

War is like a monstrous plague—sometimes it brings out some hidden power of resistance in the body of a nation. The present war has done that. It has revealed the presence in democratic countries of fundamental virtues of courage and tenacity which normal times had often failed to disclose. The war has also forced Democracies to undertake a more lucid analysis of their own weaknesses. Only the timid or the blind may be shocked by this frank—if tardy—admission of negligence by the Democracies of the world. Why should any of us refuse to acknowledge the vital necessity for this “examen de conscience”? We must know the truth about ourselves and acknowledge our mistakes if we are to win this war and profit by the experience.

AFTER THE WAR—WHAT?

Winning the war is one thing, and winning the peace is another. What do we wish to salvage from the onslaught of dictatorial Germany? Surely not the meaningless brand of democracy which failed to keep us away from war—surely not the policies which brought about the invasion of Poland—surely not the false concept of liberty which led us towards a dangerous form of dictatorship—that of excessive money power? Anti-social, anti-human, anti-national procedures have not become acceptable because they bear the seal of a democratic state. But we all know that, unfortunately, these methods were too often allowed to grow and

develop in almost every Democracy of the world.

The greatest error of all would be to condemn democracy itself on these grounds. Democracy has not failed as a form of government. Basically, it is neither obsolete nor inadequate in relation to our present needs. It has not proved inferior to the dictatorial concept of the State.

The simple truth is, that WE have failed Democracy.

While enjoying all individual, and social and national liberties, we forget a principle as old as the world itself—no privilege is without a duty—no authority without an obligation—no freedom without a responsibility. It is for us to see that a distorted picture of political freedom is not permitted to obliterate from our hearts the ideals of true Democracy.

No, indeed, men have not been corrupted by Democracy, nor have they lost their courage, or their beliefs, or their sense of patriotism because they lived in free countries. Conversely, Dictatorship has not built new virtues in the hearts of men. It is not, in any way, an insurance against cowardice. The fascist Italy of Koritz is no more noble, and no happier, than the Democratic Italy of Caporetto.

Let us not seek the source of our ills or the reasons for our vulnerability in the systems we have erected, when the *real root* of it all is to be found in *ourselves*.

CANADA'S ROLE IMPORTANT

The role to be played by the Canadian people in this war will be an important factor of allied resistance. We have come to realize very clearly the threat hanging over our homes like a dark cloud. This realization has brought about a better under-

standing of our duty as individuals. In a country like ours where two great nationalities live together, it sometimes takes a crisis to revive a spirit of sincere co-operation and to silence the voice of racial sectionalism. I am happy to say that Canada has never been more united as a nation than she is today in the midst of our war effort.

This is neither the time nor the place to discuss the reasons why our country declared war on Germany. But I should like to emphasize the fact that Canadians of French origin are unanimously behind their Government in these times of labour and sacrifice. They have faith in Democracy—in a democracy that will safeguard their liberties, and respect their beliefs. And since this series has been called *Let's Face the Facts*, I invite you to face with me one vital fact with which all Canadians are concerned.

FRENCH CANADA LOYAL

My people are *loyal* to Canada—but they wish to maintain their racial integrity in the political set-up of Confederation. For the English-speaking Canadian, England is a spiritual metropolis. We, French Canadians, understand and respect this irresistible sympathy on their part for the country of Shakespeare, Byron and Shelley. We cannot deny the imperative voice of the blood in their veins, of the thoughts in their minds, of the love in their hearts. We ourselves admire England as one of the greatest nations of the world. In return, we expect our fellow-Canadians to understand our love and admiration for the land of our ancestors—unhappy France—and to realize that we ourselves suffer from her wounds. Only an observance of mutual understanding will keep

intact the solidarity of the Canadian people. This spirit of co-operation between different nationalities is one of the ideals of Democracy we have been too inclined to forget in the past.

By applying now, in Canada, the principles of a true Democracy, we will work together in perfect harmony, towards one ultimate goal—winning the war. Let us not fool ourselves. Germany will not be beaten easily. She is now making the rashest gamble ever attempted by a nation in the history of the world. The German writer Bernhardt has stated: "For us there can be only the alternative of ruin or world domination." That is why this war is going to be a long, gruelling one to a finish between the Reich and the Democracies of the world. Hitler has spun the wheel and, with panic in his heart, he is now grimly waiting for it to stop and spell his fate. He has reason to be worried. The proposed invasion of England has not materialized. The terrifying threat of Nazi total war has failed to crush our spirits and there is much doubt about the ability of the German war machine to accomplish in the future what it could not do in the first twelve

months, when it had the decisive advantage of confidence, modern equipment, and the element of surprise. London will be bombed again. Tons of explosives will be dropped on English towns. Merchant vessels will be sunk. But let us not forget that it takes more than such things to destroy a great nation, when it is not taken by surprise, or betrayed by enemies in its own midst.

WE WILL WIN WAR

There can be no doubt about it—we will win the war. It won't be a victory without tears, and sacrifices, and hardships. But it will be a profitable one if it serves only these purposes—that of bringing closer together the free nations of the world and creating in democratic countries a new realization of individual responsibility, a new spirit of unselfishness and of real Christian charity.

America is now directly threatened by Hitler's dream of conquest. It is a source of pride for all those who cherish Democracy to realize the spirit of co-operation which now unifies the peoples of this continent. Canada is part of the British Commonwealth by her statutes, her alleg-

iance, her moral bonds, her political past—but she is also part of the great federation of American Democracies. The friendly agreement made between our Prime Minister and the President of the United States at Ogdensburg, on August 17th, 1940, and the creation of a permanent joint board of defence for the safety of our two peoples represent the first steps towards a more intimate co-operation with our powerful neighbors.

The relationship between Canada and the United States is based, more than ever today, on the golden rule—and so should it well be—for we are both Democracies and this golden rule should be applied wherever and whenever there is any concern for the basic principles of the rights of men.

Canada and the allied Democracies will emerge from this gigantic struggle, all the stronger for having understood and overcome the errors of the past. Thus we will give the world the right kind of new order it needs. To accomplish this, let us put into practice the advice of a great philosopher to his students: "To act as men of thought and think as men of action."

*When you have read this speech, it is suggested that
you pass it to a friend.*

Doc
n
Canadian Public Information M.C.A.

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 23

1

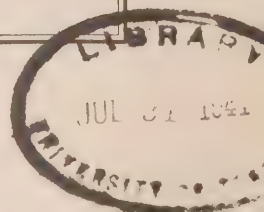
**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MR. EDWIN S. JOHNSON

Superintendent, London Bureau of The Canadian Press.

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Dec. 22, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada



Text of the address of Edwin S. Johnson, over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night follows:

I have been back in Canada for two weeks. I returned here from the British Isles, where, since 1937, I have been in charge of the London bureau of the Canadian Press. I have followed the events which preceded this war and to many of them I have been an eye-witness. Three weeks before the declaration of war I was in Berlin and only six days before we went to war with Germany, I was in Rome. I have been bombed out of my home and out of my office and I have had more narrow escapes from death than I like to contemplate. I tell you this not for the purpose of giving you any exaggerated opinion about myself but to emphasize the fact that what I have to say to you tonight is the truth.

In the few days that I have been in Canada, I have been from coast to coast. Wherever I have gone I have heard it said that much of what you read in the daily newspapers and what you hear over the air is just so much propaganda. Well, there are two opinions about that. But what I would like you to know is that what I may say to you tonight is the truth and any opinions that I might venture to express are based upon the truth as far as my perception and my experience let me understand it.

Tonight, I am putting aside my official clothes as a member of the Canadian Press. I am going to talk to you as one Canadian to another and the responsibility for what I say is mine.

To anyone returning recently to this country it is obvious that you, my fellow Canadians, find it difficult to realize or even to imagine what is going on in our embattled Motherland. You try hard to do so but you can't even begin to understand how, over there, every day and every night death and a stark terror ride the skies or to sense the desolation and suffering that is occurring. You do not realize how appalling it is to see the indiscriminate slaughter of civilians—defenseless men, women and children; the destruction of their homes and of treasures which have enriched our history for centuries. I hope you never will see it there or here. But I would like you to realize it and all its terrible implications.

JUST THE BEGINNING.

This sort of thing is taking place every day in the British Isles. Yet it's just the beginning of the frightfulness we can expect from this ruthless, barbarous foe whose leader has said he never will put aside his corporal's tunic until he has smashed the British Empire and achieved world domination. World domination includes the domination of North America.

There is no doubt about what is in this man's mind. Nor is there any doubt that the one challenge to it is Britain—Britain under the brilliant and dynamic leadership of Winston Churchill. This was the challenge he spoke and it is the challenge of our Empire. "We shall never surrender." . . . "Britain will fight the menace of tyranny for years and, if necessary, alone."

Thus is the issue joined. It is a fight to a finish. A violent clash between diametrically opposed ideologies—the most stupendous struggle in history between civilization and barbarism. At the moment the advantage lies with Germany and her satellites although her junior partner in crime, Italy, is reeling badly under the relentless pounding of Britain and her gallant ally, Greece.

We shall gain nothing by bitterness and incrimination for those mistakes and those policies which permitted our Empire to lapse into such a sorry state of unpreparedness to meet this challenge. You and I as well as our leaders were to blame. And we have paid dearly for that era of blundering and incompetence. We came very close to the humiliation of defeat which France suffered. But there is reason to believe, to hope and to be confident. For when we survey the magnitude of the disaster that overwhelmed our expeditionary force in Europe, we must feel a surge of pride in the resilience of our Empire when we contemplate its recovery.

BRITAIN NEEDS HELP

In the British Isles they are no longer saying "things may not be going so well for us but we'll muddle through somehow." The grim realities of common danger have ended such complacency. Canada must end it too for the defeat of Great Britain means that we in Canada will be in the position that Great Britain is in today. And I say to you solemnly that

Great Britain cannot win unless you help her with all your might.

Britain will fight to the end. You can depend upon that. Under the spur of able, energetic leadership, the people of the British Isles have submitted to a self-imposed discipline. With sober awareness of the menace that confronts them they are marshalling the full power of their resources and energies not only in the defence of their home but of this Empire and civilization everywhere. Never were the British people more courageous. Never has it been so aptly said that "Britain awaits her hour and counts not the hours between." How true ring today the words uttered by Walter Page, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James in 1916 when he said:

"Just when you would like to hang them for their stupidity you become aware of such noble stuff in the British people that you thank God they were your ancestors. Europe would be a bloody slave pen today but for them."

Except for activity in the air and on the sea the war today is almost a counterpart of the war a year ago. Yet, from bitter experiences we can rest assured that Hitler has not been idle and is not idle now. You can be sure that he is concocting some nefarious and dreadful scheme, the full weight of which he will unleash against us with all the fury within his power at the moment when he believes it will be successful.

WHAT WE ARE FACING

Have you ever pondered what we are facing? Do you realize that we have not yet felt the shock of the full momentum of a total war by a regimented nation of nearly 75,000,000 people, all of these people subordinating every interest to that of the state, obedient to and worshipping with fanatical faith this new-found god of theirs—the former Austrian paperhanger?

Do you realize that for years German factories have been operating full blast day and night, producing weapons of war aimed at our extermination? To attain this end they are still working. Under compulsion, the German people long ago ceased to enjoy those rights and privileges of life that the people of the British Isles are just beginning to surrender voluntarily. We in Canada and in the rest of the Empire must match the sacrifices of our fellow men

in the Motherland for Nazi Germany enjoys a long head start. In every branch of military preparedness and striking power they are superior to us. We can only regain the lost ground through concerted effort, work and relentless determination.

The average Britisher appreciates the material and moral support that has been extended to the British Empire by the United States. But he feels—and rightly—that Americans have just as much at stake as Britain in this struggle. Therefore, he wonders why the United States has not faced the facts plainly and acknowledged this to be true. The majority of Britons believe firmly that the United States must come into this war. Not to save Britain from defeat (they have no illusions about that) but to safeguard American future and American subjects from enslavement.

BRITAIN MANS FRONT LINE

Meanwhile Britain heroically mans the front line of civilization buoyed up by the hope that a constant stream of vital supplies and skilled personnel will soon be crossing the Atlantic to provide her with those essentials which will aid her to ultimate victory. But Britain has no illusions about this either. She knows she faces the reality of new, increasing violent attacks upon her lifeline in the north Atlantic. Enemy submarines, surface raiders and long-range bombers are being sent out in strength to harass her sea-borne commerce. Food for Britain, raw materials, airplanes, ships and all the other riches pledged to her by the United States and Canada now have to face ever increasing dangers. No one in the British Isles underestimates this fact. But all are confident that the British Navy will, in the end, prove equal to the challenge.

So far with a single exception, the people of Britain, have been able to meet the threat of Germany. Our airmen have inflicted crushing defeats on the German air force in daylight raids on the British Isles. The guns of Dover have matched the German guns across the Channel, shot for shot. But there is one threat they have not been able to meet effectively. That is the night raider. But this problem is just as serious for Germany as it is for us. Whoever first solves it and prevents the secret from falling into the hands of the enemy will have gone a

long way towards winning the war.

RAIDS ARE DAMAGING

There is no sense underestimating the results of these mass attacks and indiscriminate bombings by Nazi night raiders. Britain has suffered very severe material damage and a considerable loss of life. In such ruthless and concentrated attacks it is inevitable that vital targets should have been hit and that the production of war materials should have suffered. I do not wish to imply that Britain is being beaten to her knees by those hammer blows. But it would be folly for us to minimize their significance. It would be well for Canadian industry and Canadian labor to contemplate this fact before it is too late.

One thing the Germans have not done. They have not even begun to destroy the morale of the British people. I have lived for months in the midst of this reign of terror and ghastly destruction of life and property. I can tell you honestly that the fighting spirit of the British people is stronger today than ever before and that their courage is sound to the core. The people of Britain have resigned themselves to a war of long duration with all its unpredictable hardships, untold suffering and discouraging setbacks. But I have yet to meet a person in the United Kingdom who does not believe firmly that Britain will win.

Yet, all this fine spirit, this indomitable courage of the British people will not avail them unless the aid so urgently needed is given to them in this their hour of unprecedented trial. I tell you frankly that unless this aid is given now, fully and liberally, there is a very real danger that the war may end in a stalemate. I need not tell you what that would mean—postponement of the struggle to be fought out a little later on with even greater violence and frightfulness; a further era of feverish and expensive rearmament; the menace of economic bankruptcy for the Axis and the Empire. And probably, in the end, we would see "Uncle" Joe Stalin perched securely on the European throne and wielding the sceptre of communistic dictatorship.

VICTORY OR NOTHING

It is your duty and mine—the duty of all of us to see to it that there is no possibility of a stale-

mate. It must be victory or nothing and if we sincerely want victory we must be ready to work for it, fight for it and pay for it to the very limits of our human and material resources. If you had seen London as I have seen it, bruised and battered, with dead and dying in its streets, you would be prepared to work and to fight and to pay so that this evil thing which has caused this suffering and sorrow would be destroyed forever.

This is a fight to a finish. It is and can be no other kind of a fight. There is no referee in the ring and it's no time to talk of Queensbury rules. There are among us, over there and here, high minded people who believe that chivalry, honor and fair play, should prevail. Not so long ago I recall hearing a minister of the church say, "Let us keep our escutcheon clean. If we sink to the level of the enemy we shall not be able to use the language of Christian morality when the time comes, to discuss the terms of peace." When that time comes, as now, we will still be dealing with a people—the Germans—who know no honor in war and who interpret chivalry and fair play as signs of weakness and inferiority.

Against such an inhuman enemy can we in justice to our Empire and our loved ones continue to pursue the policy of turning the other cheek? Out of my bitter experience, I say to you that I think not. In the face of such ordeals and tragedies as Britons are experiencing today such an attitude must be regarded as nothing short of stupid, reckless martyrdom. As long as we adhere to it, just so long, will we allow the initiative to remain in the hands of our foes and permit them to continue the methods of the marauding gangster and vicious killer. In total warfare as I have seen it, it would be folly to sit back bravely while an unprincipled people seeks to destroy everything that is worth anything to us. We have no other duty and no other course except to marshal the full power of our strength and strike back with all we've got. That is the only kind of language the Germans understand or respect. And when the time comes to settle the terms of peace we must not lose that peace as we did against the same foe after the first Great War. Then we were all too prone to forgive and to forget. This time we must not forgive. This time we must not forget.

CANADIANS ARE ADMIRER

From the time the first Canadians arrived in the British Isles more than a year ago until I left I was the Canadian Press war correspondent and I was attached to our overseas forces. I made five trips to that mystic port we have come to know as "Somewhere in Britain" to greet incoming contingents of our troops. I would like you to know—and the feeling is shared by the British people—that I have never seen a more enthusiastic, eager, finer body of men. One instinctively felt that every man-jack of them would bring honor to himself and to his country when the call comes for the real test. From the time that the advance guard of the First Division arrived on the other side just over a year ago, I shared their joys and hardships in camp billet, under canvas, in the open . . . watched them pass through the hard school of training . . . on the parade ground, ranges, out-on-field manoeuvres and have seen them emerge as hardy, well-disciplined troops who today rank among the most proficient and best-equipped in the United Kingdom.

When the Canadians arrived, it was generally believed they would be fighting by the side of their British comrades on the continent within a few months. But the collapse of the allied cause in France and Belgium changed all that.

Following the tragic disorganization of Britain's heroic expeditionary force, the First Canadian Division became one of the mainstays of the Motherland's defence. Almost everybody was positive Hitler would follow up his con-

tinental successes with a lightning invasion of Britain . . . Canadians moved into positions of readiness behind hastily-erected barricades and strong points ready to meet the blow. So high was their morale and the enthusiasm of our lads, who were fully aware of the gravity of the tasks imposed on them that they boasted they could hold at bay whatever force Hitler might elect to send against them.

But you know as well as I what has happened since then. Those same grand lads are still manning the Empire's front line, not only confident of being able to repel an invasion should it ever be attempted, but all set to launch an offensive of their own when the command is given.

WAITING IS TRIAL

Yet it has been this eternal waiting for something to happen that has proved such a trial to our boys. Three times selected units of the Canadian forces have actually moved off for battle . . . first, the dash to Dover last May from whence it had been proposed to dispatch our men on a relief foray to Calais and Dunkirk . . . then the stillborn expedition to Norway and, finally, the ill-fated incursion into France. Each time they returned dejected and disappointed to the same training areas.

Had it not been for the intelligence and efficient leadership of the officers who commanded units that did arrive in France, many Canadian homes today would be mourning loved ones. Instead, they're hale and hearty . . . true, they are miles away from home and probably giving vent to a bit of grumbling now and then . . . but, nevertheless, alive.

However, a good soldier never

gives thought to death—and all our boys are good soldiers. Today they are more anxious than ever to come to grips with the foe.

They are willing to tackle any assignment or go anywhere so long as they get action. For they realize that until they have attended to Hitler and his crowd once and for all, there is small prospect of getting back home . . . to the life of peace and contentment they would naturally much prefer.

In these circumstances it is inevitable there should be a certain undercurrent of boredom. Our leaders, however, are fully aware of this danger and have already taken steps to deal with it. But we over here also can do much to stimulate and cheer our boys over there. Write them often, send them parcels, papers and magazines, encourage them and help to keep them happy.

These Canadian soldiers, sailors and airmen have earned a fine reputation for themselves in the British Isles. They are liked by the British people and the British people have confidence in them. By their actions and by their words from the corps commander down to the man in the ranks they have inspired belief not only in themselves but in this country. These men of ours have made the people of the Old Country sure of their faith in Canada. In the faith that Canada, her factories safe from enemy bombs, is becoming the arsenal of the Empire. In the faith that Canada, willingly, is pouring forth her treasures of the earth and of the factory and of the home in the defence of the Empire. This faith these men of ours have given them. We must not let them down.

*When you have read this speech, it is suggested
that you pass it to a friend.*

Doc.
2

James P. ...

LET'S FACE THE FACTS

No. 24

**Address to the Men and Women
of Canada**

BY

MR. ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Noted American Author, Actor and Radio Personality

over a national network of
the Canadian Broadcasting
Corporation, Sunday night,
Dec. 29, 1940, at the invita-
tion of the Director of Public
Information for Canada.



Text of the address of Alexander Woolcott, over the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation national network Sunday night, December 29, follows:

This is Woolcott speaking—one American speaking to as many Canadians as may happen to be listening. One American who lives just across the border in the state of Vermont, a lean and stubborn commonwealth which, as Mr. Roosevelt can tell you, is just as contrary now as it was back in the 18th Century when it declared itself an independent republic—without anyone paying much attention—long before the other colonies rose in rebellion—rebellion against the highly characteristic German who then occupied the throne of England. I refer to his Teutonic Majesty—his too Teutonic Majesty—King George III.

To get here this evening I trekked across a mile of ice for I have built me my house on an island in a lake and the lake is frozen from shore to shore. Some folks are islanders by nature and perhaps I am one of them. A great part of my life has been spent on two; this one in Vermont and another called Manhattan. Two islands! These days all my thoughts are with a third.

In my time I've told many a tale about Vermont and there are none I like better than those that deal with a certain young Britisher who moved into Vermont to make his home there half a century ago. A bank-failure had left him nothing but the cash in his pocket—a few pounds and some genius. His name was Rudyard Kipling. With his wife and baby he settled in a cottage near Brattleboro to work his way out of debt. With an old-fashioned Vermont winter closing in on him he sat him down, took up his pencil and started to write. On the foolscap before him there came to life the story of a wolf's cave with a hungry lion roaring in the distance. Down the jungle-path in the moonlight there toddled a man-child—a small, brown, naked man-child. And the name of the child was Mowgli. The story of Mowgli's adventures with the wolf-pack has gone round the world and has, I suppose, as good a chance to be read in the year 2100 as anything written in the English language in my life-time. I like to remember that "The Jungle Book" was written in Vermont.

WE ARE OF ONE BLOOD

Only yesterday I picked up the copy which is one of the two possessions I have carried with me for more than forty years. The other? Well, that's a book too. It's called "Huckleberry Finn." For the hundredth time yesterday I reread the great chapter called "Kaa's Hunting." You may remember that it begins with old Baloo, the brown bear, teaching Mowgli all the master-words of the jungle. In particular my eye was caught this time, as so often before, by the master-word with which Mowgli could claim protection from all the hunting people. Here it is: "We are of one blood, ye and I." May I repeat that here tonight in these closing hours of a fateful year? "We are of one blood, ye and I."

One American speaking to his neighbors in Canada. Next let me present my credentials. Late in October, the BBC came to me with an invitation to speak to the British Isles during the Christmas holidays. The allotted time was the evening of Saturday, December 28th—last evening. It was to be one of those broadcasts across the ocean by short-wave and then a rebroadcast from London by long-wave. I had done a good many of them in years past. All through the summer of 1939 I journeyed every Sunday to Schenectady and there, in a fancy leather and chromium studio, poured such thoughts into a microphone as elicited in due time many a friendly letter from listeners in the Cotswolds and the suburbs of Edinburgh and even the Orkney Islands. But that was before the war. What can any American say to anyone in England now? I know what I could truly say. Long ago an American poet put down on paper words which give voice to just what is in my heart. These words:

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

But if I faltered at the thought of this old voice of mine going now into English homes it was from embarrassment. Try as I would, I could not escape the paralyzing thought that an American speaking to England now might sound a little too like the late Mr. Charles Chapin. In my salad days as a journalist in New York, Mr. Chapin was a sprightly

monster who commanded a staff of reporters on the lively newspaper called *The Evening World*. There had been a thousand and one legends about him before that summer night in 1918 when he pensively shot his wife in the back and thereafter, until the day of his death, led the contemplative life inside the walls of Sing Sing prison. Of those legends the one I have in mind concerns the day when a Denver newspaper asked the *Evening World* to run to earth a rumor concerning the daughter of one of Colorado's wealthy cattlemen who had just eloped with a cowboy. Denver had got word that the fugitives were lodged at such and such a rooming house in New York and the *Evening World* was asked to investigate. Chapin sent a young reporter out on the assignment with orders to telephone in whatever he discovered. The young reporter got himself into the lodging-house disguised as a man come to read the gas meter. Sure enough, on the second floor front he discovered the runaway couple. He had no sooner started to interview them when the bridegroom picked him up by the collar, carried him out into the hall and threw him down a flight of stairs. Then taking an automatic from his hip pocket, the cowboy informed the prostrate journalist that if he came back with any of his fool questions, he would be answered with lead. The reporter thought it best to leave with all convenient speed. From the saloon on the corner he telephoned Mr. Chapin. Chapin was indignant. "You go back there," he said. "You go back and tell that cowboy he can't intimidate me."

Well, there's the story for you and for the life of me I cannot see how any American sitting pretty in a country beyond Hitler's reach—his present reach—can send any message to England which will not sound uncomfortably like a word of encouragement from the late Mr. Chapin.

ENOUGH WORDS TO ENGLAND

There have been enough words to England. I am one who would send ships and destroyers and planes and pilots but no more words. Yet even those Americans who feel a certain decent diffidence about sending words to England are still free to talk to one another about England. In Friday's newspapers, President Roosevelt, in advance of the

broadcast he is going to make later this evening, made public a telegram he had just received from more than a hundred and fifty citizens of the United States applauding his plan for lending armaments to Britain and asking him to make it the settled policy of the United States to do everything necessary — *everything* necessary—to assure the defeat of the Axis powers. One hundred and fifty signed that telegram. One hundred and fifty speaking for many. How many? No one knows. A great many, I think. Enough, I hope. The fact that I was one of the hundred and fifty provides the only credentials I offer for speaking here this evening—coming to Montreal to tell you a story about a song and a woman. A song that is almost eighty years old and a woman who is over ninety.

Americans talking to one another. Sometimes — not always but sometimes—I could wish that my friends in England might be eavesdropping. For example I could wish that they all might have tuned in on the evening of the first Wednesday in December when on the program called the Cavalcade of America, Deems Taylor and I did a broadcast on the Battle Hymn of the Republic. The noble words of that song were born in the first troubled years of the War Between The States. Born on a night in November, 1861, when Julia Ward Howe, the young wife of a distinguished Boston physician, had accompanied her husband when he went down to Washington to inspect the Army of the Potomac. As far as the eye could reach that army was sprawled in and about the still countrified capital. Young, fresh troops with no experience, no training and poor equipment—and, as yet, no general worth mentioning. It was a democracy limbering up. A free people—in the fashion of free peoples the world around — floundering to war. On her visit Mrs. Howe paid her respects to the uncouth, ungainly Abraham Lincoln who was new then in the White House, talked with the pickets on duty at every crossroad, saw from her hotel window the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps. And everywhere she went, day in and day out, from every detachment slogging through the mud she heard the song the soldiers liked to sing—"John Brown's Body." To the tune of an old camp-meeting hymn they had fitted words of their own and sang it as they

marched. "What a tune!" said Mrs. Howe wistfully. "Ah," said a friend, "if only you could find good words to fit it." To which she made answer. "I have often prayed that I might."

That night as she slept her prayer was answered. Literally, as she slept. When the dawn of the day to come was just showing gray at the window she woke to find the words on her lips. Such words are the stuff that dreams are made of and, like the dew, can vanish with the rising sun. Before these could vanish Mrs. Howe got up and put them down on paper, scribbling away in the dark as she had so often done when keeping vigil beside the cradle in the nursery at home. When she awoke again the sun was up and there the words were, legible enough for her to read them and pretty much as we in the States know them now. Know them by heart from coast to coast.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the Lord
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are
stored
He hath loosed the fateful light-
ning of his terrible swift
sword
His truth is marching on."

When she had finished it to her satisfaction she sent it to the editor of the Atlantic, who, in a lavish moment, paid her Five Dollars for it and published it in the February issue. In no time it was hers no longer but public property. The whole North knew it by heart.

SERENADE TO A WOMAN

In words and music, Deems Taylor and I told this story on the Cavalcade broadcast and then as a climax to the program, the song itself was sung by a great chorus, sung as a serenade for the benefit of a single listener. The whole country might have been eavesdropping, but this serenade was for one woman who heard it in the gentle fire-lit living room of a house in the state of Maine—a yellow house which stands at the top of a hill in a town called Gardiner, Maine. This listener was Laura E. Richards, Mrs. Richards is held in great honor in my country but I think she has friends in every corner of the English speaking world, because it was she who, now more than half a century ago, wrote the perfect story called

"Captain January." To this day that story of hers comes to every boy and girl who reads it as a personal kindness. But it was not on that account that we ventured to sing the Battle Hymn under her window. We sang it to her because she is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe — sang it as some friends of mine in Montreal are going to sing it for you now.

Well, that was our serenade to Mrs. Richards. There is one fact I should like to tell you about her. She has reached that point in her journey where no woman minds if the neighbors know her age. Frankly, she is going on ninety-one. At the anniversary in February of this year she insisted on having three birthday parties and so help me she had them. One party for her neighbors in Gardiner, one for her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren and one for the whole clan who came trooping in from every corner of New England bearing a great cake ablaze with ninety candles. By the light of those candles they drank her health and she replied with a toast. Rising to her feet and holding high her glass, she said:

"To Britain and down with all dictators!"

QUESTION TO AMERICA

The birthday messages had been pouring in from every corner of the country. Too many of us remembered the day. The avalanche of good-will that poured in over the wires from every state in the Union was too much, she protested, for one small and ancient woman. She could attempt no reply of her own but instead was content to quote the message her mother had sent on her ninetieth birthday. It was a brief message but since first I heard it I have never forgotten it and that elaborate Cavalcade broadcast earlier in December was just a device that would let me go on the air and quote the message sent on her ninetieth birthday by the woman who wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was a message of only seven words and it seemed to me it was a good time in the history of the world for every American to hear those words. This was the message: "I march to the brave music still."

"I march to the brave music still." In every anxious American heart from coast to coast those words stir a question. Per-

haps the answer to that question lies just around a bend in the road of history. The next few months may bring the answer. Do we? Do we? Do we in the United States of 1940 and 1941—do we march to the brave music still?

Following the address of Mr. Woollcott, the Director of Public Information, Mr. G. H. Lash, in closing the series, spoke as follows:

Tonight you have heard the final broadcast in the series "Let's Face The Facts." Twenty-four weeks ago Miss Dorothy Thompson opened the series with a memorable address. Now, Alexander Woollcott, another generous, warm-hearted friend of Canada has closed it with a talk that we will long remember.

During these twenty-four weeks, we have had as our guests world-famous men and women. Like Mr. Woollcott, some of them have appeared on this program at considerable personal inconvenience and the sacrifice of hard-earned leisure moments. In your name and mine, I offer them a heartfelt "thank you."

To you, who, to the number of

nearly 60,000 have asked for printed copies of these talks, I say thank you and express my gratitude for your support and criticism. I hope you will listen to the series which replaces this one next Sunday night at this hour. It will be called "We Are Not Alone" and the first speaker will be Mr. Victor Podolski, Consul General of Poland.

If the talks which have been made in the series "Let's Face The Facts" have brought us an awareness of the issues for which we are fighting and of the perils which threaten us, then the program has fulfilled the purpose for which it was designed. I hope it can be said that it has. For, be sure of it, the New Year now at hand will be a year of dreadful happenings. We shall need all our faith and all our courage to see this thing through. But we *can* see it through if we muster the determination and the willingness to believe in democracy as a living, vibrant faith and freedom without which the hope and happiness of man cannot survive.

To that purpose, let us unite. Let us march to the brave music of free men, as one great, undivided nation. We have in this country, many thousands of citi-

zens whose names most of us find it hard to pronounce. We have here other thousands whose only fault is that they or their forbears came from countries with which we are now at war. They are as loyal Canadians as you or I who belong to the Anglo-Saxon and French majorities. Let us, therefore, cultivate the virtue of tolerance, tolerance towards these new Canadians who will swell and strengthen our ranks, if only we will offer them our hands in fellowship.

In the coming year we shall be called upon to make heavy sacrifices. To any who may be counting the cost in dollars, may I say that we can be more heavily taxed by our own folly than ever we can be taxed by government.

Let us then face the facts. But, in facing them, let us also remember that out of anguish, tears and blood was born the greatest blessing of mankind—Christianity. If we will face the facts; if we will nurture courage, calmness, tolerance, determination and faith, then, indeed, we shall win through to victory and to the high privilege of, one day, looking in retrospect upon 1941, for us and for the world, as a truly Happy New Year.

Unless you make a specific request to the contrary, you will automatically receive printed reports of the speeches which are to be made in the radio series, "We Are Not Alone," which starts Sunday night, January 5, 1941. There will be six or seven talks in this series and publication will be delayed until the final speech has been made at which time all of the talks will be incorporated into one booklet. Therefore, please do not ask for copies of these talks if your name has been on the mailing list of the "Let's Face The Facts" series.

DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC INFORMATION.

*When you have read this speech, it is suggested
that you pass it to a friend.*

GOVT PUBNS

